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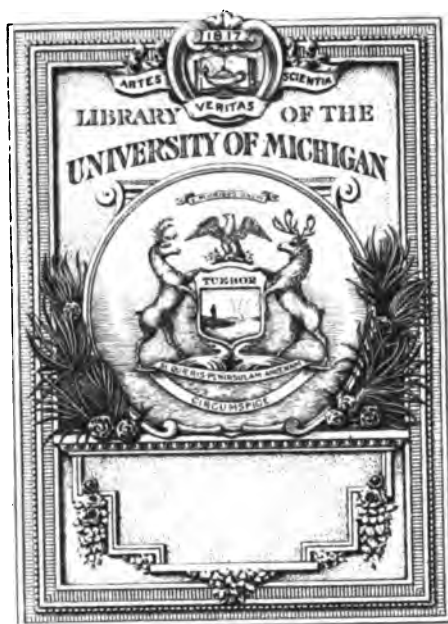
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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MDCCCXLVIII.



JULY—DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λίγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστῃ τῶν αἱρέσεων. οὐκ ἂν καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μὲν εὐσεβούς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἙΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1848.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. With Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq. 8vo. London: John Murray.

THE annals of benevolence are amongst the best records of human life. They are full of instruction, and are worthy of diligent study. Other things may be more attractive to the light, the thoughtless, and the sensual, and may continue to engage, as they have hitherto done, a disproportionate share of public notice. The politician and the soldier, the hero of the cabinet and of the field, may secure more attention, and be deemed more important personages. Their history may be more widely known, the narrative of their lives be more generally read, but their deeds are questionable, their characters are complex, and their labors are commonly more productive of mischief than of benefit. Their reputation is for the most part artificial, the growth of ignorance, and of defective morality. It springs from the mental childhood of their compeers, and is perpetually lessening, as the knowledge and virtue of mankind advance. The heroes of a former age are, in many cases, now forgotten, or if remembered, are viewed only as specimens of a class which has been the opprobrium and curse of their race. No doubt there have been noble exceptions. Our own country has supplied many. The world has been bettered by our Alfreds, our Eliots, our Cromwells, and our Somerses, but, taken as a whole, these men have little claim on our admiration or gratitude.

For the most part, we turn from them with disgust. Their history is the record of great crimes, unredeemed even by the semblance of virtues. Happily for our world, a change is now passing over the judgments of mankind. Things are better estimated than they were. The false glory which has encircled politicians and warriors is on the wane; men are looking to the results of that which challenges their admiration, and are analyzing the motives which prompted its performance. This is as it should be, and whatever of haste, or of partiality, there may be in individual cases, the general result is full of promise. We are, as yet, only in a transition state, but it is something to have emerged from the deep gloom of the past, to have lost our admiration of mere courage combined with military skill, or to have ceased our idolatry for the civil rank, which has too commonly been achieved by artifice, selfishness, or ambition. These are lights which have led astray, and are now, happily, in the course of being eclipsed by the milder and purer effulgence of other luminaries. The human mind has grown out of its childhood. Men are attaining the stature of manhood. Brute force is giving place to moral principle, and the glitter of rank is fading before worth of character, and the influence of virtue.

One illustration of this hopeful progress is supplied in the greater attention given to the records of philanthropy. We do not now refer to that aspect of philanthropy which is distinctively religious. This is by far its highest form, and when seen in purity, commands both confidence and admiration. We allude rather to that other modification of the Divine passion which primarily contemplates the interests of earth, and leaves its traces in the more cheerful homes and happy hearts of human beings. These records have greatly multiplied in recent years, and the fact is honorable to our age and country. The volume before us relates to one department of human life in which such increase has been specially visible, and we do not envy the heart of that man who can review it without exultation. Though the prosperity of Britain is the growth of ages, yet, till about the middle of the last century, a large proportion of our people were coolly subjected to the most terrible wrongs which humanity could bear. The slave-trade made demons of our seamen, and filled the coasts of Africa with murder. The traffic in human flesh was carried on in open day, and its miserable victims—such of them, at least, as lived through the horrors of the middle passage—were deliberately doomed to hopeless slavery. Thousands of respectable people, the humane, the charitable, yea, in some cases, the religious, lived on the gains of this monstrous traffic. They were fed by the bread it produced,

and out of the abundance of their ill-gotten store contributed their pittance to the relief of misery at home. At length the voice of Granville Sharpe broke upon the silence, and the clamor that ensued would have terrified a less resolute or virtuous man. He fulfilled his vocation, by purging the English soil of the foul stain of slavery. Clarkson followed, and was worthy of his mission. With a self-devotion, which the early martyrs did not exceed, he addressed himself to the work, and was willing that others should have the honor, if he could but aid the triumph of the good cause. Wilberforce imbibed his spirit, and with winning eloquence, and all the weight of an unstained character, demanded justice at the hands of the imperial parliament. The king and his nobles, senators and merchants, who were as princes, opposed their prayer. But these men persisted for twenty years. Their convictions were based on a sense of duty. They demeaned themselves in the fear of God. They acted as in the great task-master's sight, and returned therefore, again and again, to what their opponents denounced as a quixotic and fanatical design. They were disappointed, they were outvoted. Wits laughed at their folly, the profane jeered at their religion, political associates played them false, and even the ministers of religion frequently impugned their motives, and denounced their mission. But they persevered. The religious element gave them firmness and endurance, and no power on earth could stay their course. In 1807 the slave-trade was abolished, and the agents of philanthropy rested from their toil.

Mr. Buxton, whose 'Memoirs' are before us, was a man like-minded, of equal firmness, of sound practical judgment, of unwearied industry, and of most earnest and devout application to the one great theme. He was just such a man as the crisis required, and his position and connexions gave him immense advantage. We had the happiness of occasionally meeting him at the council-board, and though sometimes differing from him in judgment, were deeply impressed with the intense earnestness and religious complexion of his advocacy. We rejoice in the appearance of the present volume. It is written by a son who has evidently been on his guard against 'the disease of admiration,' to which his near relationship must have inclined him. In some respects it is the model of what a biography, written by a son, should be. The general tone of the volume is admirable. Its style is clear, chaste, and gentlemanly, its spirit is unexceptionable, and the power it evinces is highly creditable to its author's intellect.

Thomas Fowell Buxton was born on the 1st of April, 1786, at Castle Hedingham. His father was a man of kindly disposition, devoted to field sports, and highly popular in his neigh-

bourhood. He died in 1792, leaving Mrs. Buxton in charge of three sons and two daughters, of whom, the subject of this biography was the eldest. His character was early developed, and comprised, even in boyhood, some of the best qualities of our nature. When at school with Dr. Burney, at Greenwich, he had a task imposed on him by an usher, as a punishment for talking in school hours. This was during the Doctor's absence; and on his return, young Buxton appealed to him, stoutly denying the charge. The usher as stoutly asserted it; but Dr. Burney stopped him, saying, 'I never found the boy tell a lie, and will not disbelieve him now.' The love of truth thus early shewn, distinguished him through life. He never lost it, and its influence was conspicuous in every stage of his career, and in each department of action. He was emphatically an honest man, in the largest sense of that word. His friends relied on him with implicit faith, and his bitterest opponents, even when charging him with rashness, fanaticism, obstinacy, and spiritual pride, never ventured to impugn his sincerity. He was greatly indebted to his mother for some of his best qualities. Her influence in the formation of his character was considerable. 'She was a woman,' he informs us, 'of a very vigorous mind, and possessed many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything; disinterested almost to an excess; careless of difficulty, labor, danger, or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character.' Mrs. Buxton belonged to the Society of Friends, but does not appear to have made any effort to indoctrinate her sons with the principles of that body; and they were consequently baptized in infancy, according to the rites of the church of England. At the age of fifteen, having spent eight years at Dr. Burney's, without making any considerable progress in book learning, he persuaded his mother to allow him to remain at home. 'When no active amusement presented itself, he would sometimes spend whole days in riding about the lanes, on his old pony, with an amusing book in his hand, while graver studies were entirely laid aside.' His manners were rough, and a general waywardness of disposition appears at this time to have characterized him. It was, as his biographer remarks, 'a critical time for his character;' and, happily for himself and for mankind, soft and genial influences were brought to bear on his mind. These arose from his introduction to the family of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham Hall, Norfolk, in 1801. He was then in his sixteenth year, 'and was charmed by the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, (the family consisted of

seven daughters and four sons), while he was surprised at finding them all, even the younger portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in every pursuit, whether of amusement or of knowledge.' He was received by Mr. Gurney's family as one of themselves. They appreciated his character, looked through its outward and superficial roughness, and saw the sterling qualities of a masterly though uncultivated mind. 'He at once,' says his son, 'joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; nor could the same influence fail of extending to the refinement of his disposition and manners.' A characteristic anecdote is recorded of Mr. Gurney, which, being brief, we quote for the amusement of our readers. It is still fresh in the memory of his surviving children, and was borrowed by Hook, in his tale of Gilbert Gurney:—

'He was a strict preserver of his game, and accordingly had an intense repugnance to every thing bordering on poaching. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighbouring wood—he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expressions by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's wrath was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what he would do, if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. 'I would ask him in to luncheon,' was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted. Mr. Gurney not only invited him to luncheon, but supplied him with dogs and a gamekeeper, and secured him excellent sport for the remainder of the day.'—p. 10.

In after life, Mr. Buxton was accustomed to refer to his connexion with the family at Earlham, as the most potent circumstance of his early days. 'I know no blessing,' he remarked, some years afterwards, 'of a temporal nature, (and it is not only temporal,) for which I ought to render so many thanks. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most positive, and pregnant with good, at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement—I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and in the college of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave.' Our readers need scarcely be informed, that one of the sons of this family was the late John Joseph Gurney, of Norwich, and that Mrs. Fry was a daughter. It augured well for the future

character and course of Mr. Buxton, that another of the daughters engaged his affection, and became subsequently his wife.

Mr. Buxton expected to inherit considerable property in Ireland, and his mother therefore deemed it advisable that his education should be completed at Dublin. With this view he was placed in the family of Mr. Moore, of Donnybrook, who prepared pupils for the university; and, in October, 1803, he entered Trinity College, as a fellow-commoner. His college life was distinguished by unusual honors; and at its close he was earnestly pressed to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the University, which, however, he wisely declined. During his residence in Dublin, he labored with great assiduity. His visits to Earlham were now bearing fruit. His habits became fixed, his character matured. He abandoned the loose and desultory style of his former life, and applied himself with characteristic energy to the proper business of the hour. He evidently felt that he had lost much by past remissness, and resolved to make up for it by redoubled exertion. His resolutions were not fruitless. His power of will was great, and it was now happily called into requisition, and was wisely directed. Throughout life he was prompt, and determined. What he resolved on was immediately done. There was no long interval between the season of reflection and of action. Whatever suspense may have marked his judgment before his decision was taken, there was no vacillation afterwards. Unsteadiness was foreign from his nature. To resolve and to act were but different stages of one process, and they invariably followed each other. The vagrant boy of Earl's Colne, who loved fishing and field-sports far better than books, gave no promise of the unwearied and distinguished student of Trinity College. But Earlham had interposed between the two, and its ennobling influences had prepared the way for all that followed. The polish it gave to the outer man was exceeded by the change wrought within. It constituted the transition stage, and was ever regarded with complacency and gratitude. He awoke to a sense of what was due to himself, and the effect is thus described, in a letter to his son, written late in life:—

'I am very sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learnt little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to College opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them: I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel or a newspaper—I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place.

I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made every thing bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions,—and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination.’—p. 15.

It was during this period, also, that an important change was first indicated in his religious views. ‘I am sure,’ he says, about September 1806, ‘that some of the happiest hours that I spend here are while I am reading our Bible, which is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured, that the only means of being happy, is from seeking the assistance of a superior being.’ His views subsequently became clearer, and his feelings more habitually devout. The ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, at Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields, contributed mainly to this end, and was constantly referred to by Mr. Buxton, as having led to ‘his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity.’ The basis of his religious character, however, was laid previously to his acquaintance with this estimable clergyman, but his influence advanced and matured that character, till it appeared in the beautiful proportions visible in his subsequent life. An over-ruling providence, which shapes events in conformity with its own design, was, from the first, preparing him for his noble calling. As yet he did not see his destination, but now that his course is fulfilled, we recognise the wisdom which presided over its earlier stages. ‘Whatever I have done for Africa,’ said Mr. Buxton to Mr. Pratt, ‘the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel.’

Mr. Buxton was married to Miss Hannah Gurney on the 13th of May, 1807, and resided for a short time at ‘a small cottage’ near Weymouth. He had originally contemplated the legal profession, but having been disappointed in his expectation of Irish property, he wisely resolved to apply himself to business, and thought of becoming a Blackwell-Hall factor. This, however, was frustrated by the offer of a situation in the brewery of his uncles, with the prospect of a partnership at the expiration of three years. He joyfully accepted the proposal, and writing to his mother in July, 1808, tells her, ‘I was up this

morning at four, and do not expect to finish my day's work before twelve to-night.' He was now a thorough man of business, and devoted himself, with exemplary diligence, to his vocation. His near relationship to the conductors of the brewery was a great advantage, but his progress in life depended mainly on himself. He evidently felt this, and with his accustomed decision applied himself to his calling. His correspondence, therefore, was less extensive than in previous and succeeding years. He applied himself vigorously to his proper work, and soon obtained such a knowledge of the various departments of the brewery, as enabled him to introduce material improvements into its management. He did not, however, wholly abandon his favorite studies, and appears to have indulged, even at this early period, the idea of some day entering parliament. The subject of capital punishments engaged many of his leisure hours, and he took an active part in all the charitable objects of the Spitalfields district, 'more especially those connected with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers.'

A severe illness, in 1813, greatly deepened his religious convictions, and gave a fixedness to his character which it never lost. 'It was then,' he remarked, fifteen years afterwards, 'that some clouds in my mind were dispersed; and from that day to this, whatever reason I may have had to distrust my own salvation, I have never been harrassed by a doubt respecting our revealed religion.' The healthfulness of his religion was shown in its activity. There was nothing moping or melancholy in it. It was not mere sentimentalism, a thing of feeling or of words, but an active, potent, and universal element of life. It led him to shun rather than to seek retirement, and readily to avail himself of every opportunity which occurred to mitigate the sufferings of others. The opposite of this is frequently the case, and much injury is thereby done to religion, as a large amount of useful service is withdrawn from the cause of practical benevolence. Nothing can be more foreign from genuine Christianity, than the sickly sentimentalism which thus assumes her name. The Divine Redeemer went about doing good, and Mr. Buxton imitated his example with most commendable diligence. The system of prison discipline early engaged his notice. It was at this time in a wretched state. Our prisons were nurseries of crime. So far from diminishing its amount, they contributed fearfully both to its extent and its enormity. Juvenile offenders were brought into contact with the vilest criminals, and many innocent persons committed on suspicion, received their first lessons in crime within the walls of our jails. The whole arrangements of these esta-

blishments were admirably adapted to promote the very evil they were designed to crush. This state of things had continued generation after generation, at an immense cost to the nation, and yet our sapient legislators wondered that crime was not repressed. For every criminal whom our barbarous code sentenced to death, some half dozen were created by our prison system. The extinction of crime was sought by legal murders, while its perpetuation and increase were insured by the corrupting associations of our administrative policy. To this great evil the attention of a few philanthropists was happily directed, at the commencement of the present century, and Mr. Buxton was foremost amongst them. As in other cases, he spared neither pains nor time, in order to acquaint the public with the real facts of the case. He devoted considerable attention to the subject, and in February, 1818, published a work entitled, 'An Inquiry whether Crime be Produced or Prevented by our Present System of Prison Discipline,' which ran through six editions in the course of a year, and gave an impulse to public feeling which has never been lost. Sir James Mackintosh did not exceed the truth when, referring to this volume, in the House of Commons, he said :—

'The question of our penal code, as relating to prison abuses, has been lately brought home to the feelings of every man in the country, by a work so full of profound information, of such great ability, of such chaste and commanding eloquence, as to give that House and the country a firm assurance, that its author could not embark in any undertaking which would not reflect equal credit upon himself and upon the object of his labours.'—p. 75.

It is no marvel that Mr. Wilberforce and others now began to look to Mr. Buxton, as destined to find his appropriate sphere of action in St. Stephen's. He was ripe for parliamentary life. His principles were fixed. His character had been tested. He had passed his novitiate with distinguished credit, and now awaited the summons of duty to enter parliament. That summons came in 1818. In the spring of that year a general election took place, and Mr. Buxton was returned for Weymouth. Thirty years ago, it was not unusual for English elections to be disgraced by brutal conflicts, as well as systematic bribery. This was the case at Weymouth, and it required all Mr. Buxton's decision to put a stop to it. 'Beat them,' he said to his supporters, 'in vigour, beat them in the generous exercise of high principle, beat them in disdain of corruption, and the display of pure integrity; but do not beat them with bludgeons.' His views in entering on this new sphere of labor were characteristic of his religious spirit, and afforded good augury of the honorable course he pursued. They are thus stated by himself, and we

should have more hope of our country, if a larger number of her representatives contemplated their responsibilities in a similar temper. We quote his words, as containing the secret of his strength, and affording the best illustration of his character:—

‘Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God’s Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity,—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may ‘never turn my face from any poor man;’ and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion, for those who want and deserve a friend.’—p. 80.

His earliest parliamentary efforts were directed to the state of our criminal population. He had deeply studied the subject, was master both of its principles and of its details, and—which constitutes no trifling element of success—was thoroughly sincere and earnest. On the 2nd of March, 1819, he seconded a motion of Sir James Mackintosh, for the appointment of a committee on criminal law, and the speech he delivered established his reputation with the House. His intellect was that of a cultivated Englishman,—masculine, energetic, and practical, having more respect to the end contemplated, than to the subtleties of logic or the ornaments of speech. Not that he was deficient in either, but that they were kept in due subordination. They were his means, not his end, and his speech on this occasion clearly illustrated the fact:—

‘There are persons living,’ he said, ‘at whose birth the criminal code contained less than sixty capital offences, and who have seen that number quadrupled,—who have seen an act pass, making offences capital by the dozen and by the score; and what is worse, bundling up together offences, trivial and atrocious,—some, nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others, nothing beyond a civil trespass,—I say, bundling together this ill-sorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it ‘death without benefit of clergy.’—p. 84.

His views on the subject of parliamentary oratory were sound, and to his strict adherence to them he owed much of his success in the House. Writing to his friend, Mr. North, soon after his election, he says, ‘Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the House makes upon me. I do

not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House likes *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense, is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station.' He then adds, what perhaps will surprise some, considering that such men as Canning, Mackintosh, Plunkett, and Brougham, were at this time members of the House—'And now let me tell you a secret: these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition.'

His attention was now divided between various philanthropic objects, each one of which would have sufficed for a man of ordinary diligence and earnestness. He describes himself as 'working very, very hard,' and the catalogue of his labors fully justifies his statement. The condition of our criminal law engaged his special notice. He frequently spoke on the subject, and the practical cast of his mind was strikingly shewn in the line of argument he took. Referring in one speech to the punishment of forgery, he triumphantly contrasted the effect of increased severity with the results of an opposite policy, in the case of another crime:—

'For a multitude of years,' he said, 'every wretch who was overtaken by the law, without regard to age or sex, or circumstances in extenuation, was consigned to the hangman. You accomplished your object, no doubt! By dint of such hardness you exterminated the offence as well as the offenders: forgeries of course ceased in a country under such a terrible method of repressing them! No! but they grew, they multiplied, they increased to so enormous an extent—victim so followed victim, or rather one band of victims was so ready to follow another, that you were absolutely compelled to mitigate your law, because of the multitude of the offenders—because public feeling, and the feeling of the advisers of the crown, rebelled against such continued slaughter.'

'Have I not then a right to cast myself upon the House, and to implore them no longer to continue so desperate and so unsuccessful a system; and to lay side by side the two cases—forgery and stealing from bleaching grounds,—both offences only against property—both unattended with violence. In the one we have tried a mitigation of the law, and have succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations; in the other we have tried severity to the utmost extent—and to the utmost extent it has failed. Well then: are we not bound—I will not say by our feelings, or by tenderness for life—but by every principle of reason and equity; of common sense and common justice; to discontinue a system

which has so utterly failed, and to embrace a system which has been so eminently successful ?'—p. 110.

The evil, however, was too gigantic to be speedily corrected. A powerful party opposed amelioration, and the efforts of Sir James Mackintosh—one of the most humane and enlightened of English statesmen—continued in consequence, for some years, to be apparently unsuccessful. Mr. Buxton and others were always at his side, and though their motions were rejected by a stolid majority, they prepared the way for Sir Robert Peel, who, on taking office in 1826, commenced a revision of the criminal code. In 1830, the laws relating to forgery were consolidated, but the punishment of death was retained. Against this an amendment was proposed by Sir James Mackintosh, which being lost, Mr. Buxton immediately gave notice, in the name of Sir James, of another motion to the same effect, in a subsequent stage of the bill. On this motion a majority was obtained against the punishment of death for forgery; and though the Lords, with characteristic wisdom and humanity, rejected the decision of the Commons, the question was virtually carried, and no execution for forgery has since taken place. It should be remembered by their countrymen, that at the time Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Buxton brought forward the subject, *two hundred and thirty* offences were punishable with death. What a fearful amount of guilt must have been accumulated by the operation of so barbarous a code! The success of the early laborers in this field may well stimulate their successors, in following out their good task to its completion.

Mr. Buxton was now approaching the great work of his life. His parliamentary career had been narrowly observed by Mr. Wilberforce and others, and the impression became general, that he was destined to succeed that great and good man in the leadership of the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Wilberforce was advanced in years, and his infirmities called for rest. But he was desirous, before retiring from the House, to commit the cause of the negro to some faithful advocate, whose ability and parliamentary station would enable him to do it justice. With this view his attention was directed to Mr. Buxton; and, in a letter, dated May 24, 1821, he earnestly entreated his acceptance of the post. The letter is honorable to both parties, and will be read with great interest. The following passage breathes a spirit of noble consecration, in which all personal and selfish views are merged in devout attachment to one of the holiest enterprises of humanity:—

'I have been waiting,' says Mr. Wilberforce, 'with no little solicitude, for a proper time and suitable circumstances of the country, for intro-

ducing this great business; and, latterly, for some member of Parliament, who, if I were to retire or to be laid by, would be an eligible leader in this holy enterprise.

‘I have for some time been viewing you in this connection; and after what passed last night, I can no longer forbear resorting to you, as I formerly did to Pitt, and earnestly conjuring you to take most seriously into consideration, the expediency of your devoting yourself to this *blessed service*, so far as will be consistent with the due discharge of the obligations you have already contracted, and in part so admirably fulfilled, to war against the abuses of our criminal law, both in its structure and its administration. Let me then entreat you to form an alliance with me, that may truly be termed holy, and if I should be unable to commence the war (certainly not to be declared this session); and still more, if, when commenced, I should (as certainly would, I fear, be the case) be unable to finish it, do I entreat that you would continue to prosecute it. Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure—pleasure is a bad term—let me rather say peace and consolation; for alas, my friend, I feel but too deeply how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship; and in forming a *partnership* of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures. Both my head and heart are quite full to overflowing, but I must conclude. My dear friend, may it please God to bless you, both in your public and private course.’—p. 118.

Mr. Buxton deliberated long and thoughtfully on this proposition, and, like a prudent and honest man, sought by diligent study of the whole question, to ascertain what it involved. His decision was at length taken, and he instantly proceeded to put it in action. New life was at once infused into the anti-slavery cause. Early in March, 1823, Mr. Wilberforce published his ‘Appeal on Behalf of the Slaves,’ and about the same time the Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and commenced the collection and publication of evidence on the condition of the Negro population of the Colonies. We need not attempt any minute detail of what followed. On the 15th of May, Mr. Buxton moved in the Commons, ‘That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British constitution, and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British colonies, with as much expedition as may be consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned.’ An animated debate ensued, and certain amendments proposed by Mr. Canning were ultimately adopted. The government pledged itself to amelioration, and, though its promises were unfulfilled, an important step was gained. The question of emancipation was fairly mooted. Public attention was diverted from the slave-trade to slavery itself; the colonies were warned of what awaited them, and the

philanthropists and Christians of the mother country were summoned to the consideration of a question, in which they were destined speedily to take an absorbing interest. 'A few minutes ago,' said Mr. Buxton, in his opening speech, 'was commenced that process which will conclude, though not speedily, in the extinction of slavery throughout the British dominions.' His words were prophetic. They proved true to the letter. Various alternations took place. Government pledges were violated, political partisans sacrificed their humanity to their selfishness, the fears of the timid were aroused, the mere men of expediency fell off, but the good cause grew and strengthened. From this moment it steadily advanced in public confidence; and when, at length, the earnestness and endurance of religious principle were thrown into it, even a reluctant administration was compelled to aid its triumph. Mr. Buxton's conduct of its earlier movements was emphatically illustrative of the firmness and decision of his character. He broke with Mr. Canning, when that minister quailed before the threats of the colonists, and, contrary to the advice of many friends, exposed the feebleness and truculency of his policy:—

'If,' said Mr. Buxton, in the debate of March, 1824, 'this full and comprehensive pledge, this engagement given as to *all* the colonies; is to be frittered down, at present at least, to a single island; if the advantages promised are to be granted indeed, to the 30,000 slaves in Trinidad, but withheld from the 350,000 in Jamaica, and the 70,000 in Barbadoes; if the '*earliest period*' is to be construed to mean some time, so undefined and distant, that no man can say in what century it will take place; if our pledge to do this, is now to mean no more than that we will suffer it to be done, by the slow and gradual course of admonition and example: then, I see no reason why ten centuries may not elapse, before the Negroes are freed from their present state of melancholy and deplorable thralldom. We, who have engaged in the cause, we, at least, will be no parties to such a desertion of duty, to such a breach of faith.

'I well know,' he added, 'the difficult situation in which I stand. No man is more aware than I am of my inability to follow the brilliant and able speech which has just been delivered. But I have a duty to perform, and will perform it. I know well what I incur by this. I know how I call down upon myself the violent animosity of an exasperated and most powerful party. I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity, with such a sting as this on my conscience. 'You ventured to agitate the question; a pledge was obtained; you were, therefore, to be considered the holder of that pledge, to which the hopes of half a million of people were linked. And then, fearful of a little unpopularity, and confounded by the dazzling eloquence of the Right Hon. gentleman, you sat still, you held your peace, and were

satisfied to see his pledge, in favour of a whole archipelago, reduced to a single island.'—p. 148.

Such language was worthy of his position, and may well shame the advocates of a timid and vacillating policy in all coming times. Years passed on in faithful and unrequited service, but before we notice its triumphant issue, we must give place to the following brief extract, in which reference is made to another great question that broke up, in fact, the administration of the Duke of Wellington, and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery. It is taken from a letter to Mr. J. J. Gurney, dated February 9, 1829.

'We had a slave meeting,' says Mr. Buxton, 'at Brougham's, yesterday; and Sam. Gurney would go with me, to prevent them from putting too much upon me. Brougham, Mackintosh, Denman, Spring Rice, Wm. Smith, Macaulay, were the party. They were all in the highest glee about the catholics; Brougham particularly. They seemed exquisitely delighted with the vexation of the Tories, who are, and have reason to be, they say, bitterly affronted; and the great ones among them vow they will have an apology, in the shape of some good place, or they will never forgive the Duke for letting them go down to the House as strong protestants, and insisting upon their returning that very day, stout catholics! They say they do not mind changing their opinions,—that is a duty which they must sometimes pay to their chiefs,—but they think it hard to be obliged to turn right-about-face at the word of command, without a moment being given to change their convictions.'

'The Duke is very peremptory. The story goes, that he said to Mr. —, who has a place under government, 'We have settled the matter, and hope you like it.' Mr. — said, he would take time to consider it. 'Oh yes! you shall have plenty of time, I don't want your answer before four o'clock to-day. I shall thank you for it then; for, if you don't like our measures, we must have your office and seat, for somebody else.'

'To-morrow, we are to have a fierce debate. The high church party are very furious, and talk of calling upon the country; and I expect we shall have a good deal of bitterness.'—p. 212.

The result is well known. Catholic emancipation was carried, and the division which thence ensued in the Tory party, made way for the premiership of Earl Grey. Meanwhile, the cause of the negroes had been effectually promoted by the violence of the colonists.

'Our slavery concerns,' says Mr. Buxton, writing to Dr. Philip, in November, 1830, 'go on well; the religious public has, at last, taken the field. The West Indians have done us good service. They have of late flogged slaves in Jamaica for praying, and imprisoned the missionaries, and they have given the nation to understand that preaching and

praying are offences not to be tolerated in a slave colony. That is right—it exhibits slavery in its true colours—it enforces your doctrine, that if you wish to teach religion to slaves, the first thing is, to put down slavery.

‘I have 100, perhaps 150 petitions waiting for me in London, but I do not leave home at present. When another election arrives, and if we have a change of ministry, which may come soon, the subject will be more thought of than it has been; but I must go to my afflicted wife.’—p. 240.

What the writer anticipated speedily came to pass. A new parliament was convened, and the religious people of Great Britain did themselves immortal honor, by carrying the slave question to the polling-booth. They had, in fact, outstripped their parliamentary leaders, and now loudly called on them to take up a position in advance of their former ground. The attack made by the white colonists on Christianity,—for it amounted to nothing short of this,—left the religious men of the empire no alternative. They would have borne much. They shrank—unjustifiably, in our judgment—from the publicity, and turmoil, and political strife, which the contest involved; but when the alternative proposed was, Christianity or slavery, the spiritual emancipation of the negroes or their continued brutality and practical atheism, they could not hesitate. They were reduced to a choice which did not admit of question, and their decision was prompt and irrevocable. The effect of their adhesion was marked, not only in the spirit in which the enterprise was conducted, but also in the ground that was assumed. They denounced slavery as a sin, and, therefore, repudiated all attempts at its modification. It was to be abandoned, instantly, and for ever, under a sense of Divine displeasure; and he who hesitated was reprovèd as faithless to God, and a robber of his fellow-men. Mr. Charles Buxton has not done justice to this part of his case. Not that he has indulged in depreciatory remarks. His good sense and good feeling have kept him from this; he simply notes, in brief and passing words, the fact to which we allude. His fault is one of omission, but it is of serious magnitude, as it leaves unexplained the rapidity of the triumph obtained. It is impossible to account satisfactorily for the consummation, without bearing in view the attitude assumed by the religious community. Their numbers, their earnestness, and their self-sacrifice; the simplicity of the ground they took, and the evident hopelessness of diverting them from their course, brought such an accession of strength to Mr. Buxton, and his parliamentary associates, as enabled them to dictate terms, and to demand the immediate concession of their case. The omis-

sion of which we speak, is specially remarkable in the case of the missionaries Knibb and Burchell, to whom only one reference is made, and that respects simply their evidence before the committees of the two Houses (p. 295). We are surprised at this, and are at a loss to explain it. The marvellous effects of their appeals, and especially those of Mr. Knibb, are so notorious; their wondrous energy, the sanctified passion with which they literally stormed the hearts of their countrymen, are so universally known, and brought such vast accessions to the anti-slavery phalanx, that this passing over of their labors puzzles us. The general tone of Mr. Buxton's volume is too honorable to permit the supposition of an unworthy motive, and we must, therefore, leave the matter in absolute ignorance of the cause of so strange a fact.* Can it be, that the biographer's sphere of observation is so limited, his anti-slavery *world* so contracted, as to preclude his acquaintance with facts so material to his case? We can scarcely admit the supposition, and yet this appears the most charitable explanation which can be given.

The immediate coadjutors of Mr. Buxton were endlessly divided in their views. Even those on whom he most relied, were, with few exceptions, unprepared to carry out the convictions of the great body of his supporters. On the 25th of March, 1832, twenty of his leading anti-slavery friends dined with him, for the purpose of consulting on the course to be pursued, and the following is the account he gives of their views.

'This select band of our special friends and faithful supporters, differed upon every practical point; and opinions wavered all the way, from the instant abolition of slavery without any compensation, to its gradual extinction, through the agency, and with the cordial concurrence of, the planters.'—p. 279.

The government of Earl Grey were little disposed to trouble themselves with the slavery question. Their attention was engrossed with the Reform Bill, and they would gladly, if public feeling had permitted it, have continued a medium policy. They admitted the evil of slavery, and the obligation of effecting its ultimate extinction, but clung 'to their old notion of gradually mitigating its evils, before doing it away.' In this they acted in the low spirit of their generation, but happily the day of their power was gone. A greater than Cæsar had arisen, and before its mandate they were compelled to give way. Mr. Buxton needed all the support which public opinion could give him. It

* To those who are unacquainted—if such there are—with the anti-slavery labors of Mr. Knibb, we strongly recommend the immediate perusal of Mr. Hinton's '*Memoir of William Knibb*,' reviewed in our journal for April, 1847.

was a critical conjuncture in his own history and in the abolition struggle, and, had he wavered, the result would have been disastrous. But he did not waver, and we hold him in lasting honor for it. The 24th of May was probably the most trying and painful day of his life. He had endeavored to carry the government with him, and failing to do so, he resolved to move for the appointment of a committee. Nearly all his friends besought him not to persevere. Dr. Lushington 'was of opinion that it would endanger the cause,' and Lords Althorp and Howick 'used every argument and almost every entreaty.' 'Is the man mad?' inquired Lord Brougham; 'does he mean to act without means? He must give way.' Happily Mr. Buxton, spurned this dictation. His rule of duty was far higher and more stringent than that which the chancellor admitted, and he was therefore deaf to the entreaties of friends, though the struggle cost him dear. The following extract, somewhat too extended for our limits, is so deeply interesting, and so intimately connected with the elucidation of his character, that we cannot forego its insertion. It is taken from a letter of his eldest daughter:—

'Thursday morning, May 24th, came. My father and I went out on horseback directly after breakfast, and a memorable ride we had. He began by saying that he had stood so far, but that *divide he could not*. He said I could not conceive the pain of it, that almost numberless ties and interests were concerned, that his friends would be driven to vote against him, and thus their seats would be endangered. But then his mind turned to the sufferings of the missionaries and of the slaves, and he said after all he must weigh the *real* amount of suffering, and not think only of that which came under his sight; and that if he were in the West Indies, he should feel that the advocate in England ought to go straight on, and despise those considerations. In short, by degrees, his mind was made up. When we got near the House every minute we met somebody or other, who just hastily rode up to us. 'Come on to-night?' 'Yes.'—'Positively?' 'Positively;' and with a blank countenance, the inquirer turned his horse's head, and rode away. I do not know how many times this occurred. In St. James's Park we met Mr. Spring Rice, whom he told, to my great satisfaction, that he positively *would* divide. Next Sir Augustus Dalrymple came up to us, and, after the usual queries, said, 'Well, I tell you frankly I mean to make an attack upon you to-night.' 'On what point?' 'You said some time ago, that the planters were opposed to religious instruction.' 'I did, and will maintain it.' We came home, and dined at three. It is difficult to recall, and perhaps impossible to convey to you the interest and excitement of the moment. Catherine Hoare, and I, and the little boys, went down with him. We were in the ventilator by 4 o'clock; our places were therefore good. For a long time we missed my father, and found afterwards, he had been sent for by Lord Althorp for a further discussion, in which, however, he did not yield. Many Anti-slavery

petitions were presented; the great West Indian petition by Lord Chandos. At length, about 6, 'Mr. Fowell Buxton' was called: he presented two petitions, one from the Archbishop of Tuam, and his clergy, and the other from the Delegates of the Dissenters in and near London. The order of the day was then called, and he moved his resolution, which was for a Committee 'to consider and report upon the best means of abolishing the state of slavery throughout the British dominions, with a due regard to the safety of all parties concerned.' He spoke very well indeed, and they listened to him far better than last year; in short, the subject obviously carried much greater weight with it, and the effect of the speech last year on population was manifest, as indeed it has been ever since. * * * Lord Althorp proposed the amendment of adding 'conformably to the resolutions of 1823.' Then came the trial: they (privately) besought my father to give way, and not to press them to a division. 'They hated,' they said, 'dividing against him, when their hearts were all for him; it was merely a nominal difference, why should he split hairs? he was sure to be beaten, where was the use of bringing them all into difficulty, and making them vote against him?' He told us that he thought he had a hundred applications of this kind, in the course of the evening; in short, nearly every friend he had in the House came to him, and by all considerations of reason and friendship, besought him to give way. Mr. Evans was almost the only person who took the other side. I watched my father with indescribable anxiety, seeing the members, one after the other, come and sit down by him, and judging but too well from their gestures, what their errand was. One of them went to him four times, and at last sent up a note to him with these words, 'immovable as ever?' To my uncle Hoare, who was under the gallery, they went repeatedly, but with no success, for he would only send him a message to persevere. My uncle described to me one gentleman, not a member, who was near him, under the gallery, as having been in a high agitation all the evening, exclaiming, 'Oh, he won't stand! Oh, he'll yield! I'd give a hundred pounds, I'd give a thousand pounds, to have him divide! Noble! noble! What a noble fellow he is!' according to the various changes in the aspect of things. Among others, Mr. H— came across to try his eloquence; 'Now don't be so obstinate; just put in this one word, 'interest'; it makes no real difference, and then all will be easy. You will only alienate the Government. * * * Now,' said he, 'I'll just tell Lord Althorp you have consented.' My father replied, 'I don't think I exaggerate when I say, I would rather your head were cut off, and mine too; I am sure I had rather your's were!' What a trial it was. He said afterwards, that he could compare it to nothing but a continual tooth drawing, the whole evening. At length he rose to reply, and very touchingly alluded to the effort he had to make, but said, he was bound in conscience to do it, and that he *would* divide the House. Accordingly the question was put. The Speaker said, 'I think the noes have it.' Never shall I forget the tone in which his solitary voice replied, 'No, sir.' 'The noes must go forth,' said the Speaker, and all the House appeared to troop out. Those within were counted, and amounted to ninety. This was a minority far beyond our expecta-

tions, and from fifty upwards, my heart beat higher at every number. I went round to the other side of the ventilator to see them coming in. How my heart fell, as they reached 88, 89, 90, 91, and the string still not at end; and it went on to 136. So Lord Althorp's amendment was carried. At 2 o'clock in the morning it was over, and for the first time my father came up to us in the ventilator. I soon saw that it was almost too sore a subject to touch upon; he was so wounded at having vexed all his friends. Mr. — would not speak to him after it was over, so angry was he; and for days after when my father came home, he used to mention, with real pain, somebody or other who would not return his bow. On Friday, Dr. Lushington came here and cheered him, saying, 'Well, that minority was a great victory;' and this does seem to be the case; but we hardly know how to forgive some of those who ought to have swelled its numbers.'—pp. 289—292.

Mr. Buxton was not long in reaping the reward of his decision. His motion was lost, but his cause triumphed. The influence of the ministry secured, for the day, a majority against him, but they knew full well that their advantage could not be maintained. The feeling out of doors was too intense to be trifled with, and its religious character,—whatever sneering and half-infidel politicians may allege to the contrary,—commanded attention, though it could not win their hearts. 'I saw T. B. Macaulay, yesterday,' writes Mr. Buxton, on the 27th of September.' He said, 'You know, how entirely everybody disapproved of your course in your motion, and thought you very wrong, very hard-hearted, and very headstrong; but two or three days after the debate, Lord Althorp said to me, *'that division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question.* If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a *majority* when *he is right.* *The question is settled;* the government see it, and they will take it up.' The same decision marked his subsequent procedure. The government, however, still wavered, and at the eleventh hour attempted to play him false, till at length his inflexibility wrung from Lord Althorp the discreditable declaration, 'Well, if *you* will not yield, *we* must.' What followed is known. Little honor is due to the Whigs. They acted under compulsion and not willingly, though now they seek to plume themselves in the honors of emancipation.

Turning from this grave theme, our readers will be interested with the sketch given of a dinner party, at the brewery in Spital-fields, at which some of the most distinguished political characters of the day were present. Lord Grey and the Spanish General Alava were of the party, 'the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate, British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the

entertaining, entertained, and voluble foreigner.' The Lord Chancellor Brougham, says Mr. J. J. Gurney, 'was in high glee; he came in a shabby black coat, and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable premier:—

'Something,' says Mr. Gurney, 'led us (Lord Brougham and myself) to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed, condemned his 'Moral Philosophy,' and declared his preference of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. 'Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The King refused; and taking down the 'Moral Philosophy' from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. 'This,' said the King, 'is my reason for not making him a bishop.' Lord Grey overheard the Chancellor's story and confirmed it; 'but,' added the Chancellor, 'I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!' * * * * The Chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted, about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether uninteresting day.'—p. 266.

Mr. Buxton mentions some further particulars, which are too illustrative of character to be omitted. After naming the parties present, in all, twenty-three, he says:—

'I first led them to the steam-engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

'At dinner I gave but two toasts, 'The King,' and 'The memory of George III.,' whose birthday it was. We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared like a torrent, at our end of the table. The Chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. . . .

'Talking of grace before dinner he said, 'I like the Dutch grace best, they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn.'

'He enquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45s.

weekly, and we allow them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26s. per week. 'Yes,' said he, 'I understand; these rich and beneficed gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy.'

'After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, 'Now the Lord Chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses. However, fortune favoured him, for he selected one of the best of them and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back, and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the Lord Chancellor.'

'Lord Grey looked care-worn, but was remarkably cordial.'—p. 267.

We must indulge in another piece of pleasantry, which is specially interesting at the present moment, from the political prominence now given to a member of the family concerned. Writing to his daughter, February 14th, 1834, Mr. Buxton says:—

'We yesterday dined at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, 'I will go to England.' I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, 'I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an offhand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India company had 800,000 lbs. of gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did.'

'Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had

not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?' By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild.—'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine, close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes, it is very amusing.'

'The daughters are very pleasing. The second son is a mighty hunter; and his father lets him buy any horses he likes. He lately applied to the emperor of Morocco, for a first-rate Arab horse. The emperor sent him a magnificent one, but he died as he landed in England. The poor youth said very feelingly 'that was the greatest misfortune he ever had suffered;' and I felt strong sympathy with him. I forgot to say, that soon after M. Rothschild came to England, Bonaparte invaded Germany; 'The Prince of Hesse Cassel,' said Rothschild, 'gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive unexpectedly by the post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and his linen.'—pp. 343—345.

The discussions attendant on the Abolition Bill, elicited various opinions amongst the anti-slavery party. These respected, more especially, the compensation awarded to the planters, and the term of apprenticeship imposed on the negroes. Lord Stanley who had charge of the bill, was evidently indifferent, if not hostile to it, and did all in his power to thwart its noble object, and to render its example inoperative. Mr. Buxton felt this, though he differed from many of his warmest supporters in his view of the course to be pursued. They were opposed to any money grant, as involving a most vicious principle, and would have demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. He, however, voted for the grant of £20,000,000, but

moved as an amendment that one half of the sum should be retained till the close of the apprenticeship. His amendment was of course lost, and the Bill received the royal assent on the 28th of August, 1833. We stop not to inquire which party was right in this matter. We have our opinion and it is a strong one, and when occasion demands shall be free to give it utterance. We simply remark in passing, that the same sin of omission with which the biographer is chargeable, in the case of the missionaries Knibb and Burchell, is committed in his brief reference to the 'Agency Committee,' on page 327; neither is the character of the relation sustained by that committee to the elder body clearly indicated. A candid examination of the points of difference between the two committees, whatever might be its influence on the reputation of individuals, would have elicited some important principles which are of permanent authority. But let this pass. We proceed with our narrative.

The apprenticeship system, it is well known, did not work well. It gave satisfaction to none, and was found, in practical operation, to be a source of annoyance and vexation. The conduct of the negroes had, indeed, been most exemplary. Never had a great experiment been conducted, so far as they were concerned, to so triumphant an issue. Their peaceable and orderly demeanor had belied the sinister predictions of the planters, and had even outstripped the expectations of their friends. With their task-masters, however, it was otherwise, and the English public were outraged from time to time, by reports of their vexatious and oppressive procedure. The whole system was based on a false and hollow principle, and was not, therefore, likely to prove satisfactory. The master was tempted to exceed his power, by the authority with which he was yet clothed, and the negro looked in vain for that full protection of his person, and reward of his labors, to which freemen are entitled. A movement was, therefore, originated against the apprenticeship, which Mr. Buxton deemed 'fruitless,' and adapted to injure, rather than to serve, the cause of the negro. Messrs. Sturge and Scoble visited some of the West Indian colonies, in order to collect evidence on the spot, and the work which they published at the end of 1837, filled to overflowing the cup of public indignation. A meeting of anti-slavery delegates was, in consequence, held in London in the commencement of 1838, and vigorous measures were resolved on. Mr. Buxton withheld his concurrence, and barely admitted the possibility of success. 'It seems just possible,' he says to one of his coadjutors, 'that the delegates may succeed, and if so, I am sure we shall both say, 'Thank God, that other people had

more courage and more discernment than ourselves!’” This was written on the 12th of March, and on the 23d of the following May, he informs a correspondent, with honorable frankness :—

‘I must write a line to tell you that Sturge and that party, whom we thought all in the wrong, are proved to be all in the right. A resolution for the immediate abolition of the Apprenticeship was carried by a majority of three last night. The intelligence was received with such a shout by the Quakers, (myself among the number,) that we strangers were all turned out for rioting! I am right pleased.’—p. 428.

The closing statement of this letter will have prepared our readers for the information, that Mr. Buxton had ceased to be a member of the Commons’ House. He lost his seat at the general election of July, 1837, and on all personal considerations was evidently gratified by the result. His health had for some time been declining, and many of his friends seriously urged him not to offer himself again to the Weymouth constituency. He, however, nobly scrupled to adopt their counsel. ‘I don’t care a straw,’ he wrote to his uncle, ‘about the disgrace. If I am turned out, I cannot help it. I have done my best, and I shall be satisfied. But if I were to go out of my own accord, I think my conscience would reproach me.’ What he anticipated came to pass. Tory gold effected a party triumph, and Mr. Buxton, writing to Mr. J. J. Gurney, on the 30th of July, says, ‘I am reprieved from death, and emancipated from slavery; and both these blessings came under the favor of dismissal from Weymouth, on Tuesday last.’

We must pass over the subsequent events of his life. Its principal occurrence was the Niger expedition, a splendid conception, the offspring of a noble and generous nature. We are not yet in a condition accurately to estimate it. Future years may show that it was not the absolute failure which many suppose. We can say so the more freely, as from the first we doubted the feasibility and wisdom of the enterprise.

Mr. Buxton’s closing days were distinguished by the peace and hopes of genuine Christianity. He rested on the Rock of Ages, and looked forward to another world, with the ‘sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.’ He was emphatically a good man, and his end was peace. Free alike from pharisaism and from dejection, he cherished a well-grounded confidence in the mediation of the Redeemer. ‘Christ,’ was his dying testimony, ‘is *most merciful, most merciful* to me. I do put my trust in him.’ On the 19th of February, 1845, his spirit passed to its reward, and his memory will ever be cherished by the philanthropic and the devout.

May our senate be increasingly distinguished by men of like temper, equally upright in purpose, of similar determination, and of repute equally unspotted. This is the great want of the age, to the supply of which the religious men of the empire should promptly and vigorously address themselves.

ART. II.—*Das Nibelungenlied. Uebersetzt von Karl Simrock. (The Lay of the Nibelungen. Translated by K. Simrock.)* Stuttgart.

LIKE all other nations, the ancient Germans were rich in traditions, or sagas, which had descended from generation to generation as historical facts. These were used by popular poets (scalds) even at a very early period, as the foundation for epic poems of greater or less extent, which were often collected, arranged, and combined, and at a subsequent period (during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) remodelled by numerous poets, the so-called minnesingers, or love-minstrels, into creations of much higher pretension and far greater extent. On examining these Sagas, which are partly of Eastern Gothic-Lombardic, and partly Franconian-Burgundian and Northern origin, we find that they rest more or less on a mythical foundation. They were allied in the popular belief with a host of deities, and derived their nourishment from the inward or moral life of the people. The further we trace back the German saga, the more we find in it of those elements which pagans attribute to their divinities. The heroes mentioned partake largely of this character; and the uniformity of the grand intuitions expressed, is preserved solely in consequence of the circumstance, that the divinities, in the processes of time, become humanised, and the heroes deified. The result is a curious phenomenon, namely, the germination of heroic tradition along with traditions about the gods, so that, in the course of ages, the old stem of the fabulous sent forth new branches, derived largely from real life. Deeds of heroism, great changes of destiny, and whatever affected the human mind most powerfully on every new recollection, afforded constant food for the saga; and whatever existed at first in a loose and independent state, the saga gradually connected into a whole; a process, which resulted at one time from a similarity of events, and at another from the agreement and harmony existing between certain descriptions of persons and localities. At first these joinings were anything but accurate or nice; but the workmanship improved in the

course of time. In this manner sprang up the many so-called *Sagenkreise*—i. e., cycles of legends or traditions. But since the sagas continually assumed new forms, they naturally lost many of their original features; in fact, they became subject to extensive transformations, according to the character of the times. Hence, we witness the gradual separating from the saga of the wondrous and grotesque belonging to the ancient pagan belief. Heroic nature becomes the reflex of the civilization of a subsequent period, and descends with more confidence and familiarity to the human world, although at the expense of many of its more antique and poetical accompaniments.

That the German sagas which have descended to us, contain much of that which the ancient Germans brought with them from their Asiatic abode, is by no means improbable, although we are unable to prove it. It is altogether a matter of considerable difficulty, to point out with anything like precision the origin of this or that saga, inasmuch as every saga, no matter whether treating of historical incidents, or philosophical truths, floats, so to speak, but too vaguely on the breath of men, and ever retains something belonging to a preceding period, in spite of the many transformations which it may have undergone. There can be no doubt, that some of the peculiarities of the German Saga may be traced upwards to the earlier migrations of nations, much as those migrations may have tended to deprive them of their original character. In later times, the heroic natures of the ancient mythology became identified with historical personalities, and these personalities in their turn became connected with the superhuman, as they would not have been, had not history in their case been thus preceded by the fabulous. The introduction of Christianity, with its hostility to every form of polytheism, destroyed the remaining portion of the mythical element.

But, inasmuch as the German races inhabiting the north, (we here include the Scandinavian Germans,) adhered the longest to their ancient institutions and usages, and were the last that experienced the influence of what was Roman or Christian, the sagas circulating among them, have preserved the strongest traces of antiquity. They still contain much of what relates to the demi-gods of the ancient German popular belief, as, for example, the notion concerning the celebrated blacksmith, *Wiolant* or *Völundr*, who had intercourse with Walkyres and Swanvirgins, (certain Scandinavian deities, a sort of Howris, such as attended on the ancient warriors that had fallen on the battle-field, in the Valhalla, the Northern Pantheon.*

* See also Frauer's 'Walkyrien der Skandinavisch-germanischen Gotter- und Heldensage.' Weimar.

A mythical origin may also be traced in the saga of 'Beowulf,' the leader of the angels, who combats certain monsters, the foes of men, in one of which encounters he at last meets with his death. Traces of a connection between the world of gods and that of spirits, may be discovered likewise in the *Siegfried-Sivrit-Sigurd*, or *Völsungasaga*, the one most known and commented upon; the hero of which is the same with the one of the Nibelungen-Lied. We shall, therefore, dwell for the present upon this and the *Vilkinasaga*, since both have a direct bearing upon the poem under notice, and are requisite for a right understanding of it.

The birthplace of the *Völsungasaga* has given rise to much learned dispute among many of the most eminent German writers, some of whom are inclined to derive it from the primeval abode of the ancient Germans in Asia, or at all events to ascribe the priority of its possession to the Scandinavians, and not to the southern Germans, as some have supposed. Most of them, however, (northern Savans among the rest,) decide for the German origin of it. But considering the frequent intercourse which existed between the German nations of the north, we may fairly assume that this saga was even at an early period a property common to all, although each nation transformed it according to its peculiar notions and habits. Hence, in the Scandinavian north, where man resembled the rudeness and dreariness of the scenery around him, where the monotony of life amidst the impulses and mighty pressure from within, forced the imagination beyond the limits of reality, men preserved with the utmost fidelity whatever was superhuman and gigantic; whereas the German inhabiting the southern regions, confined himself to the light of history and geography, in fact, to absolute reality.

To judge of this saga by the localities therein mentioned, we incline to think that it originated in regions bordering on the lower Rhine, which were subsequently inhabited by Franconians, and where ere long Friselanders as well as Saxons took up their abode, a circumstance, which may have contributed to an early intercourse with the Scandinavians. Franconian, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, the saga cannot be called, especially as the Franconian race displayed the least poetical sense of all; a fact, which fully explains the want of Franconian sagas.

The *Völsungasaga*, as it at present exists, relates among the rest, with accuracy and minuteness, the legend of the *Nibelungenhort*, i.e. the treasure of the Nibelungen, which causes the tragic catastrophe related in the poem, and which is this. *Loki*, a cunning god, who performs a conspicuous part in the ancient

German and Northern mythology, robs a dwarf named *Andvari*, of his gold, together with a ring, which has the power to render its possessor master of immense treasures. In consequence of this, the dwarf lays the curse of a violent death upon every one who should henceforth wear this ring; a circumstance, which explains the hereditary fate which befalls all who become the owners of the luckless ornament. This treasure comes, ere long, into the hands of *Fafnir*, as an indemnification for the loss of his brother, whom *Loki* has killed. *Fafnir*, in order to guard it with more safety, assumes the form of a 'Lindwurm,' i. e. a dragon. This, however, avails him very little; for he is soon after killed by *Sigurd*, (the Siegfried of our poem,) who has a mighty sword, forged for that purpose by *Reigin* or *Regina*, a brother of *Fafnir*. *Sigurd*, as a matter of course, now takes the treasure to himself; and having wetted his fingers with the hot blood of the dragon, he is all at once enabled to understand the language of the birds, one of which advises him to go to *Brünhild*, who is *Walkyre*. He finds her at her castle, which stands in the midst of a lake of fire, where she had been sunk in a magic sleep; and having roused her from her trance, he remains at the castle for some time, during which she makes the discovery that he is a man who knows naught of fear, and is therefore the only one whom she deems worthy of becoming her spouse. In this way they become man and wife.

The combination of the saga of *Sigurd*, with that of the *Burgundians* as contained in the poem, is likewise given in the *Völsungasaga*, although under a somewhat different form. Here the three kings of the Rhine are called *Gunnar*, *Hogni* (the *Günther* and *Hagen* of the poem) and *Gudorm*; their sister is called *Gudrun*. *Chriemhild*, or *Grimhild*, is here the name of the mother, who is called *Ute* in the *Nibelungenlied*; but even as the mother (in the poem before us it is the daughter) *Grimhild* becomes the immediate cause of all the mischief and evil which befall their house. For, by means of a philter, she causes *Sigurd* to forget *Brunhild*, and marry *Gudrun*, laying thus the foundation of a jealousy, which ends with the destruction of the hero and the *Burgundians*. The subsequent wooing of *Brunhild* by *Gunnar*; the aid rendered him on this occasion by *Sigurd*; the quarrel of both queens, and as the consequence, the murder of *Sigurd*,—all this betrays a close similarity with the narration of the *Nibelungenlied*; yet, all is more grand in its conception, and more fanciful in its representation. It is remarkable, however, that *Hogni* here shows himself as the more noble hero, who dissuades from the murder. After the death of *Sigurd*, *Brunhild* commits suicide. *Gudrun* is induced to a reconciliation with the murderers of her husband, and to a marriage with

Atli, (the *Etzel* of the poem) by means of a philter. The invitation to the Court of the Huns, here proceeds from *Atli* himself, who cherishes the treacherous design of appropriating to himself the treasure of *Sigurd*; he orders himself the combat with the Kings of Burgundy. His spouse, who, in this respect, is unlike the *Chriemhild* of the *Nibelungenlied*, espouses the cause of her brothers, and fights in their ranks. But the powers are too unequal; those from the Rhine are beaten, *Gunnar* and *Hogni* excepted. As *Atli* requires of *Gunnar* to tell him the place where the treasure is to be found, the latter cunningly demands that they should bring him first the heart of his brother *Hogni*, which being done, *Gunnar* answers like *Hogni* in the *Nibelungenlied*: 'Except myself no one knows the treasure; but ye shall never have it.' The consequence is, that this 'chosen knight' is thrown into the serpents' pit, where an adder buries itself in his heart, and thereby causes his death. *Gudrun*, however, avenges her brothers in a terrible manner. She destroys her own and *Atli's* children, and makes the king eat their roasted hearts, and drink their blood. *Atli*, hereupon orders her to be slain by the hand of *Niflung*, the son of *Hogni*. Thus far the *Völsungasaga*.

As for the *Vilkinasaga*, this is still more closely related to the *Nibelungenlied*. The commencement of it is nothing else than the history of the celebrated *Genoveva*, who is here called *Sisilia*, and is the wife of *Siegmund*, and mother of *Sigurd*. The smith, with whom the youthful hero is to serve his apprenticeship, has here the well-known name of *Mimer*. In this saga there appears *Dietrich of Bern*, the hero, who performs so conspicuous a part in the *Nibelungenlied*, and who is as yet unknown to the *Völsungasaga*; he contends with *Sigurd*, whom he vanquishes. The names of the three kings and their sister are those of the *Nibelungenlied*; only *Hogni* acts here as a fourth brother of theirs. Their castle, too, is called *Vermza*, i. e. Worms, and almost in imitation of our poem, the following narratives are related in all their details. There appears here, moreover, the Margrave *Rodingeir* (the *Rüdiger* of the poem), who lives at the castle called *Bechlaren*, the name of which is here given as *Bakalar*. *Attila* is mentioned as the king of *Susat*, which is, perhaps, the *Soëst* of Westphalia; and yet the Rhenish kings, strange to say, have to pass through the land of *Rodingeir* on their way to the court of *Attila*. Such contradictions are not uncommon in ancient popular sagas. The confounding of the people on the Rhine with the *Niflungen*, who only get into the power of *Gunnar* through and with the treasure, appears, likewise, for the first time in the *Vilkinasaga*. *Chriemhild* has here the same terrible character of the implacable enemy of her

brothers, which is assigned to her in the *Nibelungenlied*, and in consequence is killed by the hand of *Dietrich of Bern*.

All this would lead us to suppose, that this poem is of the same origin with the *Vilkinasaga*, which like many other sagas spread from mouth to mouth, resounded on festive occasions, and contributed frequently to the enjoyment of festive moments. Poets by profession were at that time as yet unknown; whoever knew an ancient heroic tale, etc., which was fit for song or play, felt called upon to sing that which was already known to his hearers, and which they longed to hear over again. In this manner, sprung up from the soil of the people, if we may use the expression, with exuberant creative power, that grove of heroic lays, which was ever blooming and unceasingly increasing in richness and power.

After the foregoing remarks on a few of the Sagas connected with the *Nibelungenlied*, we may proceed to an examination of the 'Lied' itself, which has been investigated and commented upon, with more or less success, by some of the greatest German and foreign writers of the day; premising, however, that in expressing our opinion on the merits of this production, we shall endeavour to treat of its origin, subject, and æsthetical worth.

Like the *Iliad* of Homer, this Epos, which is not improperly called the *German Iliad*, is supposed to be a combination or compilation of various poetical compositions, belonging to various poets and periods. These compositions of Longobardo-Gothic and Franconian-Burgundian origin, are—*Siegfried und Brunhild*; the Destruction of the *Burgundians*, or *Nibelungen* by the Huns under *Etzel* or *Attila*, king of the Huns: and, finally, *Dietrich of Bern*, that is, *Theodoric of Verona*, the celebrated king of the Eastern Goths, or Austrogoths. The two last-mentioned are founded on historical facts, which, circulating among the people, very soon assumed the form of mighty poetical creations; the composition of *Siegfried* and *Brünhild*, on the other hand, is founded on a saga which belongs to the most ancient period of the German race; perhaps to those times when the Germans, Greeks, and Indians, united by one and the same tie of relationship, lived in the table-lands or elevated plains of Asia. It is for this reason that this saga is found by all the nations of the so-called Caucasian race, although in a different state of developement. There are, no doubt, many other sources from which the *Nibelungenlied* has flowed; but, although their traces are as yet perceptible, they have, nevertheless, dried up in the rude desert of ages. All these, for the most part non-contemporary productions, are here brought to play as if they belonged to one and the same period, and as if the place of action was one only. And

still it must be confessed that the whole has been effected with considerable skill. There is a poetical fullness and force, if we may so speak, in the delineation and illumination of each adventure; the developement of the characters, based as they are on ethical motives, in consequence of which, action briskly follows action, without being in any way interrupted, as with the Greeks and Romans by episodes, etc., until the whole becomes concentrated in the tragical catastrophe, is so consequent and poet-like, and the simple grandeur of the ancient heroic tradition, moreover, so overpowering, that we are startled by it, as well as pleased.

According to *Lachmann* the Nibelungenlied seems to have received its present form about the year 1210. And, although the name of the compiler is unknown; yet we are led to suppose from internal evidence, that it was *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, the lovely *Minnesinger*. One thing, however, is beyond doubt, namely, that this poem as we now find it, has been compiled by one hand only. There are various manuscripts of it, which are chiefly to be found in the southern parts of Germany, and of which, did our space permit, we would give a catalogue.

The main substance of this Epos is the Destruction of the Burgundians, or *Nibelungen*, caused by *Chriemhild*, the fair princess, in consequence of the murder of *Siegfried*, her consort, both of whom form the chief *dramatis personæ* of the poem. It is for this reason that it is called, in some manuscripts, after her name. The whole is divided into three parts. The first embraces the events that take place up to the death of *Siegfried*. The second, the terrible revenge of *Chriemhild*, including at the same time the period of her widowhood, during which she planned this awful punishment, the 'Hochgezeit,' or high-tide, given to her adversaries at the court of King *Etzel*; and finally, the conflict which takes place between the Burgundians and the Huns, which forms the catastrophe of the Nibelungenlied. Throughout the whole, Christianity remains in the back ground; and wherever it does appear, though always very dimly, it belongs to the poet and compiler, but not to the subject. The third and concluding part is the 'Klage,' or Lamentation, which being of later date, and differing in form as well as spirit, although treating of the same subject, is a kind of epilogue, or *resumée*, and is in some measure of importance, for a right understanding of the two former parts.

Subdivided, this poem consists of 39 Adventures, or *Aventiuren* (as the original hath it), in 9,836 verses, or 2,459 strophes of four lines each.

With regard to the metre of this Epos, it may be said, that there prevails in general the rule according to which the Arses

only count. These may follow each other in quick succession, as in *mîn sun Sîfrit* (727, 4); but they may also be separated every time by a thesis, and by one only; as for example, *ist ieman báz enpfángén* (730, 1). The arsis before or at the commencement of every verse, or even the half of each verse, admits, nevertheless, of from two to three theses; as for example, *si gedáhten zweier réckén*, etc. (841, 2). To speak in the language of poets, its metrical form is the *iambic* and *trochaic* strophe of four lines, in male pairs of rhymes with six principal accents, and *spondaic*, *anapaestic*, and *dactylic* rhythms.

Let us now examine the Adventures, and, as much as circumstances will admit of, separately.

In the first *Aventiure* the poet conducts us to Worms, on the Rhine, where there dwell the Burgundian kings, *Gunther*, *Gernot* and *Giselher*, who are the sons of *Dankrat*, late king of Worms. But with them lives also their mother, dame *Ute*, the royal widow, and their sister, the fair *Chriemhild*—

‘The lovely maiden, beauty-crowned, who well might seek to mate
With the bravest, stoutest hero; no one did her hate.
Her noble form unboundedly with beauty was bedight,
And her virtues unto any maid would have lent a holy light.*’

Together with these personages the poet introduces to us several heroes, who are subject to them, as for example, *Troneg von Hagen*, his brother *Dankwart*, *Ortwein* of Metz, the Margraves *Eckewart* and *Gere*, *Volker*, and other worthies. But even at the very outset, the singer causes us to forebode the tragical end of the chief actors in the drama, for *Chriemhild*, ‘the world’s wonder,’ dreams one night that she reared a wild falcon, which two eagles snatched away from her; that she was forced to see this, than which greater sorrow could never befall her in this world. This dream her mother interprets, saying:—

‘The falcon, which thou rearest, is a man noble to see,
If unshielded by God, he will soon be lost to thee.’

To this *Chriemhild* replies, that she has no wish to know either man or love, and therefore decides for the state of ‘single blessedness.’ Dame *Ute*, however, knowing something of human nature, advises her not to be too determined, for ‘if ever she have heartfelt joy on earth, it will be from man’s love; and she shall be a fair wife, when God sends her a right worthy Ritter.’

* The translations given from the poem, in the course of this article, are original and free.

Chriemhild, however, persists in her determined course, so that henceforth—

‘Guarded by her virtues high, which she fostered with care,
The noble maiden through many a day did live,
Unknowing man, to whom herself, she, body and soul, would give.’

‘But with the powers of destiny,’ as the inimitable Schiller says, ‘no lasting compact there can be;’ and the coy, proud, and fair princess, had, like every other mortal, to yield to fate, and become the wife of the very falcon she formerly dreamed of, and who was no other person than the noble, gay, and stalwart *Siegfried*, to whom we are introduced in the second *Aventiure*. He is the son of king *Siegemund*, and *Siegelinde* his queen, who dwelt at *Santen*, or *Xanten*, a castle on the Rhine, and where King *Siegemund* held his court. Little is said at first concerning his prowess and heroic deeds, because we are first of all to become acquainted with his personal beauty and gentle disposition, which won the heart of all men.

In consequence of his happy return from the adventurous trips (of which more anon), wherein he achieved the most daring exploits, King *Siegemund* gives a ‘*Hockgezit*’ (high-tide), when joustings, minstrelsy, and other warlike sports take place; all of which the poet describes in glowing colours, introducing us in an admirable manner to the iron age of those uncouth heroes, who flourished soon after Central Asia sent its hordes northward. In the course of his description he says:—

‘And finding many steeds that saddled there did wait,
They ran into King *Siegemund*’s court. The buhurt* was so great,
That the hall and palace loudly rang with the tumultuous noise;
The high-minded blades did, one and all, most mightily rejoice.
Full many a thrust was heard from young and old men’s hands,
And wildly did the welkin ring with the din of crashing brands:
Spear-splinters wending to the palace from the heroic fight
Were seen; and all this was achieved with high chivalric might.
The host now craved that this might cease; the steeds were ta’en away,
Many a stalwart frame was shaken seen on that joyous day:
The glory of the burnished shield, full many a precious stone,
Now scattered on the grass did lie; with thrusting this was done.’

But things cannot go on for ever in this way; for there is a time for everything, tilting and feasting not excepted. Hence, in the third *Aventiure*, our hero sets out on a journey to Worms. He has heard of the surpassing beauty of *Chriemhild*, and would fain become her successful suitor. In vain do his

* Jousting in large masses.

parents represent the danger of his enterprise, and the pride of the Burgundian princes. *Siegfried*, nothing dismayed, is not to be dissuaded from his purpose, and is as sturdy and resolved as men generally are under similar circumstances :—

‘ ‘ What scathe to us from this can hap ? ’ was Siegfried’s daring strain ;
 ‘ Whate’er in friendship and in peace I may not there obtain,
 Against opposing danger I’ll win with this strong hand ;
 I venture to obtain by force both men and goodly land. ’ ’

To deal with such a spirit was no easy matter. So when his aged parents saw that he would not even listen to their wise counsel to take a trusty and goodly body-guard with him, they gave way with a bad grace, and proceeded to equip him and the twelve ‘ *Recken*, ’ or heroes, who constituted his whole force. This equipping and making of clothes, we may observe by the way, is connected with every expedition and enterprise mentioned in the poem. When all is ready—and very brilliant and costly the whole is—well equipped and accompanied by his men, *Siegfried* sets out accordingly, and arrives at his place of destination on the break of the seventh day. King *Gunther*, on seeing the strangers enter the court-yard, was sore amazed, and inquired who they might be, and whence they came. Sir *Hagen*, who was near his royal kinsman, immediately proclaimed the chief of them to be the hero *Siegfried*, although he knew the hero by report only. He forthwith related the marvellous deeds which the illustrious visitor had achieved, and the king ordered the guests to be admitted.

The salutations prescribed by the courtly etiquette being over, *Siegfried*’s conduct and language were such as befitted his character and times. Having heard, he said, of the valour of the kings and their men in these parts, he had come to try his strength and skill on them, and to do his best ‘ to deprive them of their lands and strongholds. ’ Here was language fit for the ears of princes, uttered too, by a person, whose whole strength consisted of twelve adventurers like himself ! The reader, therefore, may easily imagine how this modest announcement was received by the Burgundians, who, in a towering passion at the style of this address, uproariously called for swords, shields, and spears. The gentle *Gernot*, however, remembering all that *Hagen* had related concerning *Siegfried*’s valour and intrepid spirit, endeavours to adjust the matter in an amicable manner ; and as our hero regrets his precipitancy, and begins to think of fair *Chriemhild*, the sole object of his tedious journey, he too becomes more amicable. In the end, he and his men are entertained with much cordiality and friendship. Ere long he becomes a great favourite ; and in his knightly exercises, as well

as at the court-festivals, and in the society of fair dames, he is greatly admired. Yet, *Chriemhild*, the image ever present to his mind, is the only person whom he has not yet seen.

Siegfried having now lived a year in the land of King *Gunther*, during which period he never so much as hinted at his errand, it happened about this time that *Liudegar*, king of the Saxons, and *Liudegast*, that of the Danes, declared war on the Burgundians. *Siegfried*, ever ready to display his prowess, and most willing to aid his royal host, took the field at the head of the king's men. And having beaten the army of King *Liudegast*, and made him prisoner, he set out to meet the Saxons, who fared no better :—

' Scattered then by Siegfried's arm, shield-buckles flew about ;
The hero of the Netherlands over the Saxons stout
Alone did victory seek. Huzza ! the bold knight rent,
Full many a bright circlet, which was in ruin blent.

' Sir Liudegar a painted crown upon a shield did see,
Which by Siegfried's stalwart arm was borne most lustily :
He then did know right well it was the mighty man,
And loudly on his friends to call the hero then began.

' ' I charge ye, all my men so true, abstain ye from the fray,
For in the battle Siegemund's son I have espied to-day ;
Siegfried, the mighty, I have found amid the armed band ;
The evil fiend hath sent him here to this fair Saxon land !'

' He bade them stay the combat, he then demanded peace,
And bade them strike the colours that the fray might sooner cease :
Yet had he, of King Gunther, the hostage to be held,
To this, by Siegfried's mighty arm, he was by force compelled.'

The campaign thus gloriously terminated, the conquerors, headed by our hero, returned home, their approach being announced by messengers. At this news the noble *Chriemhild* greatly rejoices :—

' Unto her face so beauteous the blushing crimson ran,
Because the mighty hero—Siegfried, the dauntless man,
Had happily returned again all scatheless from the fight ;
She likewise joyed her friends to see, which was but meet and right.'

The heroes thus returned, were heartily welcomed by King *Gunther*. They were, moreover, richly rewarded for their good services, and obtained full permission to return to their homes, if they chose so to do, and dwell there for the space of six weeks ; at the expiration of which they were to come back again, because it was the wish of the king to give a great 'Hockgezit' in honour of the stalwart men that had taken part in the last campaign :—

When the heroes met at the banquet, which was attended, the poet tells us, by kings, princes, and other mighty personages:—

'The hero Ortwein then spake the king, and to him thus did say:
'If the host at this high banquet in honour thou would'st play,
Then must thou let thy guests the lovely maidens see,
Who in high honour here do dwell in the land of Burgundie.

'What is there to delight man's heart, and banish all his care,
Unless it be good, comely dames, and virgins chaste and fair?
Bid then thy lovely sister before thy guests appear.'
These words to many a hero's heart most truly welcome were.

'Thy counsel I shall surely take,' spake Gunther; and all they
Who heard him speak, delighted were with what the king did say.
Dame Ute he commanded that with her daughter dear,
And all their fair attendants should at the court appear.

* * * *

'And forward came the lovely one, as doth the morning sun
Beam out in lustrous majesty from clouds so dark and dun:
From cares long harboured in his breast many a hero now was free,
For in her glory and her grace the fair one he did see.

* * * *

'Like the bright moon, which star-begirt, from her ebon throne on high,
Suffuses her mild lucency all downward from the sky,
Like unto her amid her maids the lovely maiden stood;
This raised indeed the courage high of many a hero good.

'Rich chamberlains preceded her in long extended train,
Nor was there blade that idle would at distance far remain;
To mark her lovely features they all did eager throng:
In cheerful and yet gloomy mood Sir Siegfried paced along.

'The hero thought within himself, 'Thy holy love to gain,
What course must I pursue?—this foolish is and vain—
Should I unkennd by thee remain, I rather would be dead.'
Reflections such as these did make him pale and red.

'The offspring of Queen Siegelind stood there so lovingly,
As though he had been painted on the purest ivory
By a skilful limner's hand; then all men witness bore,
That hero beautiful as he had never been before.

'Those who the women did escort in lofty voices bade
Room everywhere for them to make; and every knight obeyed:
And dames of the most noble blood, gladdened the heart and eye:
And chastely and right modestly fair women did pass by.

'Sir Gernot then, of Burgundie, unto the king did say,
'Gunther, dearest brother, he who hath served thee many a day
Right well and truly—him thou must thus and not otherwise treat,
In the presence of the assembled blades:—this counsel is most meet.

'Thou must the gallant Siegfried bid unto my sister hie,
That the maiden him may greet: much shall we gain thereby;
She who never yet has greeted man, must him greet in kindly strain,
So that the graceful blade thereby for ever we may gain.'

* * * *

'Sir Siegfried then to join the court did willingly depart,
Because of this kind bidding he was truly glad at heart;
And he rejoiced much to see Dame Ute's daughter sweet;
With virtuous and loving grace she did the hero greet.

* * * *

'Whether her fairest hand by his was pressed all fervently,
Betokening a hearty love—this is not known to me:
And yet that this was *not* the case, I do not dare surmise;
Two hearts like theirs, replete with love, could scarce act otherwise.

'Neither in the summer hot, nor in the fair May-days,
Was there any need for him to hide from public gaze:
The many lofty pleasures which then on him thronged,
Since arm-in-arm with her he walked, for whom his spirit longed.

* * * *

'Unto the minster she did go, followed by many a maid;
In glory proud the youthful form of the princess was arrayed,
That many a high and hearty wish all vainly then was told.
She had been born to glad the eye of many a hero bold.

'Until the chaunt was ended Siegfried was loath to wait,
He might well be thankful to the stars that kindly swayed his fate;
That she whom in his heart he bore, did truly love the knight;
But he did also love her too, as was his bounden right.

'When that the mass was ended, she stood the minster's gate before,
That valiant man requested was to join the maid once more:
Then was it that she first began to thank him for the might,
Which he beyond all other men had shewed in the fight.

'May God reward ye, Sir Siegfried,' that noble child did say,
For, that all brave men should love ye well, ye have deserved to-day,
And be in troth attached to you, as that they are, I hear.'
On Chriemhild now he fixed his eye, replete with love most dear.

'I shall never cease to serve them,' spoke Siegfried the blade,
'And never unto soothing rest will I lay down my head,
Until I shall have gained their wish; while life is mine, I swear,
At thy dear service it shall be, O Chriemhild, lady fair!'

'During twelve days ceaselessly the high and noble maid,
Stood day by day untiringly at the right hand of the blade:
As oft as to her friends at court the lady had to fare;
This service she did render him from love and loving care.'

The high-tide being over, and the guests, after being presented with rich and costly gifts, having departed, *Siegfried* too,

wished to return home. But *Giselher*, King *Gunther's* brother, entreated him to remain :—

' All for her matchless beauty the hero there did stay,
And in full many a pastime blithe the moments flew away,
Under her love's sway, which was the cause of sorrow deep and great,
Which made the lofty hero bow to a melancholy fate.'

And now commences the solution of the whole, with which we are made acquainted in the sixth Aventure, in which the reader is transferred from the fair lands of the Burgundians on the cheerful Rhine, to a northern and bleak country, called *Isenland* or *Island*, over which ruled a fair but most extraordinary personage, the Princess *Brunihild*. This formidable lady, King *Gunther* feels strongly disposed to woo. But when *Siegfried*, who happens to know this lady, hears of the king's intentions, he strongly advises him to abstain from his perilous attempt. The king, however, who is too much attached to this terrible woman, would not give ear to any advice, but carry his point, *malgrè bongrè*.

We have said that *Siegfried* happened to know the gigantic Venus, of *Isenland*. It will not be deemed improper, therefore, if we here recapitulate what has been said elsewhere concerning the manner in which he became acquainted with her.

After having killed the blacksmith, *Mimer's* brother, *Regino*, better known as the Dragon, *Siegfried* set out in search of new adventures, in the course of which, he reached the far distant country, *Isenland*, where there ruled the fair, but proud and powerful Queen *Brunihild* or *Brunhild*, who dwelt in a castle that stood in the midst of a lake of fire. Here, tradition says, *Siegfried* threw down the seven ponderous gates which admitted to its interior, and as if in defiance of the owner, he is said to have ridden off with her favourite steed *Gana*, or *Grani*, whence his cognomen, *horse-subduer*. That *Brunihild* was no idle spectator may be easily imagined. But what could the amazon do? Invincible as she was, what chance was there for subduing one who was invulnerable, and notoriously the stoutest and most valiant of men? And yet, that they must have come to an encounter, and that something of an unfriendly character occurred between them, is evident from the manner in which he was received and treated by her, at a subsequent period, as will be seen presently.

The uncle of our *amoroso*, *Troneg von Hagen*, now advises King *Gunther* to solicit the assistance of *Siegfried*, to which the latter readily consents, provided *Gunther* would give him his sister, *Chriemhild*, in marriage. This material point being conceded, our hero undertakes the sole management of the affair, and proposes that the party should consist of a few per-

sons as possible, and that the only attendants of the king should be himself, *Hagen*, and *Dankwart*, his brother, 'der vil snelle,' and that he (*Siegfried*), although the son of a king, should be treated for the time by the rest of them as one of the followers of King *Gunther*. This proposal, well meant as it was, on the part of *Siegfried*, gives rise at a later period to a world of misconceptions and troubles, which ultimately lead to the most melancholy consequences.

This arranged, the clothing and equipment forms next the point for consideration. Waited upon, therefore, by the travellers, *Chriemhild* is consulted on this momentous matter. Lovely beyond measure, we are told, was the graceful virgin as she received the heroes, and only in a few touches do we find described, how the lovers exchanged tender glances, and the happiness they experienced on beholding each other. Of *Siegfried*, in particular, it is said: 'He bore her in his heart, as the soul of his body,' and that many tears were shed as he afterwards took leave of her. The result of this consultation was a mighty fitting out, and the setting to work of thirty of *Chriemhild's* best needle-women, a process, which lasted no less than seven weeks, at the expiration of which, each of the adventurers obtained three suits of clothes of surpassing workmanship, and made of the most costly materials.

The poet now quickly passes from these points, and leads us rapidly along the Rhine to the castle of *Isenstein*, the home of the haughty *Brunhild*, which brings us to the seventh adventure, wherein we are told how she received the heroes, and how *Siegfried*, who is treated by her with much coldness, woos her in the form of king *Gunther*, by virtue of his 'Tarnkappe,' the magic garment above alluded to, which renders him invisible, and endows him with the strength of twelve men; how the perilous and deadly war-like games commence, and king *Gunther*, by the aid of *Siegfried*, obtains a complete victory over the heroine, the result of which is, her surrender to him. However, on assembling her men, to make them acquainted with the issue of the trial, but more especially on her gathering an army of warriors fit to accompany her to her new home, our Burgundian heroes begin 'to show the white feather,' because they are apprehensive of some treacherous design; but *Siegfried*, nothing dismayed, knows how to act even in this emergency, and promises them the aid of chosen heroes. To this end, clad in his 'Tarnkappe,' he sets out for the land of the Nibelungen, where he requires his faithful Elf Alberich to supply him with thirty hundred heroes, from the midst of whom he chooses an army of one thousand men, whom he equips richly and most magnificently by means of his endless treasure. With this army he now hastens back

to the castle of Isenstein, and accompanies thence king Gunther and his bride to Worms. Here the double marriage takes place, and the result of this happy occasion are great banquets and rejoicings. As for Queen Brunhild, this lady still continues to treat Siegfried with great coldness and disregard, and even looks upon him with an ill will, so as to make it appear as though she sought for an occasion to commence strife. But what adds to the flame already blazing up, is her unseemly wish to know why Chriemhild, herself a princess, had married a vassal in the person of Siegfried,—for in this light, as the reader knows, our hero had appeared at her court, that he might the better assist King Gunther in obtaining a victory and a wife. Gunther, however, was not taken unawares, but explains to her, that Siegfried is a king, or at least a prince, and the heir apparent to the crown of the Netherlands. This explanation fails to prove satisfactory, and only makes bad worse. For, she now begins to suspect her partner, who she thinks is bent on misleading her—a circumstance which greatly contributes to mar the happiness and enjoyment of the guests. Nor did the matter rest here. For, when this termagant saw that she could not attain her end in a friendly way, she had recourse to means for extorting the ‘true facts’ of the case, such as would not be approved of now-a-days by men in general, and by newly-married ones in particular. Considering her husband stubborn and intractable, this lady bound him during the wedding-night by means of her girdle, hand and foot, and hung him on a nail in the wall, at a considerable distance from the ground. What a predicament for a newly-married man—a king, too—to be in! and in his own house, too! It were impossible to describe the feelings that pierced poor Gunther’s heart, as he found himself in this *elevated* position, without having the means to remedy it. Awaiting patiently, therefore, the approach of the morn, he bore the evil as well as he could, or as men generally do under the sway of similar spirits. When released, he relates to Siegfried what had occurred; and how he had been dealt with by her whom, ‘in an evil hour, he had brought to his house.’ Siegfried promises his aid in taming this ‘evil fiend,’ the result of which is a severe struggle between him and Brunhild on the following night, when the latter is over-awed at the immense power of her (supposed) husband. As a reward for his trouble, Siegfried takes her girdle and ring, which he presents to his lovely wife, little suspecting that they would involve a generation in ruin. The guest having departed, Siegemund’s son said, ‘We, too, for a return to our countrie must prepare,’ which pleased his lady much. We are, therefore, now left to follow the newly-wedded pair to the home of the young husband. Here, the old king gives up the

crown and empire, and Chriemhild ere long confers on him the enviable title of father. One thing only casts a gloom over the otherwise serene domestic felicity of Siegfried, and this is the death of Siegelinde, his royal mother. However, he was not suffered long to enjoy his domestic bliss; for troubles of a very gloomy nature awaited him.

Several years having passed since Siegfried left Worms, Brunhild one day reflected that he had for a long while paid her husband no service, and is determined that he should do so, cost what it may. This revolting feature in the character of this woman, who evidently meditates the destruction of our hero, is somewhat softened by the skill and delicacy with which the poet hints at a secret and unhallowed passion of Brunhild for this flower of knighthood, which is expressly mentioned in the eleventh *Aventiure*, where it is said:—

‘There on the Rhine (so legends run) in Burgundie the fair,
Brunhilda, too, the beauteous one, a princely son did bear
To King Gunther, the rich—*Siegfried* she did him name,
From love unto the hero of high renown and fame.’

This woman rests not until King Gunther has invited Siegfried and his queen to a ‘Hockgesit,’ to be given in their honour, at Worms, in order thus to enforce his duty. The invitation is accepted; and thither our loving couple come, accompanied by King Siegemund, and a magnificent retinue of one thousand Nibelungen heroes, and the followers of the king of the Netherlands.

Arrived in this place, Brunhild’s ire is soon kindled, and the old question, why Chriemhild, herself a princess, had been married to a vassal? is broached once more. As she will not suffer precedence to be given to Chriemhild on her churcing, an altercation takes place between the two queens, in the course of which Chriemhild asserts that her consort was not only a king, and the companion of Gunther, but that he was a paragon, and the most pre-eminent of men. This the other denies point blank, and maintains his being a vassal, because she has seen him with her own eyes hold the stirrup of King Gunther, as he mounted on the beach, on his first visit to her at the castle of Isenstein,—nay, that he himself confessed it at that time. Chriemhild, indignant at the ‘story,’ declines any further conversation on the subject; but not so the lady of King Gunther. The consequence of which is a quarrel, such as does not often take place between crowned heads. Chriemhild forthwith dresses her maidens in regal apparel; and, attended by them and the brilliant army of her husband and her father-in-law, she sets out for the minster, to hear mass, proving thus, *de facto*, her being a queen.

In front of the sacred building she is overtaken by Brunhild, who bids her stop, and follow her, as 'behooves the wife of her consort's vassal,' an injunction which meets with a scornful laughter on the part of Chriemhild; and, as the latter is thus publicly insulted, and, therefore, greatly excited, she now turns round upon her adversary, telling her in the plainest terms, that she was inferior to her (Chriemhild) not only in rank, but even in point of womanly virtues, accusing her at the same time of concubinage with her own Friedel (Siegfried), in corroboration of which she produces the ring and the girdle, which were presented to her once by the latter, and even suffers the secret to escape which he then confided to her,—that he, and not Gunther, had obtained the victory over her in that memorable night. At this news, but more especially at the sight of her property, Brunhild burst into tears, and, enraged beyond measure, brings forthwith the whole affair before King Gunther, who, as may be supposed, was not a little mortified, and strove hard to prevent any further inquiry on so delicate a subject.

A severe punishment, inflicted on the delicate form of Chriemhild, by her enraged lord, is the immediate result of this indiscreet act. But will his deadly foe be satisfied with it? Alas, no! An injury of so deep a hue, inflicted, too, on so proud and untractable a spirit, could not easily be forgiven. This insult, together with the dislike which Brunhild ever fostered towards Siegfried, now engendered a hatred, which would stop short of nothing less than his immediate ruin. His doom, indeed, was already decreed, and the shears of Atropos, the goddess of fate, only watched for a suitable occasion to sever the thread of his life. Nor was it long ere this took place. Troneg Hagen became the confidant of the queen; and, though dissuaded by her royal consort, vowed the death of Siegfried.

'Shall we retreat like fools?' spake Hagen wrathfully,
 'Small honour that would bring, I trow, to blades as good as we;
 That he had conquered my dear queen, he vowed with scornful breath,
 So therefore must I lose my life unless he die the death.'

'Then spake the king himself: 'Save what is fair and good,
 Nought has he ever done to us—let us not shed his blood.
 What would it boot towards him my fostering any wrath?
 He hath been faithful unto us—with right good will he hath.'

But no ear was to be given to the wise counsel of King Gunther. The evil design is persisted in. The fierce Hagen gives advices that sham messengers should arrive from Saxondland, declaring war against the king; Siegfried then would offer, no doubt, his services, and whilst in the field, his life

might be easily taken without even exciting suspicion of foul play. *Gunther* is for a while opposed to this treachery; but at length gives way, so that everything is planned according to the advice of *Hagen*. However, previous to their taking the field, *Chriemhild*, fearing lest any mishap might befall her husband, holds a conversation with *Hagen*, requesting him to guard *Siegfried* against misfortune, little suspecting his perfidy. *Rage* had prompted her, on a former occasion, to betray the secret confided to her, and now it is the love to her husband which induces her to divulge another momentous secret, that had been confided to her by *Siegfried*. He was invulnerable, save in one spot, and that her misjudging affection led her to divulge.

As soon as *Hagen* heard this, he changed his plan; and hastening to the king, said:—‘The war is needed no longer; tell thy men, that matters have been settled with the Saxons amicably; but contrive thou a chase, and the enemy of thy house, I warrant thee, shall by my hand lose his life.’ So it was. *Siegfried* was stabbed by the wily courtier, through the fatal spot pointed out to him, and his lifeless body was carried home from the forest. Thus ends the first part of the poem.

The grief and horror of *Chriemhild*, on hearing of the death of *Siegfried*, is indescribable; only a very short time ago so unspeakably happy, and now deprived of all that could make life endurable. The poetical treatment of this scene displays a truthfulness and power, such as few only of our greatest poets could have imparted. With the swiftness of lightning, the suspicion of *Chriemhild* is fixed on *Hagen* and *Brunhild*—

‘*Brunhild* has counselled it, and *Hagen* has done it,’

she exclaims; and when *Gunther* seeks to free himself and his accomplices from the charge, *Chriemhild* leads them to the body of the slain, and lo! the wounds of the murdered hero begin to bleed anew. Thus the ordeal proclaimed their guilt; for this was the so-called *St. Michael-miracle* of ancient times, in which people of that and subsequent periods placed the most implicit faith. The guilt of *Hagen*, especially, was thus proved beyond doubt, and loudly she now exclaims:—

‘Now may God avenge it speedily on the persons of his foes!
Gunther, thou, and *Hagen*, have wrought me all these woes!’

The *Nibelungen Recken*, who had accompanied *Siegfried* to *Worms*, on hearing the awful news, prepared immediately for combat; but the prudent *Chriemhild* remembered that—

‘*King Gunther* has many a valiant knight,’

and suppressing, for the present, her feelings of revenge, gave herself up to bitter grief:—

‘She lifted up his fair head in her hand all snowy white,
And fondly kissed the dead—the good and noble knight.’

She had his remains committed to the grave; but would not associate with the murderers of her lord, nor be a party to any of the court festivities. Boundless as was her love for him, as boundless was her despair and misery. Peace and gladness of heart forsook her, and gloom and utter darkness took their place, and shadowed henceforth her whole being; friendless and lonely, life is hardly worth living for, and the world, bereft of its charms, is a desert. Yet one spot, one lonely spot, has unspeakable charms for her, this is the grave of her murdered love. Thither she goes to appease her bitter grief, to give expression to her heartfelt sorrow, and to hold secret communion with the dead.

Her trials and injuries did not end here; she was doomed to still more hardship and ill-treatment from the hand of her nearest kinsmen. Gunther, advised by Hagen, induces Chriemhild to send to the Netherlands for the Nibelungen treasure, the whole of which had been bestowed on her by Siegfried as a jointure, on the morning after the wedding-night; but no sooner has it arrived, than it is forcibly taken from her, breaking thus the last link of sisterly affection.

In this state years pass on. But the evil demon of revenge, and the time for a terrible reckoning, are approaching. It is the flash of lightning that is striking the dangerous burning-materials heaped up within her breast. The Hun king, Etzel, has lost his wife, Helke, and sends the Margrave Rüdiger, of Bechelaren, who is one of his vassals, to woo Chriemhild for him and to plead his cause. Chriemhild has little inclination towards any new matrimonial alliance, and, therefore, listens to Rüdiger's overtures with anything but a ready ear, so that the ambassador despairs of success; but on learning that Etzel would pledge himself to avenge her wrongs, things take a more favourable turn, and she forthwith consents to accompany Rüdiger to the far distant land of the Huns.

The journey to the Danube was a protracted and tedious one; but arrived at Tulna, she was received by King Etzel with much pomp and solemnity, who immediately set out with her for his castle at Vienna. Seven years she spent here, and found in Etzel a kind and loving husband, who endeavoured in every way to gratify her desires. In order, therefore, to gratify her pretended anxious wish to see her kinsmen, but in reality

to take vengeance on them, he permits her to send two minstrels, Werbel and Swemmel, in the shape of messengers, to Worms, to invite her brother Gunther and his followers, Hagen among the rest, to a Hochzeit. A deliberation takes place, which lasts for some days, the result of which is an acceptance of the invitation, although the fierce Hagen, who was fully sensible of his guilt, and had some misgivings, strongly advised the king to abstain from the journey.

We shall not dwell on their journey to King Etzel's court, nor record the wonderful occurrences and strange beings they met with on their way. We may, however, advert for a moment to the Nibelungenhort, and inquire into a peculiar feature connected with the ownership of it.

This talisman, as we have already seen, proved a source of trouble and calamity to all who owned it, or had anything to do with it. It involved the early death of King *Nibelung*, of Nibelungenland, of his two sons *Schilbung* and *Nibelung*, and of their followers; it also caused the untimely death of poor *Siegfried*, and now it was on the eve of causing the destruction of the Burgundians, their king included. How was that? Simply because a curse clave to it, or rather to the robbery of it; for it formerly belonged to gods, from whom it had been taken by force, an act, for which every future owner came under the influence of the evil powers; in other words, whoever was the possessor of it became the prey of sinister powers; henceforth he was a *Nibelung*, and belonged to the Nibelungenland, Nife or Nebelland. It is for this reason that the Burgundians are called *Nibelungen* in this part of the poem, and that their melancholy end as described therein is termed, *der Nibelunge Nôt*, i. e. Nibelungen-Need, or trouble. This circumstance *Troneg Hagen* perceived, and as new discords threatened, he sunk the treasure in the Rhine. But although it is thus got rid of, they are still under its curse. And as the seed of their ruin is more and more unfolding itself, what human power will stay its course, or check its full development?

But to return to our subject. They arrive, and except by King Etzel who is ignorant of *Chriemhild's* design, their reception is neither the kindest, nor the most flattering in the world. *Hagen*, too, who has risen in the meanwhile in the estimation of the king of Worms, and who is naturally of a haughty temper, behaves in a froward and insulting manner, and even goes so far as to kill in the Buhurt, a noble and distinguished Hun. The result is a general uproar and fury, fostered on the one hand by *Chriemhild*, and on the other by *Hagen*, in the course of which the latter cuts off the head of Ortlieb, a son of *Chriemhild* and King Etzel. The Nibelungen are now attacked

by the Huns, in the hall which they inhabit, and a murderous fray ensues, or as the poet hath it :—

‘ Then began among the Recken a murder grim and great,’

which baffles all description, and in which unexampled valour was displayed by Hagen and the hero Volker. This personage, although a courtier and a noble, is a fiddler, and in his way a real prodigy, who is not only full of sweet melody, but also of marvellous strength. He has a strange sort of fiddle-bow made of steel ; it is a sword as well as a bow, with which he makes heavenly as well as deadly music, whenever it descends on the helmets or the coats of mail of his adversaries. He was inseparably connected with the stout Hagen, together with whom he achieved prodigious feats of valour.

Chriemhild now ordered the hall to be set on fire, and the anguish, heat, and pressure, arising from this was so great, that the fainting heroes, tormented by thirst, were compelled to quench it with the blood of the slain. Thus pressed hardly, Hagen then spake :—

‘ Range yourselves, my men, close up unto the wall,
But have a care, lest on your helms the blazing brands should fall :
Quick quenched in streaming blood let them be hidden.
This faithless queen hath us to-day to an evil banquet bidden.’

Soon afterwards arrived Dietrich of Bern, who, being accompanied by his men, acted here as one of King Etzel’s vassals. These, too, attack the Nibelungen, but share the fate of the Huns and others, and perish under the strokes of the redoubtable Hagen and his companions. Sir Dietrich himself now takes up arms, wounds Hagen, and makes him and King Gunther prisoners. Both then are slain by Chriemhild, who cuts off their heads with Balmung, the goodly sword of Siegfried, which the fierce Hagen had appropriated to himself. This act of Chriemhild rouses the anger of King Etzel and the other heroes, and the Duke Hildebrand, one of Dietrich’s followers, is so enraged, that he slays Chriemhild, ere King Etzel has time to prevent it. With her death ends the second part of the poem.

Mr. Carlyle, speaking of this last scene of the drama, says :—
‘ We have heard of battles, and massacres, and deadly struggles in siege and storm ; but seldom has even the poet’s imagination pictured anything so fierce and terrible as this. Host after host, as they enter that huge vaulted hall, perish in conflict with the doomed Nibelungen ; and ever after the terrific uproar, ensues a still more terrific silence. All night, and through morning it lasts. They throw the dead from the windows ; blood runs like

water; the hall is set fire to, they quench it with blood, their ever burning thirst they slake with blood. It is a tumult like the crack of doom, a thousand-voiced, wild-stunning hubbub; and frightful like a tramp of doom, the sword-fiddlebow of Volker, who guards the door, makes music to that death-dance. Nor are traits of heroism wanting, and thrilling tones of pity and love.'

Appended to the foregoing, as we have said elsewhere, is the 'Klage' (Lamentation,) an epic poem of later origin, and differing from the Nibelungenlied to which it is related, as a sort of epilogue, in form as well as spirit; it is a summary of what has been said in the first two parts of the epos. But, although trifling in itself, it is important in so far as it contributes to elucidate and explain various points therein mentioned.

If we now carefully examine this poem in an æsthetical point of view, we shall discover—leaving age and form out of the question—so much internal beauty, as to justify its being termed the *German Iliad*. The internal similarity of the characters brought forward in both poems, is great and surprising. The womanly beauties, *Helen* and *Chriemhild*, are the source of all the stirring events, and in consequence, both poems display an equal share of mighty heroism. King *Etzel* forcibly reminds the reader of Priam, whilst Siegfried forms a side-piece to Achilles. Odysseus and Ajax are united in the person of Hagen, the stout, crafty, and haughty Recke. The greatest similarity exists in the description of the heroic life of both nations. Gunther may be compared with Agamemnon, Gernot with Menelaus, and Dietrich of Bern with Æneas. The mode of living and manners are similarly described, as, for example, the secluded state of the women, their skill in weaving and the sewing of garments; the high value which the heroes place upon the garments woven by the hand of women, the dwellings and presses filled with costly articles and store, the liberality with which they are given away, love of pomp, an eager desire for combat, etc.

With regard to the construction of the whole, it may be said to be so simple, the harmony and unity pervading it so rigidly correct and unaffected, and the keeping of the most varied figures so perfect, that the painter has only to copy the poet, in order to produce the most finished and most glorious work of art. Throughout the poem the main personalities, Chriemhild and Siegfried, Hagen, Gunther, Brunhild, and others, placed as they are in the foreground, shine above all the rest. It cannot certainly be denied, that the historical and traditional background might have been brought out into more light and with more force, in order to impart to the whole a

more finished aspect and character. The tragical interest would have gained greatly, if, for example, the curse which rested on the Nibelungen treasure had been pronounced with more distinctness. Nor do we miss with less difficulty, if not inconvenience, more finish and execution in some single figures and images, as for example, in Volker, the little Ortlieb, and others. The manner too, is, perhaps, now and then stiff, as if cast in inflexible iron; yet it is by no means affected and clumsy; nay, in point of grace and sprightliness, it carries the palm over the mass of heroic poems of more recent periods.

We find in the Nibelungenlied almost all the qualifications which pertain to a first-rate work of art. How animated and consummate are the various natures we here behold in a state of action! The whole is, in this respect, a faithful portrait of the German nation, so excellently described by Tacitus, and other ancient writers. The rudeness which now and then prevails, is an expression of the period in which the poem was composed, and, is depicted in such a manner as to lead us to suppose that the whole originated with the superabundance of natural untutored powers, and impulses, rather than with the great irritability of a sickly and corrupt race. Again; how finished is the description of individual character; as, for example, *Siegfried's* innocent and harmless integrity, coupled with so much Titanic valor, exercised, too, almost without consciousness or pride, so as to render him amiable even in his most daring defiance. And *Chriemhild*, how chaste and virgin-like! and with features, too, that remind the reader of Grecian loveliness and grace. Even the very act of betraying the secret confided to her by *Siegfried*, is only a natural outbreak of offended consciousness and self-regard, provoked by the overbearing and fiend-like character of Brunihild. And so is, indeed, her second blunder, which is based on her intense love of her husband. The very revenge she takes on her ungrateful brother, and the fierce and crafty Hagen, is palliated by so many acts of the most revolting injustice, that we need hardly have recourse to the character of the age to find an excuse for it. Less finished, perhaps, although full of poetical truth, and equally attractive, is the description of Queen Brunihild. Indeed, her secret passion for *Siegfried*, is handled with so much delicacy and true *savoir faire*, as to suffer no abhorrence to spring up against this personage.

The most finished character, in our opinion, is Hagen; and we may safely say, that throughout the whole range of poetry there are very few sketches equal to it. It is in the second part of the poem where he appears to the greatest advantage, —where Hagen, evidently seized by the foreboding and pre-

diction of his impending fate, accelerates his own ruin and that of his companions. Here the poet endeavours to represent his hero as colossal as possible, making him preserve to the last, and in the midst of the most prodigious acts of wrath, a truly chivalrous degree of honour. By his side we find the minstrel *Volker*, the 'fidelere gut,' whose fiddle-bow is more than a match for iron or steel, and cannot be resisted by the helmet, the shield, or coat of mail, the moment it descends on either. This *Volker* is an exceedingly interesting character, which, little as it is carried out, represents, with the rest of his warlike companions, all that is heroic, and truly noble.

How this Epos, calm as was the poet's mode of creation, progresses rapidly and smoothly,—how the interest is maintained and increased throughout, and especially towards the end, where the destruction of the most valiant, and the terrible massacre of the Nibelungen is described with wonderful force and skill,—this, and more, may be inferred from what has been briefly pointed out, and from the few specimens with which we have illustrated our opinions.

Little remains to be said concerning the modern German version of this poem, executed by *Karl Simrock*. This author ranks so high among German writers, that it would be presumptuous for us, to add anything to what has already been said concerning his version of this Epos, and of other similar performances. The whole, however, is another proof of what a translator can do, if he is inspired with a deep and sincere regard for the original, and penetrated by a large amount of intense feeling for its beauties. Accordingly, Herr *Simrock*, being himself endowed with the rarest mental gifts, and a truly poetical soul; having, moreover, a surprising command over his language and euphony, his version may be regarded as the most faithful, elegant, and truly scholar-like, known in the German language.

ART. III.—*Borneo and the Indian Archipelago.* With Drawings of Costume and Scenery. By Frank S. Marryat, late Midshipman of H.M.S. Samarang, Surveying Vessel. London: Longman and Co.

MOST of our readers are aware, that shortly after the termination of our war with China, the government sent out the Samarang, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, on an expedition to survey the coasts, and chief approaches to that empire. The narrative of this expedition has lately been given to the world by the commander, in a very interesting volume, which includes a summary of the natural history of the countries visited, a brief vocabulary of the principal languages, together with astronomical observations. So much interest has, however, of late been awakened as to these 'far-off islands of the sea,'—especially Borneo, and its enterprising rajah of Sarawak, Mr. Brooke,—that every piece of information, from the quarto volume to the mere extract of a letter, has been eagerly sought after. We, therefore, are not surprised that Mr. Marryat's wish to publish his drawings, without letter-press, was overruled, although, from the *animus* pervading many parts of his journal, he will probably some future time regret its *complete* publication.

The narrative, in which we think we can trace somewhat of his father's dashing, off-hand, but most graphic style, commences with the Samarang setting sail from Spithead, in January, 1843. In July, she arrived at Borneo, where the appearance of the Loandoo Dyaks, with 'eyes black, and deeply sunk in their head, nose flattened, mouth very large, lips of a bright vermillion, from chewing of the betel nut, and their teeth black, and filed to sharp points,' made rather an unfavourable impression on our young artist. After some difficulty in 'kedging and towing,' the Samarang at length anchored in the Sarawak, off the town of Kuchin, which contains about eight hundred houses, where the whole ship's company received a most hospitable welcome from Mr. Brooke. We have here a sketch of his residence, pleasantly situated, but extremely unpretending in its character. While there, some of the officers made an excursion with Mr. Brooke up the river, and also to the gold, and antimony mines, which are worked by Chinese. The latter appears to be very abundant:—

'The antimony is obtained from the side of a hill, the whole of which is supposed to be formed of this valuable mineral. The side at which the men are at work shines like silver during the day, and may be seen several miles distant, strangely contrasting with the dark foliage of the adjoining jungles. The ore is conveyed to Kuchin, and is there shipped

on board of the *Royalist*, (Mr. Brooke's schooner yacht,) and taken to Singapore, where it is eagerly purchased by the merchants, and shipped for England. * * *

'After dinner we all proceeded to the rivulet in search of gold; the natives had cleared out the bed of the river; the sand and stones were thrown into an artificial sluice for washing it; and a little gold was found by some of the party. This gold mine, if it may be so called, is worth to Mr. Brooke about £1000 per annum, after all the expenses are paid. Its real value is much greater; but the Chinese conceal a great quantity, and appropriate it to themselves. But if the particles of gold which are brought down by a small rivulet are of such value, what may be the value of the mines above, in the mountains as yet untrodden by human feet? This, it is to be hoped, enterprise will some day reveal.'—p. 9.

A visit to the mountain called Sarambo, which is of great height, and excursions among the Dyak villages, employed their time pleasantly, until the *Samarang* again put to sea. After visiting various islands, they sailed for the *Madjicesimer* islands, which are subject to the kingdom of *Loo-Choo*, and landed at *Pa-tchu-san*. The natives here received them with the same courtesy which the inhabitants of *Loo-Choo* have shown to strangers; and although, naturally enough, 'they appeared uneasy at the proposal of our surveying the whole group,' they eventually assented, and furnished both horses and necessaries.

The inhabitants, judging from the portrait of one which Mr. Marryat has given, seem to be of Malayan, if not Arabic extraction. The features are sharp, but finely formed, and the expression is remarkably mild and intelligent. They have no intercourse with any part of the world beside *Loo-Choo*, and know of the existence of no countries except China, *Loo-Choo*, and Japan. 'We were the first white men they had ever seen,' says Mr. Marryat, 'and we are fain to believe, that the conduct of the company of the *Samarang* was such as to leave a favourable impression on these secluded islanders.

After visiting various places, they landed at Great Sooloo, 'the chief of a group of islands known as the Sooloo Archipelago.' The inhabitants resemble the Malays, both in their personal appearance, and warlike character. 'The *Samarang* was the first English man-of-war that had called at Sooloo, since the visit of Dalrymple, in 1761.' A severe fight with the Malay pirates, off the coast of Gilolo, in which Sir Edward Belcher was wounded, soon after followed. We regret the remarks in which Mr. Marryat has here indulged. With personal irritations, likely enough to occur on board-ship, the public have little to do; the 'showing-up,' therefore, of either

messmate or commanding-officer, under circumstances which preclude reply, is ungenerous if not unjust.

Borneo, which they visited several times, is inhabited, as our readers are aware, by various tribes, indigenous to the neighbouring isles and continent—Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and the natives of Celebes. The chief men claim an Arab descent; and, from the portraits given, we have little doubt that the claim is well founded. There has, we think, been too much abuse of these islanders, because they live by piracy, but we should bear in mind that our own forefathers, Saxon and Norman, were as fierce and enterprising pirates, as those of the eastern Archipelago. We have, indeed, been often struck, when reading accounts of them, to find how closely the description of these voyages in the nineteenth century resembles that of the Greek historian in the sixth to the north, when he tells of the ferocious pirates, whose vessels were unmatched in swiftness, and whose crews were as unmatched in prowess. And yet, these ferocious pirates became the civilizers of modern Europe,—laying aside, under the genial influence of Christianity, their blood-thirsty practices, but retaining that energetic spirit of enterprise which, rudely developed as it then was, was still their impulsive principle. In the great care and skill bestowed on their boats, these pirates greatly resemble our remote forefathers; indeed, when we observe their rude habitations, and their more than half-savage customs, we may well be astonished at the perfection, both of their sailing and their war-boats. We have very interesting drawings of both; and of the latter, the following description:—

‘The Malay war boat, or prahu, is built of timber at the lower part, the upper is of bamboo, rattan, and Redgang, (the dried leaf of the Nepan palm.) Outside the bends, about a foot from the water line, runs a strong gallery, in which the rowers sit cross-legged. At the after part of the boat is a cabin for the chief who commands, and the whole of the vessel is surmounted by a strong flat roof, upon which they fight, their principal weapons being the kris and spear, both of which, to be used with effect, require elbow room.

‘The Dyak war boat is a long built canoe, more substantially constructed than the prahu of the Malays, and sufficiently capacious to hold from seventy to eighty men. This also has a roof to fight from. They are generally painted, and the stern ornamented with flowers.

‘Both descriptions of war boats are remarkably swift, notwithstanding such apparent loss of weight.’—p. 63.

The drawing subjoined exhibits the prow raised to the height of nearly twenty feet, and decked with a rather handsome ornament of carved wood, with feathers depending, and a plume surmounting the whole.

During the period of their second sojourn at Borneo, they anchored off a fortified Malay town, named Bintang, and became on such good terms with 'the sultan,' especially by treating him with 'Rule Britannia' in true sailor-like fashion, that he sent off to the head boat, a superb supper for seven people:—

'Consisting of seven bronze trays, each tray containing about a dozen small plates, in which were many varieties of flesh and fowl, cooked in a very superior manner. To each tray was a spoon, made of the yellow leaf of some tree unknown, but as specimens of primitive elegance and utility combined, they were matchless. We had some doubts from our knowledge of the treachery of the Malays, whether we should fall to, upon these appetising viands, as there was no saying but that they might be poisoned. Mr. Brooke, however, who, although not the commandant, was the mentor of the party, explained that he invariably observed one rule when treating and dealing with these people,—which was, never to exhibit any unworthy suspicion of them, as, by so doing, they became convinced of our own integrity and honour. That this confidence might have, in many instances, proved dangerous, unless adopted with great caution, must be admitted; but in our relations with the people on the rivers of Borneo it was of great service. The Malays are so very suspicious themselves, that nothing but confidence on your part, will remove the feeling; and, in treating with the Malays, this is the first object to be obtained.'—p. 69.

Now we think this alone proves the Malays to have a keen sense of honour, an element, we need scarcely remark, of great value in promoting civilization. During their stay, one of the Dyak chiefs provided a war dance for their entertainment. It is curious how close a resemblance these dances bear to each other. The clapping of hands, the swift wheeling round, the shrill yell, chorussed by the bye-standers, all resemble so closely the war dance of the North American Indians, that were these Dyaks not separated by half the globe, we might almost imagine both were derived from one common source. A sail down the river, and a boar hunt in the adjacent jungle succeeded, and the whole company dined off wild pig, with a relish which must have horrified a Mohammedan.

'Towards the end of a long repast, we felt a little chilly, and we therefore rose and indulged in the games of leap-frog, fly-the-garter, and other venturous amusements. We certainly had in our party one or two, who were as well fitted to grace the senate, as to play at leap frog, but I have always observed that the cleverest men are most like children when an opportunity is offered for relaxation. I don't know what the natives thought of the European Rajah Brooke playing at leap-frog, but it is certain that the rajah did not care what they thought. I have said little of Mr. Brooke, but I will now say that a more mild, amiable, and

celebrated person I never knew. Every one loved him and he deserved it.'—p. 90.

For our own part also, we have a higher respect for 'the rajah,' from this little trait, since the absence of all pretence and formality, is ever the characteristic of superior minds.

Singapore was next touched at, and the variety of race and costume, and 'the groves and forests, interspersed with plantations of nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, and sugar-canes, and from which a most delightful perfume is brought by the breeze,' formed a picture on which the eye of the artist dwelt with delight. The Samarang then proceeded to Manilla, the inhabitants of which, we think, contrast unfavourably with the more uncivilized Malays. They are weak and spiritless, and although very good Catholics, seem to have all the vices of a worn out civilization.

'Gambling is carried on to a great extent in Manilla: the game played is monté. We visited one of their gambling houses. Winding our way down a dark and narrow street, we arrived at a porte cochère. The requisite signal was given, the door opened cautiously, and after some scrutiny, we were ushered up a flight of stairs, and entered a room, in the centre of which was a table, round which were a group, composed of of every class. An Indian squaw was sitting by the side of a military officer, the one staking her annas, the other his doubloons. I stood by the side of an old Chinaman, who staked his doubloons, and lost every time. The strictest silence was observed, and nothing was heard, but the chinking of the dollars, and the occasional *à quien* of the banker, who inquired the owner of the stakes. Everything was conducted with the greatest order; when one man had lost all his money he would retire, and make room for another. The authorities of Manilla made every effort to put a check to this demoralising practice, but without much success. It is universal, from the highest to the lowest, from the civilized to the most barbarous, over the whole of the Indian Archipelago.'—p. 126.

The lower classes, however, prefer cock-fighting, and 'every man in the streets has his fighting cock under his arm.' This is, however, only another mean to the same end, for betting is their very meat and drink. In general, the inhabitants of the Eastern Archipelago, however fierce, can scarcely be considered as treacherous. Those of Sooloo are, however, fearfully so. At the second visit of the Samarang, a French squadron had anchored in the bay, much to the dislike of the inhabitants.

'About a mile to the right of the town is a spring, where all the ships watered. One day some peculiar looking berries were found in the pool, which, on examination, proved to be deadly poison, the natives having thrown them in with the intention of poisoning us *en masse*. The water was of course started overboard, and intelligence sent to Admiral

Cecil, who was highly incensed. It was singular by what means this discovery was made. One of the seamen of the Samarang complained of a stinging sensation in his feet from having wetted them in the pool. Our assistant surgeon happening to be on shore at the time, caused the watering to be stopped, and the pool to be examined. Buried in the sand, and at the bottom of the pool, and secured in wicker baskets, were found those poisonous berries, which the natives had concealed there. As soon as Admiral Cecil received the information, all the water was thrown overboard, and the boats of the whole squadron, manned and armed, landed the French admiral, the ambassador, and our captain. They repaired to the palace of the sultan, who not only expressed his abhorrence of the attempt, but promised to put to death the parties if they could be discovered. The attempt did not, however, stop here. In addition to fruit, the boats at Sooloo brought off rice cakes, which were eagerly bought by the seamen. Some of the chiefs issued an order for a large number of poisoned cakes, which they intended for our consumption ; but fortunately the order was so extensive that it got wind, and we were warned of what was intended by a native of Manilla, who had been captured by pirates and sold at Sooloo.'—p. 140.

The next port was Hong Kong, from whence Mr. Marryat made several excursions to the islands around. He also visited the celebrated pagoda of Ningpo, described by the late Dr. Milne, and which he thought might better bear the name of the Leaning Tower. Mr. Marryat has given us an excellent drawing of this singular structure, which far more resembles a Saracenic building than a Chinese. It is constructed of solid masonry, carried up with scarcely greater diminution than is necessary to the stability of the work, and the windows, or open arches, are the same as are seen in the mosques of Asia Minor. There are Chinese nuns here, to whom our author paid a visit :—

'They were assembled in a large room, at one end of which was an image of the god Fo. Each nun was seated at a small table, on which was a reading stand and a book of prayers. They were all reading, and at the same time beating a hollow painted piece of wood ; the latter duty was, we were informed, to keep up the attention of the god. What with their all gabbling at once, and the tapping noise made with the wood, god Fo appeared more likely to have his attention distracted than otherwise. However, it was of no consequence, as Fo was one of that description of gods mentioned in the Bible, among whose attributes we find, 'Ears have they, but they hear not.'—p. 157.

A company of women *reading*, seems strange on the very coast of China. At Hong Kong Mr. Marryat fell ill, and was sent to the Minden, hospital ship, where he was witness to the sufferings of the numerous sick who crowded the vessel, and most of whom died. The Samarang proceeded from Hong Kong to Loo Choo, and from thence to the island of Quelpart,

belonging to the kingdom of Corea. The natives are very war-like; every hill—and these are very numerous—having a fort on its summit, and the people being armed with matchlocks, spears, and arrows. The reception of the strangers was anything but courteous, and the ship's company probably owed their safety to the decided measures which they took. The next port which the Samarang visited, was Nangasaki, a town belonging to the almost unknown empire of Japan.

'We were at some distance in the offing in sight of the town of Nangasaki, when several boats, gaily decorated with flags of various shades and colours, came out to meet the ships and accompany us to the anchorage. One of them brought a letter, written in mingled Dutch and French, inquiring from whence and why we came. The bearer, who was a great man in authority, desired the captain to anchor immediately; but this the captain refused, telling him that he should anchor his ship when and where he pleased. We afterwards discovered that these were all government boats, and that they were always placed as a guard upon any ship which visited Nangasaki. The crews were all dressed alike, in chequered blue and white cotton dresses; the boats are propelled with sculls used as oars, the men keeping time to a monotonous song. Forts, or rather the ghosts of forts, appeared as if raised by magic; they were easily distinguished to be formed out of immense screens of coloured cotton, and they were surrounded by flags and pennons. Although not effective, their effect was good at a distance. In the evening, a large assembly of the principal men visited the ships; they wore very loose jackets and trowsers. The jackets reached no lower than the hips, where they were confined by a silk or silver girdle containing two swords, one somewhat larger than the other. The handles and sheaths of their swords were beautifully inlaid with copper, and japanned in a very peculiar manner. They were very curious to know the name and use of every article which excited their attention, and we were much surprised at their display of so much theoretical knowledge. They particularly admired the touch-hole of our guns, which are fired with the detonating tube. The properties of the elevating screws were minutely examined; and we were inclined to believe that many of our visitors were artificers, sent on board to examine and make notes of everything new. The Samarang was the first British man-of-war which had visited Nangasaki since the Phaeton, in 1808.'—p. 184.

Although the chiefs sent a present of provisions, they exhibited all the characteristic jealousy of the Japanese, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the requisite surveys were made. The Samarang soon after returned to Hong Kong, and thence to Manilla. At Caviti, seven miles from the town, 'lies the remains of an old Spanish galleon, one of the few that had the good fortune to escape Commodore Anson.' Mr. Marryat has given us a spirited sketch of this mouldering sea palace, whose huge, unwieldy hulk contrasts most picturesquely with

the light craft beside her. From Manilla they proceeded to Samboangan, where our author, and some friends, witnessed the following strange festival :—

‘About nightfall, as we were strolling through the town, we were attracted by the sounds of music in an adjoining street. We altered our course accordingly, and on arrival at a large thatched house, perceived through the open windows that it was filled with musicians and dancers. We were immediately observed, and the owner of the house, in the most courteous manner, and in tolerable English, requested us to enter, which request we immediately complied with. We imagined that it was a ball, perhaps a wedding ; but what was our surprise on entering to see a table in the middle of the room, on which was placed a dead child ! It was neatly dressed, and ornamented with flowers, looking more like a wax doll than a corpse. The ball, we were informed, was given in honour of its funeral. The dancing had not yet commenced, so we were in excellent time. The master of the house was extremely polite ; and requested that we would consider ourselves at home. We took his advice, and immediately separated, and paid our addresses to the ladies who most interested us by their appearance. A great many of them were exceedingly pretty, and they were dressed enchantingly. Their hair was drawn back and collected in a knot behind, their bosoms covered by a light muslin jacket with short sleeves. A petticoat of many colours was sufficiently short to disclose their naked feet, on which was a slipper of velvet embroidered with gold or silver lace. Two or three great gold ornaments completed their costume. Add to this their sparkling black eyes, regular features, and an air of *naïveté*, inseparable from Spanish girls,—and you have some idea of the witchery of the belles of Samboangan. We were very soon on excellent terms, and the table with the dead child being removed to a corner, the father and mother of the deceased opened the ball with a slow waltz. This being concluded, we selected our partners, and a livelier air being struck up, off we all went at a splendid pace.’—p. 202..

During the supper, to which they were subsequently invited, our author discovered with some surprise, that one plate served for a lady and gentleman, and that it was considered as a compliment to be invited thus to eat with a lady. This custom was doubtless brought by the earliest settlers from Spain, for it was a usage of chivalrous times, and in Spain many an ancient usage lingered long.

After again visiting Borneo, and touching at the Mauritius, the Samarang finally, ‘on the 24th of October, made sail for England.’ On the last day of the year she dropped anchor at Spithead, and with a sailor-like expression of gratulation at his release, Mr. Marryat concludes his very entertaining volume.

ART. IV.—1. *An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times.* By John Angell James. 4th Edition.

2. *The Church in Earnest.* By the same Author.

[London : Hamilton and Co.

WHEN Mr. Ward, of Oxford notoriety, published his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' he professed to be in anxious search after the reality, which, happily for himself, he soon after discovered. But his was much more of a human ideal than of a divine, and it satisfied itself with a human reality. Taken obviously, in the first instance, not from a Divine source, but from the Roman model of the middle ages, it very readily adjusted itself to the degenerate reality, as it exists at the present day in popery. But those who have more reverence for the Divine ideal than for any human or historic representation of it which has ever been presented to the world, cannot fail to mark, or cease to deplore, the interested delusion which was and is practised, by attempting to hold up this ideal, or its alleged reality, as the true church which the Son of God redeemed, and over which he continues to rule.

The Divine idea of *the* church, or of *a* single church, for it admits of indefinite plurality, as we find it developed, not in the fifth century, but in the first, and within the New Testament, (and it is developed there adequately for all purposes of constituting, governing, and extending,) has been strangely metamorphosed by passing through human brains. The Divine constitution is obviously that of a voluntary society, consisting of a ministry in and with a church, to which it stands in a relation of office divinely appointed, but personally elective. The ministry is within and for the church: the church is left to complete itself by the ministry. Though distinct yet one; correlative, co-ordinate, and corporate; but like the human individuality, susceptible of unlimited multiplication for the purpose of perpetual and boundless extension, without self-willed division, or sinful alienation, but under the obligation of fraternity and mutual recognition of equality, till the whole corporation, viewed as a totality or universality of identical corporations, shall become commensurate with the globe and with human nature; after which is to follow the realization of the idea of visible and perfect unity, always kept in view and desiderated by each distinct church, but to be attained in perfection only in the church of the heavens, when these countless circles will ultimately melt into one.

Most of the churches of history have exhibited some infraction of the Divine model, something taken away, or added. Instability, change, and decay, have been the consequence.

The Divine model was presumed to be imperfect. It was too simple for statesmen and philosophers. It must be made more imposing, elaborate, dignified. The lily must be painted, the rose must be perfumed. Pleas of time, place, and circumstance, soon induced reasons for additions and alterations which convinced the ambitious and satisfied the interested. The first great and still enduring alteration was borrowed from heathenism. The state had always regulated and conserved the religion of its people, and why should it not do the same for Christianity? The answer ought to have risen spontaneously from every Christian heart,—because our religion neither needs nor admits your regulation and conservation. It undertakes these for itself, and if you force your services upon us, you will paganize and corrupt our religion. But the idea of incorporating the human with the Divine did not startle the newly Christianized heathens by its incongruity and peril. It originated, moreover, with the imperial and aristocratic, and to say the best and most charitable thing we can, was adopted in the hasty zeal of new converts, and perhaps at the suggestion of a prudent state-policy, which could devise no other and no better expedient for harmonizing the discordant principles of Christianity and heathenism.

They accordingly undertook the perilous and presumptuous task of making the sovereignty of Jesus Christ quadrate with the sovereignty of the emperor over all estates and conditions of men. They essayed to establish the Christian church under the state, and in dependence upon it; when it had previously established itself in a Divine independence, without the state and against it. Many important and essential alterations in the relation of the ministry to the church were the consequence. These were too readily submitted to by the ministry, under the temptation of greater stability and augmented authority. They exchanged dependence on the church for slavery to the state. But the chain was a golden one, and it was at any rate worn willingly and gracefully. The innovations and corruptions then commenced, speedily grew into frightful deformities and disgusting monstrosities, which have received from modern churchmen the fashionable and philosophic cognomen of *developments*. But they have thoroughly defeated the design, and marred the utility, both of the church and its ministry. Indeed, the national churches, as they appear in history, and as they show themselves in modern practice, exhibit a ministry created, sustained, and authorized by the state, or else a ministry self-creating, and creating even the church. In both cases the spiritual body of Christ is annihilated for all purposes of self-government, and its authority is either wholly absorbed by

the clergy, or divided between them and the civil power. The word *church*, which ought to convey the idea of a Christian brotherhood having its proper officers, signifies with such only the *clergy*. The Divine idea of the Christian corporation is excluded, and the only government acknowledged, or practised, is derived either from the ministry, or civil legislation. This they call ecclesiastical law, church law, or connexional law; but it is not found in the Divine statute book, and is often opposed to it.

The enormous abuses and shameful corruptions sanctified, in the name of Christianity, by these innovations upon the simple and beautiful type of scripture, have provoked some men to run into the opposite extreme, and to absorb the idea of the ministry in that of the church. Hence the systems which have constituted churches without a ministry, or one wholly self-prompted and self-appointed, as among the Plymouth brethren, and others of earlier days. It is true, they have endeavoured to preserve the idea of a ministry as well as of a church; but it has been a ministry as independent of the Christian people, as the clergy of Rome, or of England. The responsibility of its election, authorization, and maintenance, has been thrown off the church as such, on the Holy Spirit, while the pastoral or episcopal office has been abolished, in deference to those inward self-promptings which are ascribed to direct inspiration, but which, if subjected to no collective judgment of spiritual men, open the door to all sorts of confusion and fanaticism, as well as to spiritual gifts.

These may be extreme cases—a ministry without a church, and a church without a ministry. The truth lies somewhere between them, as well as many minor deviations cognate respectively to the one or the other. All these deviations assimilate themselves both in their nature and their effects to the false type, after which they are formed. The measure of their departure from the infallible standing point is always indicated by the corruption both of the church and of the ministry.

It is not within our present purpose to go further into these deviations. We prefer to suggest, that there is a Divine ideal both of a church and a ministry, and of their happy reciprocity. Their mutual influence and relationship, dependence and independence, are settled by authority that leaves no room for human intervention. The Divine idea of both, because it is perfect, and of universal application, ought to be deeply pondered, apart from all historical exemplifications. At any rate, let not the fair conception give place to the more imposing schemes of statesmen or churchmen, who enforce them by pleas of expediency and stability. Let not the Divine model be discredited, under the pretext of altered circumstances or of

utopian impracticability. If it makes no parade of theory, and presents itself in no systematic form, yet it secures the perfection of both, in being pre-eminently practical and divinely simple. Let not the Christian brotherhood content itself with confessing and deploring the general corruptions and deviations which may be discovered in all churches, historic and existing; neither let it sink into hopeless despondency, under the difficulties that prevent its realization of the true and perfect ideal; but let it anxiously and devoutly keep this type in view, and hopefully place itself in the path of return; and though we cannot augur the discovery of a perfect church on earth, we may promise a far happier, holier, and more fruitful state of all churches than has hitherto been witnessed. The ideal of a church, like that of each Christian, should be perfection. The Divine standard, in no case, could be supposed to fall below it. Progression towards such a standard, in the church as well as in the individual, is, we believe, the utmost that ought to be professed, at least in the present life, and before the millennium. What may take place then, it is, at any rate, not so urgent to inquire, as how we may help both the church and the ministry forward in the line of usefulness and holiness.

Mr. James, in the two treatises at the head of this article, has treated with his usual practical tact, first the ministry and then the church. He has, wisely for usefulness, eschewed all controversy about the relations of office and systems of government. Christian ministers of all denominations may read, and probably will read, approvingly and advantageously, his 'Earnest Ministry.' It calls them to their sacred duties in so generous, affectionate, and energetic a spirit, that every right-hearted man, and every man who wishes to be so, will peruse the book with refreshment, and lay it down with holy and invigorating aspirations. Its characteristic is that of the man, and the explanation of his own success. The want of earnestness is assumed to be the great defect, and its attainment the desideratum of the times. First he reviews the apostolic ministry. From this he takes the idea of that pre-eminent earnestness by which it was characterized, both as to matter and manner. Having presented various specimens of what he understands by earnestness, he proceeds to exemplify it in reference to the delivery of sermons, and the discharge of other duties involved in the pastorate, which he again illustrates by examples. These he follows up by Motives to Earnestness—Means of Obtaining an Earnest Ministry—and concludes by a chapter on 'The Necessity of Divine Influence for an Efficient Ministry.' One citation from the chapter on 'Motives to Earnestness' will satisfy our readers on the sterling excellence of the work. It is all we

can admit in our limited space; but it will commend the book as admirably adapted to its object:—

‘When Pilate proposed to the illustrious prisoner at his bar the question, what is truth? he placed before him the most momentous subject which can engage the attention of a rational creature: and if Christ refused to give an answer, his silence is to be accounted for by the captious or trifling spirit of the querist, and not by any supposed insignificance of the question, since truth is the most valuable thing in the universe, next to holiness; and it is truth that is the theme of our ministry, even that which by way of eminence and distinction is called the truth. Take any branch of general science, be it what it might, and however valuable and important it may be considered, its most enthusiastic student and admirer cannot claim for it *par excellence*, that supremacy which is implied in the definite article, *the* truth. Who shall adjust the claims of this distinction, between the various sciences of natural and moral truth, and declare which is the rightful possessor of the throne, against the false pretensions of usurpers? Who? The God of truth himself; and he has done it, and placing the Bible on the seat of majesty in the temple of truth, has called upon all systems of philosophy whatever, to fall down and do it homage. This is our subject: eternal, immutable truth. Truth given pure from its divine source, and given with the evidence and impress of its own omniscient author. Oh, what are the loftiest and noblest of the sciences: chemistry, with its beautiful combinations and affinities; or astronomy, with its astounding numbers, magnitudes, distances, and revolutions of worlds; or geology, with its marvellous and incalculable date of by-gone millions of ages—to the truths of revelation? What is dead, inert matter, with its laws of materiality however diversified, classified, or combined,—compared with the world of mind, of souls, of immateriality and immortality, and with the laws of moral truth by which they are regulated? What is nature to the God of nature? What the heavens and the earth, to the glorious mind that looks out upon them through the organ of vision, as from a window that commands the grand and boundless prospect? What the fleeting term of man’s existence upon earth, with its little cycles of care, and sorrow, and labour, compared with the eternal ages through which the soul holds on her course of deathless existence? The works of creation are a dim and twilight manifestation of God’s nature, compared with the grandeur and more perfect medium of redemption. The person of the Lord Jesus Christ is itself a wonder and a mystery, which will shine all other displays of deity into darkness: this is the shekinah in the holy of holies of the temple of God’s creation, towards which, as they bend over the mercy seat of his work of redemption, all the orders of created spirits, from the most distant parts of the universe, reverently turn and do homage to the great God our Saviour. This, this is our theme, the truth of God, and concerning him; the truth of an incarnate deity; the truth of man’s redemption by the cross; the truth of the moral law, the eternal standard of rectitude, the tree of knowledge of good and evil; the truth of the gospel, as the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God, the truth of im-

mortality, and of heaven, and of hell; the truth couched under the symbols of the Levitical law, and the predictions of inspired prophets, and fully exhibited in the gospels of evangelists and the letters of inspired apostles. Again I ask exultingly and rapturously, what are the discoveries of Newton, or of Davy; or the inventions of Watt, or of Arkwright, compared with these? Viewing man in his relation to immortality, as a sinful and moral agent, what is art or science, compared with revealed truth? And shall we, can we, be otherwise than earnest in the promulgation of *this* truth? Shall we touch such themes with a careless hand, and a dronish mind? Shall we slumber over truths which keep awake the attention, and keep in activity the energies of all orders of created intelligences, and which are the objects and the resting place of the uncreated mind? Let us look at the earnestness with which the sons of science pursue their studies; with what enthusiasm they delve into the earth, or soar on the telescope to the heavens, or hang over the fire; with what prolonged and patient research they carry on their experiments, and pursue their analysis; how unwearied in toil, and how enduring in disappointment, they are; and then how rapturously they hold up to the world's gazing and wondering eye, some new particle of truth, which they have found out after all this peering and prying into nature's undiscovered secrets! Ministers of the gospel, is it thus with the men who have to find out the truths of nature, and shall we who have the volume of inspired, revealed truth open before us, drone and loiter, and trifle over such momentous realities? Shall the example of earnestness be taken from him who analyses man's lifeless flesh, to tell us by the laws of organic chemistry, its component parts, rather than from him who has to do with the truths that relate to the immortal soul? Shall he whose discoveries and lessons have no higher object than our material globe, and no longer date than its existence, be more intensely in earnest, than we who have to do with the truth that relates to God and the whole moral universe, and the truth that is to last through eternity? What deep shame should cover us for our want of ardour and enthusiasm in such a service as this!—p. 27.

The entire work is executed in the earnest spirit of this passage, and presents to the Christian minister every part of his official duty in the full blaze of its eternal consequences, both to himself and others. If the rising ministry should imbibe the spirit and catch the ardour of this eminently useful author and preacher, the next generation will undoubtedly present a revived church in all its sections. It is a highly favourable augury, that already a fourth edition of this work has been called for. This alone is a rare fact for such a work, and an omen of much future good.

'The Church in Earnest' is a most appropriate companion to the former, though complete by itself. It is an earnest appeal to the Christian community upon its principles and professions, and for variety, power, and practical efficiency, may be said to

surpass its predecessor. If the Christian church is teachable, impressible, and not quite given up to lukewarmness and worldliness, here is an appeal, moving and powerful enough to call forth new life, and brace every nerve to fresh exertion. Every Christian man and woman should read and ponder it well.

The first chapter exhibits 'the design to be accomplished by the church, as regards the present world.' The second is occupied with a brief comment 'on the epistles to the seven churches of Asia, tending to illustrate the nature of earnestness in religion,' and to sustain the proposition—that the Lord Jesus Christ takes a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all and each of his churches, and that he watches minutely the character it exhibits, and deals with it accordingly. The third chapter treats of earnestness in personal religion; the fourth of earnestness in the way of individual exertion and direct action for the salvation of souls. The fifth enforces earnestness in family religion, and is replete with instruction of the most valuable kind to pious heads of families.

The activity of churches in their collective capacity occupies the sixth chapter; the seventh treats of the causes that operate to repress this earnestness in religion; the eighth presents 'inducements to earnestness; the ninth, examples; the tenth states the means to be used to obtain a higher degree of earnest piety in the churches; and the eleventh appropriately cheers the Christian reader, by an outline of the millennial state of the church as portrayed in prophetic vision.

We would strongly recommend the third chapter on personal religion to the attention of our readers. It clearly and powerfully sets forth the true spring of all earnestness in promoting the cause of Christianity in the world. The instrument must be adapted to the work. But we abstain from extract upon this part of the subject, to make room for the following important passage from the fourth chapter, on direct action for the salvation of souls. The information therein communicated cannot be too generally known, nor too deeply pondered, by all Christians whether earnest or not. There is enough in it to make those earnest who were never so before, and those who are, much more so.

'Look at the moral aspect of your country. It is now more than three centuries since the Reformation from popery; almost two since the era of toleration; more than one since the revival of religion by the labours of Whitfield and Wesley; nearly seventy years since the setting up of Sunday-schools by Robert Raikes; fifty since the spread of evangelical religion in the church of England; forty-three since the establishment of the Bible Society, and a little more than that since the formation of the Religious Tract Society, and somewhat less since the invention

and promulgation of the popular systems of education by Bell and Lancaster: to say nothing of the various institutions, such as Home Missionary Societies, Town Missions, District Visiting Societies, and other organizations, which have since been set up for improving the spiritual condition of the people. The Bible Society has issued twenty million copies of the Scriptures. The Tract Society has sent out nearly five hundred million copies of books and tracts; other institutions have added millions more of bibles, tracts, and prayer-books. Churches, chapels, and schools have been multiplied beyond all precedent in former times. And yet what is the moral condition of the people of England, of protestant England at this moment? The town in which I live contains, with its suburbs, about two hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, and of these perhaps not more than forty thousand above twelve years of age, are ever at public worship at the same time. Take from these all Roman catholics, unitarians, and other denominations who do not hold evangelical sentiments, and what a small portion remains out of the whole population who are enjoying those soul-converting means of grace, which stand so intimately connected with eternal salvation. Where are the bulk of the remainder, and what is their state and character as regards eternity? This is but a specimen of other large towns, and of the state of the metropolis. What then, it may be asked, is the spiritual condition of this land of Bibles, of sanctuaries, of ministers; this valley of vision, this land of light?

'If, however, it were merely the paucity of means of doing good we had to complain of, it would be a matter of less grief and horror; but let any one think also of the agencies, instruments, and means of doing evil, which are in active operation. The moral, or rather demoralized, condition of a large proportion of the people of this country is beyond the conception of those who have not been inquisitive into the subject. All persons know the prevalence of drunkenness and sensuality, and most are impressed vaguely with the idea that there is a great deal of infidelity at work; but the depths of iniquity, the stagnant, pestiferous sinks of vice which are ever sending forth their destructive miasmata into the moral atmosphere, and poisoning the souls of the people of these realms, are neither known nor conjectured by those who are ignorant of the statistics of the kingdom of darkness.'

'A writer to whom the religious public are much indebted, has lately published a work entitled, 'The Power of the Press,' in which he has set forth a statement, derived from authentic sources, and sustained by unquestionable evidence, which is enough, if any thing can do it, to circulate a thrill of horror through the whole nation, and to rouse into activity every friend of his Bible, his country, and his God.

'This indefatigable investigator informs us that 11,702,000 copies of absolutely vicious and Sabbath-breaking newspapers are annually circulated in these realms; while the issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, the Coldstream Free Press Bible Society, and the *grants* of the Religious Tract Society, did not amount last year to *one-third* of this immense number!

'But a more fearful revelation still remains. There are about *seventy* cheap periodicals, (varying in price from three halfpence to one half-

peenny) issued weekly ; and supposing an extensively circulated series of popular works issued from Edinburgh, the tendency of which is believed by many to be injurious, are omitted, there remain at least *sixty* of a positively pernicious tendency. Of these the most innocent is one which has perhaps the largest circulation. It is said to issue 100,000 weekly. But though vicious principles are avowedly repudiated, yet a depraved and disordered imagination is fostered in this journal, by the introduction into its pages of French novels, and similar trash, as a principal feature. Then comes a less scrupulous paper, with a weekly issue of about 80,000 ; followed by six papers, all a degree lower in the scale of corruption, with an average weekly circulation of 20,000 each, or yearly sale for the six, of 6,240,000. And lastly comes a catalogue of intolerably polluting trash, which closely examined, will make the Christian shudder at its contemplation ; wondering where readers can be found, and amazed at the neglect and indifference of the church of Christ. The works thus alluded to, may be classified thus ; 1st, infidel ; 2nd, polluting. Of these two there are circulated a yearly average of 10,400,000.

‘ But even beyond this dreadful limit, there is a very large annual circulation, into which the writer dare not enter, so awfully polluting is the character. In the last mentioned class, engravings and colourings are employed to excite the lowest passions. It is true, *these last* works are supposed to be sold by stealth, but they are easily procurable from the same sources as the papers and periodicals before mentioned. The vendors of the one generally procure the other ; moreover, the unstamped journals previously alluded to, usually contain advertisements of these works ; and as the sale of these journals is large, they obtain a wide circulation for the filth, which bad as they are themselves, they would profess to abominate.

‘ Now if we sum up the entire yearly circulation of the different kinds of popular, but manifestly pernicious, literature, which have been passed in review before the reader, it will stand thus :—

10 stamped papers	11,702,000
6 unstamped	6,240,000
About 60 miscellaneous papers	10,400,000
Worst class	520,000

Being a total of. 28,862,000

* * * * *

‘ What has been done (by the press) to meet this evil ? Putting together the annual issues of Bibles, Testaments, Religious Tracts, newspapers, and periodicals of every kind, we find a total of 24,418,620, leaving a balance of 4,443,380 in favour of pernicious and corrupting literature.’

‘ Let it then be imagined, if imagined it can be, what must be the moral state of multitudes in this country, when nearly thirty millions of such pestiferous publications are annually going out among the masses of our population. Let the minds of all Christian people be fixed upon these facts. Let them dwell upon the insult offered to God, the rain

brought upon souls, the injury done to morals, and the mischief perpetrated in the nation by such a state of things. Friends of Christ, lovers of your species, professors of religion, you *must* pause and ponder these statements. You must not read and *dismiss them*, as you would the statistics of political economy. The writer of these facts has haled you to the very door of Satan's workshop, and has thrown open to you the scenes of that awful laboratory of mental and moral poison. He has shewn you authors, composers, printers, engravers, publishers, booksellers, vendors, by myriads, all busy and indefatigable to do—what? To destroy the Bible—to pull down the cross—to dethrone God—to subvert religion—to uproot the church—to turn man into a thinking and speaking brute, and as a necessary consequence, to overturn all morality, to poison the springs of domestic happiness, to dissolve the ties of social order, and to involve our country in ruin. Is this so, or is it not? If it be, you are summoned to ponder this awful state of things, and to ask, what can be done to arrest this tide of ruin, this awful cataract of perdition, which is dashing over the precipice of infidelity into the gulf of the bottomless pit, and precipitating millions of immortal souls into the boiling surges and tremendous whirlpools below. Hell is in earnest in ruining men's souls, if the church is not in earnest in saving them.'—p. 92—98.

These two works, addressed to the two constituents of every portion of the evangelical church, are both admirably executed, and seasonably offered to public attention. They are adapted with great skill to the present condition and prospects of the church. Never were such demands for energetic effort in propagating Christianity made upon its advocates, never had it so wide and promising a field before it. Providence seems surrounding it with invitations to onward movement. Mountains are sinking into plains before it. The strong holds of error are tottering to their foundations. Christianity is the only religion in the world that maintains its position and is advancing. Mohammedanism and heathenism are sustaining serious infractions and diminutions. Popery must soon be shorn of its temporal power, gradually yield its impious usurpations, and remedy its corruptions, or fade before the spreading light of truth. Just as barbarism recedes before the march of civilization, so must superstition contract itself to narrower and still narrower limits, before the flood of light which is streaming from the Sun of Righteousness. But the church, the aggressive body, that which should be everywhere an army of invasion, pursuing sin in every form and in every place, is not in action, or is only partially efficient. The Great Captain calls to arms, but many remain in their tents; some sleep and others trifle, while not a few aid the enemy's cause by their indifference, or openly follow their pernicious ways. Mr. James has most forcibly and eloquently spoken, as a faithful herald both to the officers and

the host, repeating the summons of the Divine Leader, and pointing to the receding foe. It will be strange, indeed, if these stirring appeals produce no effect. There may not appear anything like a visible sensation through the Christian lines, but if there exists a true spirit of loyalty, wherever there is a spark of really Christian courage, these volumes will assuredly call it forth into some kind of action tributary to the common cause. Ministers who are anxious for success in their arduous calling, cannot do better than study the volume addressed to themselves, and publicly recommend that designed for the people. So far as our influence may extend, we cordially and earnestly commend both volumes to the attention of our readers, as among the most useful productions of our times. There can be no doubt that their usefulness will extend throughout the whole evangelical church, and beyond the age and the events which have called them forth.

- ART. V.—1. *Das Todtenbuch der Aegypter* (The Book of the Dead, according to the Egyptians). Now edited, for the first time, from the Hieroglyphic Papyrus at Turin. With a Preface. By Dr. R. Lepsius, Professor Extraordinary at Berlin. Leipsic: George Wigand. 1842.
2. *Auswahl der Wichtigsten Urkunden*. Selection of the most important Records of Egyptian Antiquity. Revised from the original Monuments, and in part for the first time published. By Dr. Richard Lepsius, Professor Extraordinary in the University of Berlin. Plates. Leipsic: Wigand. 1842.
3. *Egypt's Place in Universal History: an Historical Investigation*. In Five Books. By Christian C. J. Bunsen, D. Ph. & D.C.L. Translated from the German. By Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. 8vo. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co.

FOR a large portion of our least uncertain knowledge respecting the ancient Egyptians, we are indebted to the religious care with which they discharged their canonically recognized duties toward the dead; and, if we were now intending the direct discussion of that subject, the first of these publications would supply us with a pregnant text. The more important particulars, the groundwork and great lines of the system, are here before us; chapter and verse are literally and graphically inscribed on the open page; and that which we can at present

but imperfectly decipher in the sacred medium, may be plausibly, perhaps satisfactorily, inferred from the lively and expressive sketches ranging along the upper margin, but sometimes intersecting, with more ambitious delineations, the page itself. It was a strange affair, the making up of these formularies. They were kept regularly 'in stock,' the work of the sacerdotal scribes, measured in quantity, compressed or expanded, like the mortuary masses of the Trentine 'Church,' by the anxious liberality of the moribund, or the pious sympathy of surviving friends. They were obviously considered as a sort of passport, ensuring to the defunct a favourable reception at the many portals of the celestial region. By far the larger portion of the existing papyri belong to this class; and the tomb, 'that rich treasure-chamber, which has almost exclusively preserved to us the remains of Egyptian life,' is thus made, in every way, the history and the moral of existence. Not that we obtain from these documents anything approaching to biography; the names of the departed, with those of his immediate ancestors, seem to have been a sufficient heading for the regulated catalogue of virtues that entitled him to 'manifestation in the light of Osiris,' after solemn trial and acquittal in the 'Hall of twofold Justice.'

This strange and stimulating relic of high antiquity is not now made generally accessible for the first time, although it has never before been given in so complete a state. It would, at the date of its earliest publication, (1805), be little more than an unresolvable enigma, a mere affair of curiosity and speculation: it was reserved for a much later period to extract something like a meaning from its mystic characters. Champollion, while exploring the rich collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Turin Museum, among other remains of still greater importance, laid his hand upon this invaluable papyrus, including, apparently, an almost unbroken series of the various forms connected with the funeral observances of that singular people, whose superstitions are extensively illustrated, both in the hieroglyphic text and in the illustrative designs. These are carried forward through the entire extent of the Roll, and exhibit a nearly complete Pantheon of the 'brutish gods of Nile' in their various forms, from the sublime Osiris, as the final justiciary, to the unaccountable Beetle, who figures after sundry marvellous fashions, both in his own ugly person and as an adjunct of human limbs. A regular explanation of these pictures and vignettes would, we believe, carry us nearly through the entire system of that strange idolatry. The precise connexion between the decorative and scriptural portions, we do not undertake to determine. It is evident, and, indeed, fairly admitted, that

there can, in the present state of Egyptian philology, be nothing approaching to a regular interpretation of the papyri. We are assured, on no less an authority than that of the Chevalier Bunsen, that 'the man does not exist who can fairly read and explain a single section of the *Todtenbuch*.' To a considerable extent, however, the designs are self-interpreting; and the text affords occasional suggestions, of which Lepsius has not failed to avail himself with characteristic acuteness and learning.

The designs arrange themselves into distinct portions, indicating as many divisions of the Roll itself, and each leading to some special event in the extra-mundane history of the defunct. The first series is the most simple and intelligible, containing little more than indications of the funeral solemnities and their result. The long line of procession, with its halting points and changes of circumstance, lies drawn out before us with instructive but altogether unscientific precision. There is no grouping, no muscular expression, no discrimination of character except by common-places, no shading nor cross-hatching; but the osteological proportions of the figure are fairly enough observed, and though the arms and lower limbs are marked only by single lines, the usual positions and action of the human frame are rendered with facility and sufficient accuracy. First appear the mourners and friends, in attitudes of grief and sympathy, following the mummy, which lies under a canopy in the *Baris*, something between a barge and a raft, that is to convey it over the Sacred Lake to its final destination. The vessel itself, placed on a moveable platform, is preceded by the usual circumstantialia of funeral celebration. Emblematic standards and consecrated offerings are borne by numerous attendants, and this pompous journey to the grave terminates with the customary symbols of sepulture and commemoration, the obelisk, the *stelé*, and the pyramid. The most significant feature of the exhibition presents itself at the close. Just as the train reaches the tomb, while the priest pours out the last libation, and the nearest relative takes the final leave with gestures of grief and veneration, Anubis lays a gentle hand upon the corpse, as its guide through the dark avenues of Amenti. Nor is the event left in uncertainty, for beyond the grave the deceased reappears, having cast off his mummy-trappings, kneeling in adoration before the sun-god, Ra. Connected with this panoramic exhibition, but differently arranged and on a larger scale, are three distinct designs, which indicate, in varied forms, the admission of the absolved and beatified 'Osirian' into the presence and abode of the radiant god. In the last of these mystic personations, the nearest surviving descendant of the deceased appears in the act of offering to his memory, in compliance with invariable

custom, the sacrifice of the dead. A running margin, of about four feet in length, with an inch and quarter depth, gives sufficient space for these delineations, of which the larger portion is simply expressive of actual circumstances, and it is not till we reach the close, that we overtake the unreal and mythological.

The succeeding scenes are of a different character, higher in pretension and covering a much more extensive and varying surface. It would carry our explanations far beyond all average limit and all reasonable edification, were we to attempt a systematic survey of these wild yet remarkable instances of an ineffectual striving with the 'deep things' of the invisible world. Yet even in this strange and fearful masque, there are incidents which speak of a nobler faith, of the 'law written in the heart,' of an original revelation, obscured but not obliterated, in the memory and conscience of mankind. Amid wretched and degrading idolatries, there is an appeal to virtue, veneration, and a judgment to come.

In the first and most distinct series, then, we have found the clear representation of the funeral movements, followed by unmistakeable intimations that the exemplary person, who had thus identified his own future felicity with the present profit of sacrificers and papyrus-scribes, was enjoying the reward of his piety, in the region of light. Into that and other departments of the celestial world, we have now to follow his 'strange, eventful history,' through a series of rather whimsical illustrations. Lightly and briefly, however, we shall trace this mysterious journey through scenes peopled by forms monstrous and grotesque. The earlier passages have, apparently, some slight connexion with the preceding division; but they quickly assume an independent character. The defunct presents himself as a suppliant, before gods variously grouped, but without much personal variation. Then succeeds a series of combats between the deceased and sundry 'Typhonic animals,' crocodiles, serpents, scorpions, over which he appears to gain an easy victory. Invention seems to have failed the designer after this, for there is much mere repetition, and a monotonous character prevails. The 110th chapter, however, breaks in upon us with a grand representation of the heavenly world, on a large scale, but with most unartist-like exposition. Egypt and the Nile suggested, of course, the leading features of the draught, and it sets forth with sufficient completeness, the Egyptian equivalent for the Elysian fields, or the Islands of the Blessed. A quadrangular space is bounded and intersected by what is meant to represent water; and within these limits, the deceased appears in the full exercise of the very terrestrial occupations of boating, ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, and offering to the

gods the first-fruits of his harvest. A little further on is the representation, still larger in dimensions, of the Hall of Judgment, to which we have already referred, and which has been too often both repeated and described, to require from us, at present, anything beyond a general reference to Sir Gardner Wilkinson and other accessible sources, though we do not remember to have seen it elsewhere so complete in all its details. There sits the inexorable arbiter, and before him are the unerring balance, the heavenly scribe, the stern assessors of Osiris, and the anxious expectant of the final award.

The section of text connected with this representation is evidently of the most important character, and there is much reason for regret that it can only be imperfectly explained. It bears an altered and more emphatic title. While the preceding forms are distinguished by a hieroglyphic sign which is rendered by the word 'chapter,' we have in this instance another, obviously denoting 'Roll' or 'book.' It seems, in fact, to be the most indispensable portion of this long and multifarious document, standing, in some instances, alone; and in others, with but slender accompaniment. There is one portion of it in particular, which may be so far interpreted as to show that, if the whole could be read off, we should probably obtain something like a complete exposition of one of the most curious questions in Egyptian theology—the precise character and office of the forty-two 'Assessors of Osiris' in their two-fold character, as earthly compurgators, and, in the heavenly court, as a sort of jury, whose verdict was irreversible. In the same number of columns, each containing the hieroglyphic figure of a divinity, these gods or demigods are separately addressed; and in the midst of appeals and deprecations, now but imperfectly apprehended, a clearer insight might give us a satisfactory definition of the prerogatives and powers of this terrible tribunal. To each was assigned the guardianship of a single ordinance, and if the verdict of these many-headed justicers were favourable to the deceased, he passed unscathed from this dangerous ordeal to his ultimate absolution at the throne of Osiris.

Our readers will by this time have formed to themselves a tolerably distinct idea of the shape and bearing of the 'Todtenbuch,' and a cursory reference to the remaining sections may be sufficient to complete the outline. Having in the previous division offered his devotions to the favouring gods, and defeated the personified malignities that opposed his progress, the hero of this 'wild and wondrous tale' seems now, protected by Osiris and in some mysterious way participant of the divine essence, to have set forth on a more distinct survey of the celestial localities, typified in part by a series of gates or doorways, some

of which are under the care of very ill-favoured guardians. The other details are of a more miscellaneous character, and apparently without any decided element of coherence, excepting that there is in this, as in the preceding division, a leading chapter, of which the object may be ascertained, with much probability, as having a more direct dealing with the subtleties of the Egyptian creed, and illustrating what may be called the Osirianism of the system. Beyond this point, we shall not carry our exposition; there is yet much to be done before a clear view can be obtained of that monstrous and multiform combination, in which *Tout étoit Dieu, excepté Dieu même*. Ingenious conjectures have been proposed, and plausible theories maintained, but, so far as we can see, the Isiac veil remains unlifted. It is not impossible that a harmonising element may exist; that this medley of individualities, combinations, and metamorphoses, may contain, among its crawling or climbing caprices, some leading thought, some positive and ultimate principle, but if such a thing there be, we believe that it is still to seek; we cannot find it in the *Götterkreise* of the Chevalier Bunsen, nor in the *Götterverhältniss* of Dr. Lepsius. If anything of a loftier bearing can be thought to show itself, it may possibly be traced in the character and position of Amun, who maintains a supreme and independent throne, the Zeus of the Egyptian mythology; and in certain indications that would seem to connect the attributes and influences of Osiris, with an agency more ethereal and diffused, than the vulgar anthropomorphism of the sculptures and paintings might lead us to anticipate.

We do not meddle with the learned editor's inferences, touching the extreme antiquity of this legendary collection. The parties immediately concerned, had no difficulty in the matter; they derived the whole series from Thoth, the ultimate referee in all cases of written tradition. Old or recent, however, it is clearly a gradual compilation, of which the *core* may be much more remotely dated than the subsequent additions. The mere insertion of names or references, proves nothing in any direction, and all effective reasoning from internal evidence must be deferred, until the time shall come when we may be able to read these dark rolls, with a clear and continuous apprehension of their meaning. Dr. Lepsius is firm in his belief, that these *nebulae* will be at last resolved; and, in the meantime, he urges the close study of the *Todtenbuch*, as the most promising source and medium of instruction. The comparison of the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts is strongly enforced, as affording an obvious and easy method of familiarising the eye and hand with the difficulties of the latter. One observation more, and we dismiss, for the present, a subject which we may

find future opportunities of carrying forward to more explicit results. Champollion, after examination of this papyrus, designated it as a ritual—*Rituel funéraire*. To this Lepsius objects, on the ground that the contents show no affinity with formularies of public or private devotion, but have reference entirely to the *post mortem* movements and personal agency of the individual in whose name the Roll was made out. It contains a series of invocations, prayers, and other modes of appeal, to be addressed by the defunct to the various divinities whom he might encounter, on his travels through the ultra-terrene regions. Admitting, then, 'The Book of the Dead,' as preferred by Lepsius, to be an unobjectionable heading, we yet cannot perceive the inappropriateness of that given by his predecessor. Is it, after all, an unlikely supposition, that these forms might be made available for various duties; that they belonged, entirely or in part, to the temple-service, and that they were chaunted or recited in connexion with the funeral ceremony?

The second title at the head of this article distinguishes a work of much value and convenience to the student. Up to the present time, simple collection has been the rule, for the material was both in request and in danger. The soil of Egypt, set with marvellous relics of antiquity, preserved beneath that wide-spread ruin, the brief and fragmentary chronicle of those dark and remote periods when fact and fable entangled each other, requiring for their extrication, precisely that sort of evidence of which stone and the chisel might be supposed the most trustworthy conservators. Marble and the graver are, however, sadly fallible when vanity or interest direct the operation, nor can the granites and basalts of Egypt tell us anything beyond the traditional elements of a complicated history, transmitted through an artificial channel, and made thoroughly subservient to special purposes. Annals carved in hard stone are not likely to spread out into illustrative or explanatory details; and the descendants of Thoth, wise in their generations, reserved for themselves the secrets of the sacred dialect and character. The papyrus was inevitably more communicative than the obelisk or the stelé, but the language of Egypt preserves everywhere the monumental forms; with the defects of a purely hieroglyphic or symbolic medium, awkwardly supplied by an interfused phoneticism. The machinery had fairly answered the intention of its contrivers; but its work was well-nigh done, and the secret was dying away amid the political changes of the country, when the bilingual inscriptions were fortunately interposed to preserve it for posterity.

The discovery of the clue to all this intricacy, made it of the

utmost importance to secure, as far as possible, the remaining fragments of the language, and thenceforth inscriptions were copied, and papyri collected, with exemplary industry and activity. It soon, however, became manifest that a large portion of these relics was of small practical use, being to a great extent mere repetitions of special phrases and forms, explained without much difficulty, and where defective, satisfactorily made out by comparison and inference. But among them were others of great value, containing, even in a partial interpretation, information of essential importance to a right apprehension of Egyptian history and character, correcting previous errors, and suggesting names, dates, and circumstances, in a high degree auxiliary to the adjustment of a bewildering chronology. It became, therefore, expedient to make such a selection from the general mass, as might bring the more available materials within the reach of all who may feel an interest in these inquiries, and the task fell into the fittest hands when it was taken up by Dr. Lepsius. The marking points of Egyptian history are here, partially illustrated and awaiting farther elaboration. The draughts are, moreover, on a scale, 'large folio,' that gives perfect distinctness to all details. The number of plates is twenty-three, so arranged, as to follow the order of time, and to exhibit, though with wide interruptions, the successive dynasties from the fourth to the time of the Ptolemies. The first and second 'Tafeln' contain the mural genealogies of Karnak and Abydos, corrected and completed as far as practicable; the critical and conjectural additions being distinguished by a different mode of execution. All this, however, does not affect the interpretation, it only brings before the eye the thing to be interpreted. Independently of the still unremoved difficulties in the way of direct and sufficient explanation, there are the very formidable hindrances which arise from the damaged state of the record, and of this we regret to say, that much is due not merely to carelessness, but to intention. There has been, as we shall presently see, a regular traffic in this antiquarian ware; systematic spoliation has been carried on, and it may be questioned whether the discriminating depredations of European officials, have not done more real mischief than the sweeping demolitions of the natives. The ruins of Thebes, we are told by Nestor L'hôte,* are losing, day by day, their ornamental details. 'The barbarism of travellers, not less injurious than

* 'Lettres écrites d'Égypte en 1838 et 1839.' A thin octavo, containing much valuable detail, written and illustrated in a craftsman-like style. This, with the lively but rather off-hand 'Letters' of Champollion, give a much more vivid impression of monumental Egypt than is to be obtained from works of much greater cost and pretence.

the cupidity of the Arabs, leaves no monument undamaged; and for the sake of carrying off some mere fragment of sculpture, mutilates entire surfaces.' He goes on to specify, in illustration of the different agencies, the destruction of two Pylons for a local supply of building materials; and the defacements of the painted tombs, for the miserable purpose of enhancing the value of copies previously taken. Either from this cause, or from inexcusably rough treatment in clearing away dilapidations, the genealogies of Karnak have sustained great injury, since their first discovery. The 'Tablet' of Abydos has also suffered much in its removal from the original site. Thanks, however, to the admirable skill and activity of Lepsius, the loss has been in part repaired; we have now these invaluable memorials in a fair degree of restoration, and the labours of Birch and Bunsen have cleared up much that was obscure in their import, or difficult in their historical adjustment. The promised 'Text' of Lepsius has never, so far as we can learn, been published, and the present work contributes nothing of verbal illustration beyond a classified index. The Tablet of Abydos is now safe from farther injury in our own Museum, but the 'Chamber of Kings' is still liable to barbaric or capricious mutilation, as an irremovable portion of the great 'temple-palace' of Karnak.

In the following subject we have a reproduction of the great Hieratic Papyrus, once altogether unregarded, but now carefully preserved among the most valued treasures of the royal museum at Turin. It was brought from Egypt, in the large and important collection formed by the French consul-general, Drovetti,* offered by him to the Bourbons, but refused; and

* This gentleman seems to have been an especial favourite with Champollion, who speaks eloquently of his 'noble, frank, and disinterested' conduct: the Chevalier Bunsen, too, gives him a good word, in consideration of his 'love to Egyptian art.' If, however, the statement of Mr. Gliddon, the American consul, is to be accepted, the disinterestedness of this affection may be reasonably doubted. He speaks of 'Salt and Drovetti,' as 'absorbed in intrigues and manœuvres to circumvent each other in the abstraction of a saleable relic:' he describes 'the trade in antiquities as a consular monopoly of France, Great Britain, and Sweden,' and his only mitigating comment is in favour of the English agent. 'Salt, however, it must in justice be added, was a gentleman and a scholar, possessed of many estimable qualities; and if he sold the tablet that he had succeeded in withholding from the Corsair clutches of Drovetti, he certainly did his best to embellish his invoices with antiquarian annotations.' The italics are Mr. Gliddon's. To this it may be added as a significant circumstance, on the authority of Champollion Figeac, the editor of his brother's '*Lettres sur l'Egypte et la Nubie*,' that Drovetti endeavoured to dissuade, and, failing dissuasion, to prevent J. F. Champollion from visiting Egypt. The official interference of a royal mission threatened to break up a lucrative traffic.

ultimately secured by the Piedmontese government. The history of this document is not uninteresting. Purchased without reference to its special value, it remained in careless custody as a lot of illegible scraps until 1824, when Champollion detected in that heap of unsorted fragments the signs of an orderly succession of Egyptian kings. But he neglected the smaller sections, and it was two years later when Seyffarth undertook the meritorious task of arranging the whole, as far as ascertainable, in regular order, inlaying, or at least securing, the smallest remains. In this state it was found by Lepsius in 1835, and with characteristic decision, he immediately set about making a correct and complete transcript. He found, however, that certain portions which were seen and copied by Champollion, and had apparently passed through the unsafe hands of Salvolini, were now missing. After canvassing Europe for materials, he undertook a second journey to Turin, with a view to clearing up some remaining difficulties, and the result of this exemplary and expensive labour is here before us, on four double folio pages, an admirable example of skill and perseverance. More than one hundred and sixty ragged pieces, larger and smaller, have been carefully arranged, and without being precisely a restoration, this rich relic is at least set forth in the most accessible and convenient form.

Thus far these plates are referable to general chronology; the remainder, to the 19th inclusive, illustrate particular dynasties from the fourth to the Ptolemæan period. Among them is a large and legible transcript of the Rosetta Stone. Four of a more miscellaneous quality close the series; they chiefly consist of what is called the 'Canon of Egyptian Proportion,' by which we suppose is meant, some law of adjustment applied to the lines of the human figure. It may be so: apparently it is nothing more than a simple method of copying a subject, without reference to rule or principle. There are some humorous sketches, but the drollery lacks both edge and point.

We have hesitated as to the expediency of connecting with these documents the recently published work of the Chevalier Bunsen, and we have decided in the negative for several reasons, of which the most influential has been the consideration that it is an unfinished inquiry, and that it is by no means easy to anticipate the precise conclusions to which it may lead. The analysis of three volumes, in themselves to a great degree analytic, is out of the question, and we prefer waiting for more precise and positive results. There is no small difficulty in dealing with a writer, the personal friend and avowed disciple of Niebuhr and Champollion; names of highest note but doubtful guidance, the latter, we venture to think, especially fluctua-

ting and unsafe as an authority. That the Prussian diplomatist is a man of too much nerve to be enslaved by great names or specious prescriptions, his work shows distinctly enough, but it also exhibits the occasional signs of a foregone conclusion, a swerve at the starting-point, and we would fain have the whole case in hand, before venturing on direct discussion.

The chevalier refers to the time, with a receding interval of nearly twenty years, when he was in oral intercourse with the brilliant and enthusiastic Frenchman, and he makes no attempt to conceal the veneration and affection with which he cherishes his memory. It is amusing to contrast the cold, stern criticism which sifts the claims of Young to hieroglyphic discovery, with the shout of admiration that hails the advent of *Jean François Champollion . . . der stolz Grenoble's*. His own workmanship, however, is rather of the German than the Gallic school; the learning, the speculation, the illustration, have all an ultra-Rhenish flavour. The treatment throughout is distinguished rather by the breadth and fulness of the first, than by the sharp outline of the second; and though we cannot think that the inquiry has hitherto fixed, or is likely to fix, the position of Egypt in the world-history, we are glad to give it a cordial and deferential reception, as an excellent example of historical investigation, in a direction beset by difficulties of a peculiar and most embarrassing kind; where the pathway is obscurely marked, and the guiding signs feeble and uncertain.*

There are circumstances connected with this subject, which, on some accounts, it might be desirable to forget; but, for other and very important reasons, it is expedient to keep in memory. We refer mainly to the spirit of jealousy and exclusiveness, which seems to have mastered the temper of men, otherwise amiable and high-minded, while engaged in this perplexing quest. We have not yet forgotten the impression made by the severe and searching *Examen Critique* of Julius Klaproth; nor, though a recent inspection may have somewhat modified our views of its 'finality,' can we even now say otherwise, than that its two-edged criticism retains much of its weight and force. The reference to the Basque catechism is excellent, both as

* Another German work on Egyptian history—'August Boekh. Manetho und die Hundsternperiode'—has recently come into our hands, but we have not as yet been able to give it a close and leisurely reading. It is published in a most inconvenient form for reviewers, or, indeed for any students whose application is at all liable to interruptions. This essay, on the 'History of the Pharaohs,' has neither table of contents nor index; and the loose division into four irregular chapters or sections, gives no help nor guidance to the memory. A general notion of its object may be readily and pleasantly obtained from a long explanatory note, in the third volume of Mr. Grote's History of Greece.

burlesque and illustration. The most impressive part of the pamphlet, however, relates to Champollion's Grenoble essay on the hieratic writing, published in 1821, and we have never yet seen any satisfactory reply to the charges founded on that special work and date. M. Bunsen affirms, that the French writer, 'frankly and candidly admits his mistake of the year 1821, and the merit of Young.' There must be some error here, possibly our own; but we have no recollection of any such 'candid' admission; and, on a slight actual search, we cannot now detect it. On the contrary, we can find nothing to the point in the second edition of the *Precis*, beyond a qualified concession, that Young had discovered by methods merely mechanical (*materielles*), 'the true value of a certain number of hieroglyphic signs and groupes.' Of M. Bunsen's observations on this subject, we must say, that they have not left a pleasant impression on our mind. His inferences appear to contradict each other; and his final award seems to be, not that the researches of Young terminated in the actual discovery, but that they '*led*,' by 'the impression made upon Champollion, to the greatest discovery of the century.' Champollion Figeac, elder brother of Jean François, went more roundly to work when, after having rather minutely traced the successive steps of the discovery, without reference to any individual as at all assisting in it, he finishes in the most peremptory style of affirmation: 'The alphabet was, without difficulty, completed; and the most desired and unexpected discovery since the revival of letters, was at last accomplished. Such was the result of the researches of the younger Champollion.' ('*L'Univers Pittoresque—Egypte.*')

On the early decease of this eminent man, it was, we believe, the general expectation that his views would be diligently and ably carried out by his pupil Salvolini, whose name was subsequently attached to successive publications, on some of the most important objects of Egyptian research. Salvolini, however, did not long survive, and, after his decease, it was clearly ascertained that he had made an extensive appropriation of his master's manuscripts. It has been with us a matter of surprise, that suspicion was not sooner awakened. He published, in 1832, close upon the decease of Champollion, two letters to the Abate Costanzo Gazzera, concerning the 'notation of dates on the monuments of ancient Egypt.' As a kind of introduction to these dissertations, he put forward a statement which ought, we think, to have suggested the expediency of immediate and stringent inquiry. Referring to a paper on 'the Astronomical Year of the Egyptians,' which had been read, in 1831, at a sitting of the Institute, by Champollion, Salvolini goes on as

follows : ' Was it not enough that death had arrested the course of his useful labours? Fate has deprived us, perhaps for ever, of this last work, his intended legacy to science ! Champollion pronounced, some days before his death, the name of an individual to whom, always in consistency with his fine character, he had not been able to refuse his manuscript ; this name, nearly unknown to the friends who surrounded his bed, was forgotten during the terrible catastrophe which, a few days after, terminated a life so precious ; and thus, by an act which it is, as yet, too early to characterise, science is, until now, deprived of a masterpiece. I was fortunate enough, sir, to have been favoured with the sight of this remarkable work, and you will permit me to avail myself of the opportunity now afforded, and to set down the principal results that my memory may have enabled me to retain.' This is ingenious enough. The apparent frankness and sensitiveness, as well as the eagerness to put those interested in the matter, on the fair track for detecting the perpetrator of a mean and selfish fraud, are well conceived, and adapted to the trick of the scene ; but we question if any one accustomed to forensic evasion, could have been imposed on by its shallow sensibility and vague circumstantialities. The dying man, the grieving but unnamed friends, the mysterious and forgotten name, the ' terrible catastrophe,' are artist-like touches ; but we very much suspect that, if this statement had been put into the hands of a London ' Detective,' it would have led him, by the shortest possible road, to M. Salvolini's study.

In four successive numbers of the *Echo du monde savant* for March, 1836, there appeared a series of articles, at first anonymous, but afterwards avowed by a Dr. Dujardin, in which part of Champollion's Egyptian Grammar was subjected to a severe and sarcastic criticism. The sarcasm was in bad taste, and the severity might have been spared, for he at whom they were aimed, was no longer here to reply. Dujardin was eminent as a Coptic scholar, and seems to have been equally so as a writer and man of letters. The discussion was probably carried farther, but he is said to have subsequently changed his view of the subject. In 1838, he visited Egypt at the cost of the French government, for the purpose of collecting Coptic MSS., almost on his first arrival at Cairo, he was seized with dysentery ; he rallied, but relapsed, and in that fierce malady, a second attack is fatal.

While engaged with the later portion of the preceding details, the first volume of a translation from the Chevalier Bunsen's ' Historical Investigation ' has reached our hands ; and, although we have declined a sectionary criticism, in the instance of the

German edition, we do not feel ourselves justified in passing by so important a production, when presenting itself in our own language. To a close and searching analysis, however, the same objections apply, and with still greater force, since the volume contains little more than half the matter of the foreign publication, which is itself, as we have already stated, but an instalment of the promised work. Until, therefore, we have the whole case in hand, with its evidence and illustration complete, we shall both consult our own convenience, and gain a more advantageous position for securing historic certainty, by deferring all considerations that may involve controversy or anticipate definitive results. Our readers are, however, entitled to expect from us something like a fair summary of this important and comprehensive discussion, so far as it has proceeded, and we shall endeavour to give them, in addition to what has been previously mentioned, a rapid but sufficient estimate of its range and value. The exordium and text are brief and pithy :—

‘Twenty years have now elapsed since I became convinced by Champollion’s lectures and writings, as well as by my own examination of the Egyptian monuments at Rome, and particularly the obelisks, that the great discovery of the hieroglyphical system would prove to be of the highest importance for the ancient history of mankind. In analysing its bearing upon the course of historical research pursued in Germany, and upon my own studies, three questions presented themselves. Is the chronology of Egypt, as embodied in the dynasties of Manetho, capable of restoration, wholly or in part, by means of the monuments and the names of its kings? Will the Egyptian language enable us to establish the position of the Egyptians, as a nation, in primeval history, and especially their connexion with the tribes of the Aramaic and Indo-Germanic stock? Lastly, may we hope by persevering in a course of Egyptian research, based in the strictest sense of the word, on historical principles, to obtain for the history of mankind a more sure and unfailling foundation than we at present possess.’—Preface p. vii.

This might, we think, have been given in simpler phrase and in a single question.—If we were better acquainted with the Egyptian language and annals, should we not gain a wider scope for our inquiries into the history of man and his migrations? A proposition, of which there can be no risk in accepting the affirmative; neither can there be any hesitation in admitting, that something has been already done in this way, were it only in the correction of long-standing errors, and the removing of old and obstinate prejudices. We feel, however, great uncertainty concerning both the extent and value of much that seems to be assumed as clear and conspicuous gain. We suspect all indirect history; and we require strong corroboratives for the sort of evidence which seems so much in favour

with the learned men of Germany;—the illustration that is derived from the structure and filiation of language. Fully admitting the great value of these researches, when applied to the clearing-up and confirmation of imperfectly ascertained facts, we can never accept them as substitutes for what students of subtler genius may deem the common-places of historical tradition. The course of language is plainly enough traceable along the greater lines of history, not so its anomalous interruptions and accidental modifications. Cross currents, the influx of tributary streams, violent diversions of the channel, may be altogether inexplicable without the presence of the historic test; in other words, without the distinct knowledge of facts which cannot be assumed as present in the chart of human speech. Not, however, to lengthen out a discussion which requires more time and thought than we can now afford, to say nothing of the very partial interest it is likely to awaken among our readers, we shall take the easier and safer course of giving M. Bunsen's views in his own words:—

‘German philology to any one who has cultivated it since Frederic Schlegel, must necessarily present the great truth that a method has been found of restoring the genealogy of mankind, through the medium of language; not by the means of forced, isolated etymologies, but by taking a large and comprehensive view of the organic and indestructible fabric of individual tongues, according to the family to which they belong. Viewing the question upon the principles established by these researches, I found a comparison of the Coptic language with such roots and forms of the old Egyptian as were then discovered, sufficient to remove from my mind all doubt as to the Asiatic origin of the Egyptians, and their affinity with the Semitic or Aramaic stock. But I had, moreover, long arrived at the conclusion, from a more general study of language, that the civilization of the human race is principally due to two great families of nations, whose connexion is a fact as much beyond the possibility of mistake, as is their early separation. What we call universal history, necessarily therefore appeared to me, from this point of view, as the history of two races, who, under a variety of names, represent the development of the human mind. Of these, the Indo-Germanic seemed to me the one which carried on the main stream of history; the Aramaic, that which crossed it, and formed the episodes in the Divine drama. It had struck me, therefore, as a convenient course, and in our time in particular, a most appropriate one, to make the structure of the language of these two parent stocks the basis of all research into the origin of the human race, and the laws of its development.’—Preface pp. viii., ix.

‘We may, therefore, at this stage of the inquiry, say thus much, that the facts we have established on an equally solid and substantial basis, respecting language and mythology, give us the same result. Both carry us historically back to Asia. *The cradle of the mythology and language of the Egyptians is Asia.* We shall show, in the fifth book, that the primeval seat of our race is Armenia and the Caucasus, but that

the Egyptian race is more particularly connected with the primitive land of Aram, and the primitive empire in Babel. In the hieroglyphical picture of universal history, the sign of primitive Egypt is but the stereotyped image of what the human mind was, and produced, in earliest times, in the land of Aram and Armenia. This is an historical fact which we only assume here, but which we hope to prove by authentic evidence.'—p. 444.

These citations are, as the references will show, from very distant portions of the volume, and they are simply intended to define, in his own words, the objects and results of M. Bunsen's investigations. They are not to be taken as examples of the rich and various furniture which lies between, claiming the close attention of the student, as illustrations of universal and local history. We shall now quickly pass through the volume, referring to the preceding pages of this article, as anticipating much that we should otherwise have found it expedient to give in the way of detail and explanation. The *Todtenbuch* and the *Auswahl* have supplied the larger portion of the original and authentic material, on which the Chevalier has bestowed so much masterly elaboration. His entire work is to comprise five books, of which we have here only the first, containing the groundwork of the whole, in a regular exhibition of the principal authorities, with much acute criticism touching their qualities and relative value. Whoever would know the character and extent of our resources for the working out of the great problem, cannot do better than provide himself with this admirable summary. It commences with a description of the 'Sacred Books,' taken mainly from Clement of Alexandria, and while it explains their respective subjects, is chiefly successful in showing what they did *not* contain. It is suggested, that they might in some respects offer a 'close parallel to the Zend-books.'

'That these sacred books did not contain any history of the Egyptian nation, is no less certain than that the Old Testament does contain that of the Jews. The idea of a people did not exist—still less that of a people of God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth. History was born in that night when Moses, with the law of God—moral and spiritual—in his heart, led the people of Israel out of Egypt. Its vitality declined, when under the judges, the feeling of national unity relapsed into that of Bedouin Arabs and shepherd races. It revived once more, with the grand historical figures of Samuel, of David, and of Solomon, founders of the Jewish state. On the extinction of the United Kingdom of the twelve tribes, the popular mind became directed more to religious subjects; and thus the true historical style could never attain its complete cultivation among this people. But in the same period the muse of history found her favourite nation in the Greeks, and raised up in Herodotus, the master of research, the originator of the strictly historical, connected narrative of the immediate past.'

It finally results from a shrewd, critical examination, somewhat attenuated by a clever calculation of probabilities, that 'the genuine sacred books were totally unlike the lying books of Hermes . . . they contained no history, but much that was historical. They gave no chronology, but constituted its basis and touchstone.' Having ascertained, by a wide and searching reference to antiquity, in its annals and monuments, the probable extent and character of these hallowed formularies, the way is open for inquiry into the probability of their actual existence; and here the conservative system of the Egyptians has enabled us to produce one division at least, and that not the least important of the series. The 'Book of the Dead' is still extant, and there can be no reasonable doubt of its sacred character. Our previous analysis will have sufficiently explained the form and quality of this mystic scroll, and we may pass, without further comment, from the religious to the secular view of the historical deduction. Here, again, we have anticipated the greater part of what it would otherwise have been expedient to say in due course of definition and elucidation. For his monumental authorities, M. Bunsen relies chiefly on the extensive collection published by Lepsius, and described by us in earlier paragraphs. Nothing can surpass the dexterity and persevering industry with which these rich relics have been made available by the Chevalier, to the objects of his arduous investigation. The chronological tablets of Karnak* and Abydos, as corrected and restored by Lepsius, are here collated with the historical authorities, and the Turin Papyrus, notwithstanding its shattered condition and cursive characters, has been shrewdly questioned, and made to supply valuable illustration.

Passing from the monuments, we come to Manetho and the Greek historians, who are canvassed with an anxious and exhausting scrutiny, of which the critical excellence is indisputable, although we think that there may be detected, throughout, the operation of theory on the investigating mind. There is an occasional want of what our neighbours call *aplomb*, both in the argument and the marshalling of facts, that makes us doubt if we can be moving in the right direction, and has compelled us, more than once, to make our way through a crowd of ingenious queries, conflicting suppositions, and conclusions not always in alliance with the premises. In plain truth, though we have wrestled hard with this whole section of 'Manetho,'

* We find, from a note to the present volume, that the mural monument of Karnak has been removed from its original location, by M. Prisse, and presented by him to the French nation: we hope that it may have sustained no material damage in this perilous migration.

we must confess that we have been nearly thrown ; possibilities, probabilities, and actualities, have assailed us in unfair plurality, and left us at the close without a very clear discrimination of particulars. With the highest admiration, both of the author's learning and his admirable skill in using it, we must confess that, in these matters, we prefer a more simple style and method. The questions connected with the Jewish chronology are too important to admit of discussion on an incomplete view of the case, and we await, with some impatience, the final application of M. Bunsen's canons. There is much to be done before we can reach a final adjustment, but we have as yet seen nothing to shake our confidence in the general accuracy of the received interpretation.

The course of modern research is learnedly and comprehensively mapped out. To understand it thoroughly, pre-supposes a rather considerable amount of previous instruction ; it fails, we think, in simple narrative, but, in other respects, shows the master-hand, and leaves nothing to be desired in point of explanation and instruction.

At length, we reach the sections relating to grammar and lexicography ; and certainly nothing can exceed the care and completeness with which the whole of this part has been collected and arranged. All that relates to the Coptic has passed under the correction of Professor Schwarze, and the hieroglyphic 'Lists' have been extended and perfected by the skilful supervision of Mr. Birch. The Coptic, however, after having so long been the guiding light of Egyptian interpretation, is now subordinated to an ancient language, for the recovery of which it may be an important auxiliary. The indications of that mysterious and forgotten tongue are to be sought in various directions, mainly through those philological speculations, to which we have already made reference. Even the Coptic character is discarded.

'The plan hitherto adopted of transcribing, or rather rendering, Egyptian words into Coptic, is quite unphilological and unscientific. There is no harmony between the Coptic alphabet, with its great variety of letters, and the fifteen simple sounds of the Egyptian ; besides, the Coptic word scarcely ever corresponds literally with the Egyptian, least of all in the vowels. In regard to these, it is impossible to adhere too closely to the critical principle, of never putting in a vowel where none has hitherto been found in the hieroglyphic text.'—p. 593.

The mode of exhibiting the 'signs,' with their equivalents, in modern type, is incomparably more convenient than the teasing system of incessant reference, adopted in the German original.

The section which illustrates the Mythology of Egypt, is, in

our view, the most valuable of the entire work. We have already, however, said so much on the general subject, that we must dismiss it with this general observation. It may be doubted, moreover, whether our readers would find the same interest in extract or condensation, that it offers as a complete dissertation.

The volume closes with a rich appendix of excerpts, from the original authorities.

ART. VI.—*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau. In Three Vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1848.

WE are always glad to meet Miss Martineau on ground which does not involve theological discussion. She is an agreeable and intelligent companion, full of information, vivacious yet thoughtful, much of an idealist, yet far from indifferent to the complexion and welfare of practical life. Many of her works are entitled to considerable praise. There is a force and substance in them not commonly found in the productions of her class, and if they sometimes fail to carry our judgments along with them, they yet minister to our instruction by opening up fresh views of human life. They stimulate where they do not convince; and brace our faculties, though they may not command our assent. She is a keen and shrewd observer, quick to analyze the motives of others, and free to comment on their demeanor; somewhat suspicious, often hasty in her generalizations, and, amidst much appearance of catholicity, really harboring many of our household prejudices. With such qualities, she is sure to be a welcome companion to many readers. Combining some of the qualities of a masculine intellect with those of her own sex, she at once pleases and instructs, and is sure of a cordial reception from a numerous and intelligent class. We have never been disinclined to do justice to her merits. On the contrary, our knowledge of the wide interval that subsists between us on some most important matters, has only rendered us the more solicitous to acknowledge her excellences, and to render her, where we deemed them due, our thanks. The coarse ribaldry with which, in some quarters, her labors have been met, has always appeared to us a foul stain on our literature; while the prejudice which would

exclude what is useful in her productions, on account of the theological heresies with which she is chargeable, we deem unworthy of ourselves, and libellous to truth. We have spent many pleasant hours in the perusal of her volumes; and in closing them have been conscious of the feeling, that it would be well for some of our would-be religionists, if their faculties were employed with equal ability and earnestness in the diffusion of truth, whether scientific, political, or sacred.

The character of the volumes before us has, not unnaturally, called up these remarks, and tempts us to indulge in them at length. We opened them without suspicion, and read on for some time in ignorance of their tendency. We had not, however, proceeded far without turning back to the title-page, and we then perceived what at first had escaped our notice—that it supplied an intimation of what the book contained. We received the work as a book of travels simply, and anticipated pleasure in accompanying so intelligent a visitor to the scenes and tribes of the eastern world. But when we saw that the *Past*, as well as the *Present*, of *Eastern Life*, was announced in the title-page, we felt that scope had been thereby insured for all we met with, and by which we had been pained. Judged by the wording of her title-page, Miss Martineau is free from reproach; but by another, and as we think a higher standard, she cannot be acquitted of alluring her readers into a path which many of them would not have trodden, had they been apprised of the character of the road. But let this pass. We do not attach much importance to it, though we think a judgment would be recorded against her in a high court of honor, for not having more distinctly forewarned her readers, in her title-page or preface, of what she well knew many would regard as a most important and exceptionable feature of her work. Its anti-supernatural character is the more to be regretted, as some parts of the work are deeply interesting and instructive. On their account, we should like the volumes to be extensively circulated through our families. There are passages in them which it is refreshing to read, glowing descriptions of some of the richest and the grandest scenery on which the eye can rest, tearful lamentations and exultant hopes, healthful sympathies with a degraded and cast-out humanity, a keen-sighted detection of individual and national peculiarities, a calling up of the past with all the distinctness of a living faith, and the fore-shadowing—at least, in dim outline—of things to come, through the light of a penetrating genius. We, therefore, should have been glad to recommend our youths to place themselves under Miss Martineau's guidance, as she

ascended northward from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence by Suez, Sinai, and Petra, to the Holy Land. But we cannot do so. Our fidelity to what we deem the most important truths, forbids it. The work is saturated with infidelity of the worst class,—that which employs the names of Moses and of Jesus only to deny what was miraculous in their history, or supernatural in their doctrine. To those who are qualified by reading and reflection to test her statements and logic, we recommend the perusal of these volumes, as—apart from their interest as a book of travel—the most recent and popular exposition of that theology which, in the pride of false science, looks contemptuously on the distinctive glory of the gospel. To all others we say, and we say it reluctantly, ‘*Eastern Life, Present and Past,*’ is no book for you. Its theology is false, its religion is pantheistic. Under the forms of Christian speech, it gives currency to dogmas which, if true, the history of our world is a riddle, and man himself an unredeemed and hopeless criminal. We proceed to give some specimens of the better portions of the work, in the course of which we shall notice two or three of its exceptionable features.

Miss Martineau landed at Alexandria in November, 1846, in the company of two English gentlemen and a lady. Before their anchor was down, a crowd of boats surrounded the vessel, manned by a multitude of screaming Arabs. ‘I know no din,’ she says, ‘to be compared to it, but that of a frog concert in a Carolina swamp.’ An English merchant kindly took charge of the party, who ultimately found themselves, after many petty annoyances, safely housed in an hotel. The Bombay passengers, who were to start for Cairo at nine o’clock, were, of course, all bustle; but an hour afterwards everything was quiet, and our voyagers enjoyed the luxury of undisturbed repose. On looking out of her window in the morning, nothing peculiarly African was visible, till a string of camels passed noiselessly along. The camel is no favorite with Miss Martineau:—

‘I thought them then,’ she says, ‘as I think them now, after a long acquaintance with them, the least agreeable brutes I know. Nothing can be uglier,—unless it be the ostrich; which is ludicrously like the camel, in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know,—growling, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear any thing,—looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures: but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear and hopelessness in the face of the camel always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a

damned animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true, the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son : but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly, for its services, an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water ; but, out of the desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel which objects to every thing, and will do no service but under the compulsion of its own fears.' —Vol. i. p. 7

Of Alexandria itself she thought no higher than of its camels. 'I have seen,' she tells us, 'many desolate-looking places, in one country or another ; but there is nothing like Alexandria, as seen from a height, for utter dreariness. Our friends there told us they were glad we staid a few days, to see whatever was worth seeing, and be amused with some African novelties ; for this was the inhabitants' only chance of inspiring any interest. Nobody comes back to Alexandria that can help it, after having seen the beauty of Cairo, and enjoyed the antiquities of Upper Egypt. The only wonder would be if any one came back to Alexandria, who could leave the country in any other way.'

Miss Martineau and party left the city on the 25th of November, and proceeded in an omnibus to the Mahmoudieh Canal, the construction of which cost the lives of upwards of 20,000 people. This canal communicates with the Nile, up which they sailed in a steamer to Cairo. They were now approaching the region of the Pyramids, and the first impression they made, as seen from the river, is thus described :—

'Mr. E. came to me with a mysterious countenance, and asked me if I should like to be the first to see the Pyramids. We stole past the groups of careless talkers, and went to the bows of the boat, where I was mounted on boxes and coops, and shown where to look. In a minute I saw them, emerging from behind a sandhill. They were very small ; for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo ; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment ; so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids ; and I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe : and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon any thing so new as those clear and vivid

masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes, they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo; and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness, by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving: and I cannot think of it now without emotion.'—Ib. p. 25.

As they intended returning to Cairo, they did not at this time attempt to see its 'lions.' A small vessel was engaged to take them up to the first cataract, the crew of which, including the Rais, or captain, consisted of twelve persons, five of whom were Nubians, and the rest natives of Cairo. They had besides, Alee their dragoman, and his assistant Hasan, together with the cook. The hire of the boat and crew, who provided for themselves, was £40. per month. Innumerable flocks of pelicans were seen as they ascended the river, and various other birds sported themselves on every hand. The party frequently went on shore, and thus increased their acquaintance with the habits of the people, as well as with the scenery by which it was lined. At Asyoot, the last post town in their route, they inspected the bazaars, which were well stocked. Our author, and her lady companion, here first encountered one of the annoyances of eastern travelling. They were stared at by all, as their uncovered faces were a novelty. Fashion is proverbially capricious, and, according to the Egyptian standard, an unveiled face betokens a want of womanly modesty. 'The staring was not rude or offensive, but it was enough to be very disagreeable.'

A passing allusion to one fact, which attracted notice at this place, throws a melancholy light on the condition of the people. Such mutilations will not take place under the force of any ordinary pressure. The service of the government must be regarded as a terrible evil, before they can be perpetrated. One such fact outweighs all the eulogies which French and English writers have passed on the administration of the viceroy:—

'While we were waiting in the street,' says Miss Martineau, 'to have our letters addressed in Arabic to the care of our consul at Cairo, I was, for the first time, struck by the number of blind and one-eyed people among those who surrounded us. Several young boys were one-eyed. As every body knows, this is less owing to disease than to dread of the government.'—Ib. p. 55.

They stopped only for a brief period at Thebes, intending to visit it on their return, but the Rais wanting to have his head shaved, and the Dragoman to buy a sheep and some bread, they

paid a hasty visit to its memorable ruins. The character of Egyptian scenery is altogether peculiar. It bears little resemblance to that of other countries, and has few attractions for the light and unreflecting. The mere tourist would wander amongst its magnificent memorials, uninterested and without improvement, but a meditative man, who looks on the outward but as a type of the inner world, and regards the ruins of 'old time,' as significant comments on the passions, institutions, and history of bygone ages, will find himself at home in this land of romance. This was clearly Miss Martineau's case, as the following description will show :—

' We drew to the El-Uksur (Luxor) shore, and ran up to the ruins. The most conspicuous portion from the river is the fourteen pillars which stand parallel with it, in a double row : but we went first to the great entrance to the temple. I find here in my journal the remark which occurs oftener than any other ; that no preconception can be formed of these places. I know that it is useless to repeat it here : for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so ; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty ; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn : and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously ; I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought : and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down ;—unless indeed it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles and flog Arabs, and eat ostrich's eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone-heaps, and comes back 'bored to death with the Nile ;' as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the First Cataract ;—perhaps without having even seen the Cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know ; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible. He may return gay and unworn : and so may the true philosopher, to whom no tidings of Man in any age come amiss ; who has no prejudices to be painfully weaned from, and an imagination too strong to be overwhelmed by mystery, and the rush of a host of new ideas. But for all between these two extremes of levity and wisdom, a Nile voyage is as serious a labour as the mind and spirits can be involved in ; a trial even to health and temper such as is little

dreamed of on leaving home. The labour and care are well bestowed, however, for the thoughtful traveller can hardly fail of returning from Egypt a wiser, and therefore a better man.'—Ib. p. 84—86.

The cataract was now their object, and they hastened forward to reach it, if possible, by Christmas day. Leaving their boats, they proceeded on asses to Mahatta, a village at the head of the cataract, and their ride through the Desert 'was full of wonder and delight. It was only about three miles; but it might have been thirty from the amount of novelty in it.' On arriving at Mahatta they were in Nubia, and found themselves at once in the midst of scenery far wilder than any which had been witnessed in the new world:—

'The Mississippi is wild: and the Indian grounds of Wisconsin, with their wigwam camps, are wild: but their wildness is only that of primitive nature. This is fantastic,—impish. It is the wildness of Prospero's island.'—Ib. p. 103.

At length the great feat was to be performed, and Miss Martineau paints it to the life:—

'I felt,' she says, 'the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty: and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day contrasted strangely with images of the bookworm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities.'—Ib. p. 120.

There is much good sense in her remarks on the want of physical culture amongst the literati of Europe, but we hasten to her account of the ascent, which occupied four hours. She tells us:—

'I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force,—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough,—some other requisites were quite as essential:—great forecast, great sagacity; much nice management among currents, and hidden and threatening rocks; and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging, to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried round the boulders;—then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board, to pole at any critical pass: and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence—very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened

for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful,—the passage was, twice over, so narrow,—barely admitting the kandjia,—the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong: but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say, naturally,—as if the boat took her course advisedly.

'Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the Rais of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot. He said it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held; we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully; and the work was done. Mr. E., who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.'—*Ib.* pp. 121—123.

The Nubians are represented as thrifty and industrious. The under lip of the women is dyed blue, and their tattoo marks, nose rings, and hair dripping with castor oil, are in the last degree distasteful to an English visitor. Their countenance, however, is open and good humoured, 'and the pathetic thoughtfulness of many, rendered them interesting,' to our traveller. The women wore silver bracelets, and bead necklaces, and swathed themselves in blue garments. The men had but little clothing, and the children were generally naked, save that the girls 'had a sort of leather fringe tied round the loins.' The villages are exceedingly diminutive, and the population, though once numerous, is now extremely scanty. The fiscal regulations of the country are thus described:—

'As I understand the matter, it is thus, with regard to these Nubians. The Pasha holds the whole land and river of Egypt and Nubia in fee-simple, except as much as he has given away, for its revenues, to favoured individuals: and his rents are included in what are called his taxes. In Egypt, the people pay tax on the land. In Nubia, they pay it on the sakias and palms. The palms, when large, pay a piastre and a quarter (about 3d.) each, per annum: when small, three-fourths of a piastre. Each sakia pays a tax of three hundred and fifty piales, or 3*l.* 10*s.* ;

and the payer may appropriate as much land as the sakia will water. The quantity taken is usually from eight hundred to twelve hundred square yards.'—*lb.* p. 131.

We pass over Miss Martineau's description of the ruins of Thebes, and of the various other monuments which were examined, as we have already, in another article, devoted to this subject as large a space as our limits permit. Many illustrations of scripture, also, are incidentally furnished, of which we should be glad to furnish specimens, but the necessity of the case restricts us to the following, which will instantly recall to our readers one of the complaints of the Israelites against their Egyptian taskmasters. 'A large quantity of mud bricks was here laid out to dry. They had an unusual proportion of straw in them; so that I believe they would have burned to ashes if set fire to.'

The pyramids were of course to be explored. They had been seen from a distance, and their impression has been noted, but they were now to be ascended, and their inner chambers to be viewed. The following is our author's account of the former feat:—

'The Sheikh who met us on the spot, appointed our attendants;—three to each of us. Mr. E. set out first,—waving an adieu to us till we should meet aloft. He mounted with a deliberate, quiet step, such as he could keep up to the end, and reached the summit in seventeen minutes. It took me about five minutes more.

'On looking up, it was not the magnitude of the Pyramid which made me think it scarcely possible to achieve the ascent; but the unrelieved succession,—almost infinite,—of bright yellow steps; a most fatiguing image!—Three strong and respectable-looking Arabs now took me in charge. One of them, seeing me pinning up my gown in front, that I might not stumble over it, gave me his services as lady's-maid. He turned up my gown all round, and tied it in a most squeezing knot, which lasted all through the enterprise. We set out from the north-east corner. By far the most formidable part of the ascent was the first six or eight blocks. If it went on to the top thus broken and precipitous, the ascent would, I felt, be impossible. Already, it was disagreeable to look down, and I was much out of breath. One of my Arabs carried a substantial campstool, which had been given me in London with a view to this very adventure,—that it might divide the higher steps,—some of which, being four feet high, seem impracticable enough beforehand. But I found it better to trust to the strong and steady lifting of the Arabs in such places, and, above every thing, not to stop at all, if possible; or, if one must stop for breath, to stand with one's face to the Pyramid. I am sure the guides are right in taking people quickly. The height is not so great, in itself: it is the way in which it is reached that is trying to look back upon. It is trying to some heads to sit on a narrow ledge, and see a dazzling succession of such ledges for two or three hundred feet below; and there, a crowd of diminutive people look-

ing up, to see whether one is coming bobbing down all that vast staircase. I stopped for a few seconds two or three times, at good broad corners or ledges.—When I left the angle, and found myself ascending the side, the chief difficulty was over; and I cannot say that the fatigue was at all formidable. The greater part of one's weight is lifted by the Arabs at each arm; and when one comes to a four feet step, or a broken ledge, there is a third Arab behind. When we arrived at a sort of recess, broken in the angle, my guides sported two of their English words, crying out 'Half-way!' with great glee. The last half was easier than the first; and I felt, what proved to be true, that both must be easier than the coming down. I arrived second, and was kindly welcomed to that extraordinary spot by Mr. E. Mrs. Y. appeared presently after: and lastly, Mr. Y.;—all in good spirits.

'I was agreeably surprised to find at the top, besides blocks standing up which gave us some shade, a roomy and even platform, where we might sit and write, and gaze abroad, and enjoy ourselves, without even seeing over the edge, unless we wished it. There was only the lightest possible breeze, just enough to fan our faces, without disturbing us. The reason of our ascending the Pyramid first, before going into it, was that we might take advantage of an hour of calm, and avoid the inconvenience of the wind which might spring up at noon. And most fortunate we were in our weather, and in all other particulars. It was a glorious season,—full of new delight, without drawback;—for I now began to think I might perhaps see the inside of the Pyramid too.'—Vol. ii. pp. 65—67.

The king's chamber was subsequently examined, and its vast dimensions and sepulchral gloom made a deep impression on our travellers:—

'I have spent,' says Miss Martineau, 'the greater part of two days in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; a place generally considered awful enough: but compared with this, it was like a drawing-room to a cellar. The fantastic character of its walls and roofs takes off from the impression of its vastness and gloom. Here, the symmetry and finish so deepen the gloom as to make this seem like a fit prison-house for fallen angels.'—*Ib.* p. 70.

This structure it must be remembered was the work of men of several thousand years ago, when the pride of modern science looks for the infancy of art, and pities the imagined helplessness of our race. The plain of Thebes may well rebuke our arrogance, as its monuments leave us in bewildered astonishment. The theme is tempting, but we must not pursue it. We should be glad also to dwell on our author's account of Cairo, its streets and bazaars, its mosques and citadel, but we must forbear:—

'There are few gayer things in life,' she says, 'for one who chooses to be gay, than a visit to Cairo. The stranger must use a few precautions against the disturbance of his gaiety; and then he may surrender himself

to the most wonderful and romantic dream that can ever meet his waking senses. The most wonderful and romantic,—because there is nothing so wonderful and romantic in the whole social world as an Arabian city : and Cairo is the queen of Arabian cities. Damascus is usually ranked with Cairo ; but, full of charms as Damascus is (as we may see by and by), it is charming for other reasons than its virtues as an Arabian city : on which ground it cannot for a moment stand a comparison with Cairo. The precautions against seriousness which a stranger must take are, first, to forget that he is in Egypt ; to avoid looking over westwards to the Pyramids, or too far southwards, lest an array of old Egyptian ghosts should marshal themselves on the horizon, and cast a shadow of solemnity over his thoughts. He must also shake off any considerate humanity which may hang about him, and avoid inquiring what lies beneath what he sees, or thinking of any people but those whom he meets in the bazaars. A butterfly may enjoy a glorious day in hovering about an array of flower-baskets, not caring whether the flowers are growing or stuck into wet sand : and the stranger in Cairo may have a short season of transport, if he will only take up with the shows of things, and forget the roots.

‘The mere spectacle of the streets I relished more and more to the last. As for the rest, I could not keep my heart and mind in abeyance for many days ; and before I left, I felt that there is hardly a spot in what I have seen of the countries of the world where I would not rather live than in Cairo. The more I liked the Arabs, and the more I admired their gem of a city, the more impossible I felt it would be to live there, for any other reason than a strong call of duty. The mere spectacle of the streets became, however, as I said, more bewitching every day.’—*Ib.* p. 116.

Miss Martineau visited two harems, one at Cairo, and another at Damascus, and the twenty-second chapter of the first part of her work, furnishes a brief statement of what she saw. It is a melancholy tale, full of lamentation and woe, and we are glad she did not permit any false sentiment to induce her to suppress it. The general result is thus summed up:—

‘I had been struck by the view taken by Mr. Milnes in his beautiful poem of ‘the Harem ;’ and I am sure I did meet this subject with every desire to investigate the ideas and general feelings involved in it. I learned a very great deal about the working of the institution ; and I believe I apprehend the thoughts and feelings of the persons concerned in it : and I declare that if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists : and that, as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side,—some one redeeming quality : and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy : but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it,—the more is one’s mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one’s heart feel as if it would break.’—*Ib.* p. 148.

Of Egypt, generally, the account given is by no means favorable. The information communicated is indeed scanty, and not without reason, as it appears to be in the last degree difficult to obtain accurate intelligence respecting either its population or its social state. Miss Martineau does not forget the brighter colorings of the picture. 'The people appeared to us,' she says, 'sleek, well-fed, and cheerful. I am not sure that I saw an ill-fed person in all Egypt. There is hardship enough of other kinds, —abundance of misery to sadden the heart of the traveller; but not that, as far as we saw, of want of food. . . . I have seen more emaciated, and stunted, and depressed men, women, and children, in a single walk in England, than I observed from end to end of the land of Egypt.' This is the bright side of Egyptian life, and our readers may infer the other from the following brief extract:—

'I find in my journal the following complaint. 'One pregnant fact here is that one can get no reliable information from the most reliable men. About matters on which there ought to be no difference of statement, we meet with strange contradictions; such as the rate and amount of tax, etc. In fact, there are no data; and there is little free communication. Even a census does not help. The present census, we are told, will be a total failure—so many will bribe the officials to omit their names, because of the poll-tax.' Thus it is that neither I nor any other traveller can give accounts of any value of the actual material condition of the people of Egypt. But we have a substantial piece of knowledge in this very negation of knowledge. We know for certain that a government is bad, and that the people are unprosperous and unhappy in a country where there is a great ostentation of civilization and improvement, side by side with mystery as to the actual working of social arrangements, and every sort of evasion on the part of the people. We have a substantial piece of knowledge in the fact that men of honour, men of station, men of business, men of courage, who have all the means of information which the place and time permit, differ in opinion and statement about every matter of importance on which they converse with inquiring strangers. I saw several such men. They were quite willing to tell me what they knew; and they assigned frankly the grounds of their opinions and statements: but what I obtained was merely a mass of contradictions so extraordinary that I cannot venture to give any details: and if I give any general impressions, it can be only under the guard of a declaration that I am sure of nothing, and can offer only what I suppose on the whole to be an indication of the way in which the government of Mohammed Alee works.'—*Ib.* p. 168.

The second part of her work brings Miss Martineau into more immediate contact with the history of Moses and the Israelites; and it is painful to see how the scripture narrative is diluted, and its miraculous interpositions are overlooked. She does not formally contest them. There would have been

more honesty in doing so. Her readers would, at least, have been forewarned, and might, in consequence, have declined her further companionship. As it is, their suspicions are allayed by the absence of direct denial, and the inexperienced are thus allured, until the systematic avoidance of allusion to the miraculous portions of Jewish history awakens their surprise, and leads them more attentively to examine the thread of her narrative. Instantly that they do so the spell is dissolved, and they feel indignant at the delusion attempted. The scripture history is brought down to the level of ordinary life. The Divine mission of Moses, the miracles he wrought in the presence of Pharaoh, the passage of the Red Sea, and the interpositions of Jehovah in the wanderings of the Israelites, are passed over as pure fables. So complete is this negation, that the reader of these volumes might close them without being aware that such things had ever been alleged. And all this is done with an affectation of philosophy and deep thought, which puts the unwary off their guard. Some points of the character of Moses are indeed ably sketched; his solitary musings in the desert, his patriotic aspirations on behalf of his people, the wisdom with which he conducted them from bondage, and the promptitude and presence of mind with which he adapted his plans to their varying moods and circumstances, are dwelt on with masterly skill. But throughout the whole, Moses is simply the sage and patriot. His thoughts are those of earth, elevated, it is true, above his fellows, but utterly wanting the authority of a special mission, or any distinct and continuous reference to an overruling Deity. But this is not all. Referring to the giving of the Law, Miss Martineau tells us, there is no evidence to decide the locality, 'because the premises can never be fixed,' and then adds, with a disingenuousness discreditable alike to her learning and her candor:—

'While every body believes the general fact of the leading of the Hebrews to this region, in order to prepare them for their future nationality, no one can say how much of the details is strictly historical, and how much legendary. The numbers and dates of the narrative are regarded by all the learned, I believe, as untenable; as given, after the Hebrew manner, in the large, and in established terms, understood by Hebrew hearers, but altogether misleading to those who would take them as literally as if they had been assigned after, instead of before, the origin of true history. Learned men, who are up to the mark of historical science in our day, know that the Hebrews and their followers could not have amounted to two millions of people when they left Egypt, and that the 'forty years' and 'forty days' assigned to a variety of transactions is not to be taken literally, nor was ever meant to be so.'—*Ib.* p. 241.

So far from the transactions referred to not being viewed as

literal, it is the common faith of Christendom, sustained by the most profound thinkers of our race, that, without such a hypothesis, the history is unintelligible, the character of Moses open to fatal crimination, and the very teachings of our Lord involved in ambiguity and doubt. And then, as to the numbers specified, we are perfectly astonished at the cool dogmatism of Miss Martineau. Who the 'learned men' may be to whom she refers we know not; but of this we are assured, that the highest authorities establish, beyond reasonable doubt, the literal accuracy of the Mosaic statement. The alleged number of the Israelites, so far from being incredible, is borne out by well attested facts, and is in keeping with the theory of the most profound writers on population. The coolness with which such assertions are made, recoils with terrible effect on herself; disproving either her competency to the question discussed, or betokening a foregone conclusion.

The Mosaic institutions are, of course, in Miss Martineau's view, a mere transcript of those of Egypt, accommodated to the circumstances and prejudices of the Israelites. Moses was compelled by their debasement to abandon his design of establishing a pure theocracy, and being reduced to the necessity of instituting a ritual religion, naturally looked to Egypt for his pattern. 'After a long and terrible conflict, he surrendered his highest hopes for the people, and pursued a lower aim. He gave them a ritual, Egyptian in its forms, and seasons, and associations, but with Jehovah alone for its object.' This theory is consistently followed throughout, and we are told, therefore, that 'the serpent in Eden is, in the history, a mere serpent, altogether Egyptian in its conception, and bearing no relation whatever to the evil being with which superstition afterwards connected it. Moses no where hints at such a notion as that of an express author of evil.' We are well aware of the authorities which may be pleaded in support of this theory, and are not disposed to deny that there are circumstances which give it an air of plausibility. The authorities, however, with very few exceptions, belong to a class whose inquiries commence with a denial of what is supernatural, whilst the analogies relied on are susceptible of another, and, as we believe, far more consistent and satisfactory solution. That there should be resemblances, more or less distinct, between some of the laws of Moses and those of Egypt, is far from surprising, and proves nothing to the point. The real question is, which theory best accounts for the ritual as a whole,—that which deems him a mere human legislator, copying from and improving what he had seen in Egypt, or that which admits the interposition of a Divine intelligence, adapting its institutions to the capacities, and knowledge,

and wants of a people? On the former hypothesis, a few facts obtain partial explanation, while on the latter, a beautiful light is thrown over the whole, which gives them a consistency and completeness not otherwise attainable.

In keeping with the temper expressed in these views, the distinctive doctrine of Christianity, 'God manifest in the flesh,' is repudiated as a heathen fable :—

'We had seen,' says Miss Martineau, 'in Egypt, and in the Greek philosophy which was thence derived, ages before the time of Christ, those allegorical fables of Osiris and his nature and offices, of the descent of the Supreme on earth in a fleshly form, and the deifying or sanctification of intercessors which were unhappily, but very naturally, connected with the simple teachings of Christ by the Platonising converts of various countries, at an early period, and which to this day deform and vitiate the gospel in countries which yet keep clear of the open idolatries of the Greek and Latin churches.'—Vol. iii. p. 127.

We deeply regret the error which this statement betokens, and though Miss Martineau will probably regard us as narrow-minded and intolerant, we must say, that to reject the incarnation and atonement of the Redeemer, under whatever hypothesis, is, in our judgment, to discard the only hope of a lapsed and perishing world. We are not aware of any bitterness of feeling, certainly we are free from personal prejudice, but our conviction is such, that were we to relinquish our confidence in these truths, we should reject revelation as a lie, and surrender ourselves to the bitterness of despair.

Another most serious error pervading these volumes, is the pantheism which breathes throughout them. Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, are but forms, mere outward symbols, beneath each and all of which, acceptable worship may alike be rendered to God. And this too, not in a supposable case only, where the Jew and the Mahometan have not had an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the Christian faith, but where that faith has been examined and deliberately rejected :—

'Those,' says our author, 'who are intimate with the minds of educated and conscientious Jews are aware that such cannot be converted to Christianity : that the very foundation of their faith cannot support that superstructure : that there can be, to them, no reason why they should change, and every conceivable reason why they should not. *They* well know that it is only the ill-grounded Jew who can be converted ; the weak, the ignorant, or the needy and immoral.'—Ib. p. 112.

Miss Martineau is singularly perspicacious in detecting the superstitions of Christians, and she cannot well say too much respecting the debasement of those in Palestine ; yet, with strange inconsistency, the Jews of Jerusalem are said to have 'a

noble faith,' from which she deems it worse than folly to attempt to withdraw them. But enough of this. We are weary of our task. What we have said will sufficiently indicate our opinion of these volumes. We have written in sorrow, and dismiss the work with a deliberate conviction, that it is one of the most pernicious, as it is, certainly, one of the most insidious, productions of the day. What is pleasing and instructive, is infinitely outweighed by the distorted views, anti-religious prejudices, and rank scepticism, which are so prodigally scattered throughout.

- ART. VII.—1. *Preliminary Address of the Council of the People's League to their Countrymen of the British Empire.*
2. *Plan of Organization of the People's League.* London: Aylott and Jones. 1848.
3. *Public Opinion; or, Safe Revolution through Self-Representation.* By Hewett Cottrell Watson. London: Effingham Wilson. 1848.
4. *A Voice for the Millions: Reasons for Appealing to the Middle Classes on Behalf of their Unenfranchised Brethren.* By a Norwich Operative. London: Houlston and Stoneman.
5. *Electoral Districts: or, the Apportionment of the Representation of the Country on the Basis of its Population, being an Inquiry into the Working of the Reform Bill, and into the Merits of the Representative Scheme by which it is proposed to supersede it.* By Alexander Mackay, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, etc. London: Charles Gilpin. 1848.
6. *Germany: Her Resources, Government, Union of Customs and Power, under Frederick William the Fourth; with a Preliminary View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848.* By John Macgregor, M.P. London: Whittaker and Co. 1848.
7. *Democracy and its Mission.* Translated from the French of M. Guizot, late Prime Minister of France. London: Effingham Wilson. 1848.

OBSERVANT and thoughtful men trembled for their country in the months of March and April in 1848. They said to each other with grave faces and low voices, 'if something is not done there will be barricades in the streets.' By-and-bye they began to form the two organizations we are now to consider, and which we deem the most hopeful signs of the times, the People's League for Manhood Suffrage, and the People's Party for Parliamentary Reform.

'A friendly conference,' we quote the preliminary address of the council, 'of reformers, from all parts of the kingdom, having been held in Herbert's Hotel, Palace Yard, on the 3rd and 4th of May, about three hundred gentlemen unanimously formed themselves into a society to obtain **UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE**.* Details essential to the exercise of this right they agreed to leave open for future consideration, because they would not, by giving them undue importance, place any obstacle in the way of a cordial union with every reformer favourable to the enfranchisement of every man. Believing straightforwardness to be the dictate of wisdom as well as of duty, they would not, for the sake of securing support, adopt any vague generality, nor any suffrage more conciliatory to existing prejudices. A suffrage based on property they would not adopt, because they desire the enfranchisement of the reason and conscience of all men. The suffrage is the means by which alone the governed can be protected from the selfishness of their governors, and the protection ought to be co-extensive with the danger, and is most needed by the classes who are most exposed to it—the most numerous and productive classes.

'This conference decided, with equal unanimity, that all the means used by the People's League should be peaceful and constitutional. Desiring to make reason and conscience free in politics, they rely upon the might of the truth, published in love, for success, and have not a doubt of the triumph of their cause, by the power of arguments and facts adapted to obtain the assent of the understandings, and the approbation of the consciences, of their countrymen.'

We wish to submit to our readers the reasons which compel us to believe, that the responsibilities of patriotism require of us similar labours. By a simultaneous elevation of the people of nearly all Europe, the outbursting after a dreary winter of a political spring time, our brethren of France, Italy, and Germany, have won for themselves fuller rights, and nobler liberties, than were ever before enjoyed by their forefathers. But our countrymen, while sharing their joy, find themselves made liable by a sudden and an undiscussed act of parliament, to be transported as felons for life, if they use the liberty of the mind, won for them by old martyrs, and if they practise the freedom of speech to which they were born.

Moreover, there are signs of tendencies in the government, not merely to gag the lips of liberty, but to seek pretexts for

* We regret the use of this phrase. It does not express what is meant, and gives rise, moreover, to a host of prejudices, which ought and might be avoided. A *Manhood* or *resident* suffrage is intended, and it would be infinitely preferable, therefore, to use either of these terms.—ED. Google

embroiling us in war against the progress of civilization, which demand the instant attention, and the determined opposition, of the friends of peace and of mankind. War taxes have been reimposed upon us in time of peace; and the government began the session with a proposal, not for their diminution, but for their increase. Notwithstanding the long continued and general distress of the industrious classes, the armed power has been augmented. Every soldier who could possibly be spared from the colonies has been recalled to the three kingdoms. Great Britain, the ministerial journals declare, will uphold, if need be, the monarchy of Belgium by the sword. From all parts of the continent, complaints, are arriving against the provoking meddlings of the British Foreign Office, and its diplomatic agents. The foreign secretary hints that a treaty a century and a quarter old, binds Great Britain to interfere, by force of arms, in the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the King of Denmark, respecting the Duchy of Schleswig. Fugitive aliens, of great abilities, and of despotic principles, have access to the court, and are openly influencing the deliberations of the senate, if not the policy of the cabinet. The premier has acknowledged in his place in parliament his departure from the principles of Fox, and has unequivocally avowed his approval of the policy of Pitt. Lord John Russell has publicly declared his approval, and has not denied his adoption of that policy which spotted Europe with the blood of many thousands of our countrymen, and by contracting a debt of £800,000,000. sterling, enabled a corrupt oligarchy to postpone, for five and thirty years, the enactment of even an instalment of parliamentary reform. Consulting neither their intelligence, nor their benevolence, nor their principles, but their passions, thousands of our countrymen are preparing to seek their rights, by rifles rather than by reason, forsaking their faith in the might of evidence and justice, and placing a desperate reliance upon pikes and barricades. Commercial panic in England, dearth in Great Britain, and famine in Ireland, co-operating with a government which, during two dark years, has neither adjusted taxation for the relief of the industrious classes, nor improved the relations of the peasantry to the land, have made insurrections and *emeutes*, if not civil war, probabilities, or possibilities, in these anxious days.

These are the circumstances in which the People's League have combined to secure the electoral suffrage for every man. Wherever we look, over the empire or beside our hearths, we see proofs of oligarchical misrule, and when we trace the sources of this malignant power, we find them chiefly resolving themselves into the manifold corruptions, deceits, and crimes,

of the representative system into which the British constitution has been successfully and fatally perverted. Every man and every home among us to-day, is suffering from the deceitful system embodied in the measure called the Reform Act. To this intricate coil of deceits it is, that we owe the rule of an oligarchy possessed of none of the conditions of legitimate power, for it is neither just, nor wise, nor able.*

The enterprise and the worth of our fathers have brought together an empire on which the sun never sets, and on which not one of his rays ever falls, without witnessing the marks of the injustice and of the incapacity of oligarchical legislation and administration. Canada displayed the fact by rebellion. The East Indies show it by taxation on production, and the West Indies by restrictions on labour. In New Zealand it took the shape of legal pedantries among savages. Sydney manifests it by a hideous accumulation of wickedness. It was oligarchical misrule which goaded the Caffres of the Cape of Good Hope into hostilities. It was the legislative ignorance of the oligarchy which caused the war with China; and it is their administrative incapacity which has robbed us of the fruits of the peace with China. If the planet Earth presents no region in which the heavenly lights do not shine upon the proofs of the greatness of the British people, this world also presents no quarter in which our possessions have not been marred, or blighted, by Oligarchical Misrule.

Government is necessary to protect society from the selfish passions of individuals, and representation is necessary to protect society from the selfish passions of governments. Rulers will prefer themselves, if they be not made responsible and punishable for the selfish preference of themselves. The interests of all will only be uniformly consulted by all. The responsibility of governors, whether legislative or executive, is essential for the protection of all from the selfishness of governors. Responsibility divides itself into eligibility, accountability, and dismissability. The suffrage which elects and which rejects, is, therefore, essential to good government, for those who are without it are left exposed to the selfishness of their rulers. 'Right' is the corollary of 'ought'; it is, therefore, the right of all to elect or to reject the legislative body, because all ought to be protected. Danger from the selfishness

* We are obliged to M. Guizot for this description of legitimate power. 'Permanent and universal rights are all centred in the right of obeying only such dispensations as are just and wise.' . . . 'If individual will be bound to submit to legitimate authority, no human power is exempt from the necessity of proving that it is, and that it shall remain legitimate, that is to say, just, wise, and expedient.'

of governors it is, which gives the right of responsibility to all exposed to the danger, and we deferentially submit, precisely in the degree in which they are exposed to it. On this account, the right to the suffrage is not least, if it be not greatest, in the class who have neither wealth, nor education, nor leisure wherewith to protect themselves from the selfishness of their rulers. This class are made still more defenceless, and are yet more exposed by the largeness of their numbers and the vastness of their productive powers. Exclusion from the suffrage is exclusion from protection against the selfishness of governors. In countries in which the working classes are excluded, the exclusion is of those who need the protection most. If every interest is to be represented, the interest of the least protected and the most numerous class has the best right. As for the plea of want of knowledge, it is a pretence; for the knowledge required is neither of science, nor of letters, nor of art, but knowledge of the interests of all, which must be greatest in the minds of all. But, we are told; the working classes will use the suffrage selfishly, establishing a tyranny of the many over the few,—of the majority over the minority, and of ignorance over intelligence. The working classes, when supreme, will be irresponsible, and will prefer themselves. From the days of Zeno and Aristotle, down to Burke and Guizot, this has been the pretext for withholding political power from the most numerous class. It is maintained, that when they are the supreme class, they will be unjust, unwise, and incapable, and, therefore, an illegitimate power. For the sake of illustration, let us imagine the procedure of this dark and malignant power.

Preferring themselves in the levying of taxes, they will tax their own permanent incomes, much less in proportion to their value, than the precarious incomes of others. Using themselves the finest qualities of all goods, they will tax commodities according to quantity, and thus make in relation to value, the coarse qualities of goods which others use, pay manifold more than the fine qualities which they use. This illegitimate power will prefer themselves, with respect to the taxes on the transmission of property. When the white blinds darken the suburban villa of retired industry, and indicate the transmission of the savings of toil, from the dead to the living, there are probate and legacy duties to pay, which amount to several millions a-year, levied from such homes at such times. But when the heraldic escutcheon on the mansion is the sign of the descent of wide domains and ancestral estates, there are no regrets excited in these proud homes respecting the payment of probate and legacy duties. This imaginary illegitimate power will use their supremacy to make their property only partially

liable for their debts ; while the property of all other men is completely at the mercy of creditors. Not content with protecting themselves as debtors, they will privilege themselves as creditors, coming next after the taxman in distraining for the rents due to them. After protecting themselves as debtors, and privileging themselves as creditors, they must favour themselves as borrowers ; abolishing usury laws with respect to trading people, but keeping up usury laws in favour of land-owning men, that they may be able to borrow cheap. But, indeed, the selfish preference of themselves by this despotic class, is strikingly displayed in reference to the land. They seize it, not merely as a possession, but as a property entailed upon their blood. Elevating their pleasures above the morals of their countrymen, they make four thousand of their neighbours criminals per annum, that they may shoot over their preserves, on an average, half a dozen times a year. Receiving the land on condition of bearing the expense of the armed power, they shift the expense of it upon the community, reserving for themselves its best pay and best promotions, and giving to the sons of the rest of the community the worst promotions, the lowest pay, the flogging, and the press-gang.

The frown of public opinion fails in making them suppress the flogging or the empressment ; but they multiply marvellously the high commands which give them large pay and bedizen them with honours. They grow wheat, malt, and hops, and compel others therefore for their benefit to eat dear bread, and drink beer instead of wine. When commons are enclosed, which are pieces of land said to be for the benefit of the poor, they divide the enclosures among themselves, and give the compensation not to the poor but to each other. In the portions of the three kingdoms, peopled by the descendants of the Celtic tribes, they evict sometimes by burning down their cottages,—the descendants of the men who won the land by their swords, and allow them to perish of cold and starvation. But it is not enough for this illegitimate power, denounced by a virtuous philosophy, to prefer themselves in these ways,—to make their interests supreme over the interests of all other men, and their pleasures superior to the morals of their countrymen. They make their rights to their land dominant over the rights of other men to worship God, by refusing to sell sites for religious edifices, and compelling the inhabitants of extensive districts of country, either not to assemble together for Divine worship at all, or to worship the Almighty in the open air, amid rain and snow. But the lust of this illegitimate power, so unfit to be entrusted with political supremacy, is not satisfied with making their interests superior to the interests of others, and their property

lord it over the consciences of others; they make the lives of other men subordinate to their fancies. There are millions upon millions of acres of land in the empire, which are doomed to sterility, and there are millions upon millions of labourers compelled to want work and to want bread, because these unjust, unwise, and incapable holders of political power, fancy it to be their interest to keep the earth barren, and the labourers paupers.

By an alliance with the law, they secure for themselves the decision of a majority of all causes, civil and criminal. They make sure of the administration of all the other causes by dependents, whose biases, conscious and unconscious, are all towards their persons and their interests. Their creatures are distributed throughout the whole legal system, from the lowest catchpole up to those who sit on the judgment-seat, and hence a legal system in which every one of the practitioners has an interest in obscure law and dear justice. Hence, Courts of Equity, which are a hye-word; and bankrupt laws, which made the estate the stock in trade of commissioners, assignees, and solicitors. By a hybrid alliance with the church, and the law, they produce Ecclesiastical courts, where judges preside who are responsible to nobody but the bishop of a sect, whose causes against all other sects the judge decides; courts which confine relief from matrimonial wrongs to the rich; courts which administer unintelligible, arbitrary, mawkish, obsolete, and oppressive law, and in which the business is a monopoly of a family compact, including judges, bar, and proctors. Making the laws which regulate the transfers of property, they are absorbing rapidly nearly all the small estates into their own large ones, and extinguishing the yeomanry of England. So rapidly is the absorbing process proceeding, that the land of England, which in 1775, belonged to 250,000 families; in 1815 belonged to only 20,000 proprietors, or, including estates belonging to the church, and 6,000 incorporations, to 32,000.* They make themselves magistrates in virtue, not of their proficiency in law, but of their property in land, and thus locally decide most of the causes, vote all the taxes, command all the constables, and spend all the money. Asserting their mere wills against the personal liberty of other men, any one of them assumes the power to imprison any poor man as a vagrant, for being homeless, and for walking upon a public path, and any two of them together may, on the merest pretence, shut up a footpath, on which the

* Passy, p. 9, as quoted in 'The Emancipation of the Soil and Free Trade in Land.' By a Landed Proprietor. Edinburgh: John Johnstone, Hunter-square. 1845.

poor have had the right of way for centuries. They invest policemen with powers for proclaiming down the political meetings of thousands. And they revive enactments which forbid more than twenty of their countrymen to sign a petition for a redress of grievances. Setting themselves up as a class to enforce obedience to law and order upon all other classes, they make law, which ought to be the incorporated morality of society, an oppression, and order which is the security of property and person, the harmony, the beauty, and the sweetness of communities, hateful and not loveable, degrading and not ennobling to men.

But it is in reference to the reason and the conscience of other men, that the selfishness of this class is most odiously displayed. By alliances with various religious and very different sects, they secure for themselves the wealthiest endowments, the cathedrals, and the mitres. Taking advantage of ecclesiastical convulsions, they seize church lands for their own behoof, though bequeathed by piety and benevolence to Christianity and poverty. The spirit embodied in their treatment of Christianity is, that every church which will not vail the spiritual prerogatives of God and of the soul to their temporal authority and secular interests, must be discredited, persecuted—persecuted to-day by taxation, by spoliation, by disabilities, and by contumelies, and but recently by death, and torture, the scaffold and the stake. The rationale of religious endowments and ecclesiastical taxation, has come in the progress of the selfishness of this supreme class to be, the best payments for those of themselves who do not teach, and the taxation of every body else for receiving their instruction elsewhere; this unjust power, this selfish class, pay their own religious instructors out of the funds of all. A German tradesman invented a way of stamping thoughts on paper, which wonderfully facilitates their circulation, to lessen the darkness and the miseries of men. But this illegitimate power have counteracted with all their might the intelligence and the beneficence of this invention of genius, by excise restrictions on the manufacture of paper, by advertisement duties, by stamp duties, by libel and gagging laws, and especially by bribing servile, and by ruining independent thinkers and writers. The highest right of man is the freedom of the soul; the right of every man to form and to fulfil his convictions respecting all his affairs. Without this, the soul of man is not his own. The vital and the essential idea of all individual culture is, the right of each man to form and to fulfil the theories, industrial, moral, social, or spiritual, by which he is to guide himself in life. This is the first want of all clear spirits. It is in the exercise of this right, that genius discovers and

reveals the ideas which advance man. To give scope for genius, all minds ought to be free. The vital and the essential idea of social progress, is the inworking of the highest ideas into human affairs; and if this process is to go on, all minds must be free. Moral ideas enthroned in reason and governing duties, make up the conscience of a man, which has respect to the will of his all-seeing Creator and Judge. Unless the mind, the reason, the conscience be free, the man is not free, either as regards God or eternity. Yet it is specially against this highest and most sacred of rights, that the selfishness of the supreme class is displayed. They will not let men be free industriously; for they interpose barriers between labour and its materials. They will not allow men to be free economically, for they restrict the production and the exchanges of commodities. They will not allow the consciences of other men to be free politically, for they either withhold franchises, or try to coerce consciences by means of their property or their gifts. They will not allow the consciences of other men to be free morally, for they exact deference to their conventions and their prejudices. They will not allow the consciences enshrined within the souls of other men to be free spiritually, for they profess to establish religious truth, and demand for it pecuniary support and inward belief. Selfishness which makes the earth barren, selfishness which starves millions, selfishness which creates criminals, selfishness which enters into the soul and dethrones the conscience, these are the works of this Illegitimate Power. When the cry of the victims of this selfishness is heard in the land, they say the fabric of their aggrandisement is the growth of Providence. Christian in profession, pagan in practice, they call themselves the natural superiors of society, and when the immolation of multitudes appals human feelings, piously declare the work of their greed to be the work of God.

But is this supreme selfishness, this disguised paganism, a people? Is this illegitimate power a universal franchise, embodying the interests, the intelligence, the consciences of all? No; all these facts belong to the oligarchical rule of this country at this hour. They are not suspicions against a democracy, they are actual experiences of an aristocracy by us all. Oh! the hypocrisy of the philosophy which, on a suspicion of selfishness, justifies the exclusion of the many, from the right to make the few (convicted by such facts of such selfishness) responsible to all.

On the supposition of an equal distribution of selfishness among all classes of men, the supreme working class could only embody their selfishness in seeking the greatest possible happiness of the most numerous class. The selfishness of all would

prefer all. But we seek not the franchise for a class, but for a people. We ask the vote which elects, which calls to account, which rejects, to protect the millions who are governed, from the thousands who govern, by responsibility. We ask the franchise for all the men of British race in the empire, and especially for seven millions of men in the three kingdoms. We are Conservatives of the people from the selfishness of their rulers. We repudiate class interests, and hate the derisive word 'class.' Millions of men cannot conspire, cannot set up caste pretensions and class conventions. They must always seek the interests of millions.

But they say, the people have neither the education nor the intelligence to fit them for a direct voice or vote, in the making of the laws they are to obey. The population of the three kingdoms consists of seven millions of men who do not know what is good for them. Doubtless, without intelligence votes are little worth. Without the moral and mental qualities needful for electing, for examining, and for rejecting rulers and legislators, the power of making them responsible would be useless. Legislation without wisdom is injurious, and legislation cannot be progressive without genius. When thought upon industrial, moral, or spiritual subjects is practically applied to affairs, it is wisdom. Thought discovering new truths, and new applications of old truths, and applying its discoveries to the good of society, is legislative genius. Indeed, the writers are quite right who give these things a paramount importance in the business of government. Moreover, great intelligence and genius are rarities. The men who have them are never the majority. But a people without them would be an extraordinary thing. If they exist at all, a franchise including every man will find them out. A universal suffrage is the only one which will not exclude any genius, or any wisdom, from the formation of the laws. By this suffrage alone can nations be quite sure of securing for the service of the country, and the benefit of society, the voice of every man whose 'wisdom maketh his face to shine.'

The statutes at large, we are told, consist of thirty thousand folios, containing many acts which secure the aggrandisement of the oligarchy, and some which embody beneficent ideas. Let us trace the grains of gold! By knowing whence the good ideas have come we may learn where to expect them. Religious liberty for instance, the abolition of civil disabilities for religious opinions, is one of these beneficent ideas. From the days of Oliver Cromwell, down to the passing by the House of Commons, and the rejection by the House of Lords, of the Jews' Disabilities Bill, this idea of right has been more and more in-

corporated in the statute-book. But when tracing the history of it, to ascertain the men to whom we owe it, we find Philip Nye, and John Goodwin, nonconformist ministers, contending for it in the Westminster assembly of divines, and John Milton, a puritan schoolmaster, spreading it over Europe, on the heaven-hued wings of his genius. As for the oligarchy, they persecuted it when it was weak, and hewed it down when it was struggling, and it was only by becoming victorious over them, that religious liberty made them the clerks who have written it upon a few of the folios of the statute-book. Take another beneficent idea as an example, the conviction that man ought not to hold property in man. One day, by the side of a road which ascended the brow of a hill, a young man with this idea in his heart sat down to rest himself, and when he arose he was a man devoted and set apart to the extinction of the traffic and the property of man in man. He worked all his days, and it was his sacred resolution on the brow of the hill, which, when the people helped him, won for the idea, its folios among the statutes at large. What is true of religious liberty, and the abolition of slavery, is also true of the freedom of commerce. More than ninety years ago a young professor taught in Glasgow, that wealth would be most successfully produced, were all men to produce what they could produce best, and exchange what they could exchange most advantageously. The other day this idea was partially admitted into the statute-book, but it was put there by the people. If the idea of Adam Smith has been enthroned over British commerce, and he, though dead, called to reign, the sway of his beneficent genius began in deference to the mighty voice of the people. The truth is, when traced to their source, most of the bad enactments are seen issuing from the oligarchy, and most of the good from the people. The fact is, when wisdom and beneficence have been transferred from the sparkling forges of thought into the noble forms of law and order, the people always have been the legislature. The question between oligarchy and the people, as respects legislation, is, whether the power which has done most of the good hitherto by agitations, by revolutions and convulsions, shall continue to do it in these ways, or shall begin a course of doing it directly, regularly, constantly, and peacefully. It is a question between those who have always opposed, and those who have always helped, the progress of wisdom and beneficence. When classes calling themselves educated, or superior, or learned, or noble, or reverend, presume to gauge the intelligence of the people, it is a pitiful attempt of the less to comprehend the greater, and of the small to grasp the infinite. The people are the fountains of genius. Out of these fountains have issued all the

greatest talents and legislative ideas, all the men who have infused either more light, or more justice, more beauty, or more beneficence, into society. The plea for excluding all from the suffrage, on the ground of want of intelligence, is just an attempt of a selfish portion of the general intelligence to shut out the whole, of which it is but a part, from the exercise of the rights of responsibility.

The intelligence needful for making good laws is, a knowledge of what is good for all. When regular political power is withheld from them, and concentrated in other hands, genius and talent are seduced from the cause of the people to the cause of the oligarchy. This disfranchisement tends, therefore, to pervert the very sources of all progress, and turns the gifts of the children of the people against the people. Exclusion from the suffrage is exclusion from education. Unconsciously, but really, the men who desire the education of the most numerous class, and yet deny them votes, are guilty of profound hypocrisy. The moral spirit of an age is the life of its affairs. The best ideas of the time are spread in reference to its business. The best information for the people is the information necessary for their whole culture, industrial, mental, moral, social, political, and spiritual. The great educator of a people is its business. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and catechisms, schools and colleges, useful for youth and children, are nothing, in the education of a people, compared with the processes which form opinion, the discussions of the press, the senate, and the meeting. This education, instead of being merely political, cultivates all the faculties of every man, and interweaves with his sympathies and habits, according to his capacity of receiving them, the most important facts, the profoundest truths, and the noblest aspirations. The use of the instrument of responsibility—the vote—can only be acquired perfectly by habit, like the use of the hammer, the pen, the hand, the tongue. The election is a course of education, for the voter, in which the candidates and their friends are his teachers, and his affairs the subject of their prelections. The explanations of the representative, who is called to account, are discussions on the affairs of the nation and the proceedings of the senate, between the ablest of his constituents and the man who has had access to all the information of the legislature. The dismissal of the representative may call into action the indignation of the voter, and strengthen, by doing it, virtue within himself, against duplicity, tergiversation, or venality. Exclusion from the suffrage is, therefore, shown to be an attempt to exclude the man from education and training in the intelligence and virtues of the citizen.

None of the requirements of responsibility can be met by a suffrage based upon any principle of property. The suffrage is required for the protection of all, and not merely for the protection of householders. The enfranchisement of the conscience of every man is the thing chiefly desirable, and this can be obtained only by a manhood suffrage. Property is the chief means of electoral corruption. The protection of all by the enfranchisement of the conscience of every man, can be obtained only by shutting out every opportunity or pretext for the interference of property with the functions of conscience. Enfranchisement on the qualification of registration in a rating-book, or of a house, no matter whether a ten-pound house, or a tenement with a door and a door-key, commits the fatal and fundamental error of enfranchising on account of property, and not of humanity, and of changing the venues of the question of qualification from mental and moral, to material and pecuniary considerations. A household suffrage gives property a plea, a pretext, and an occasion for meddling with conscience, and subjects the poor man, who occupies the house on account of which he votes, to the power and the interference of the rich man, whose house qualifies for the vote. The householder shares in effect the vote with another, and is not consequently free.

Of the infinite deceptions, corruptions, and crimes, of which a property suffrage is capable, the existing electoral system of the three kingdoms is a specimen. Under the pretext of securing the independence of electors, it keeps up, and maintains all the means and appliances for the degradation and dependence of the electors. The question between household suffrage and manhood suffrage, is just the question of the maintenance or the suppression of the principle, the influences, the practices, the machinery of electoral crime—the continuance or the abolition of nomination, intimidation, corruption, bribery, treating, abduction, and perjury.

The possession of reason and conscience, is a qualification of an elector for the exercise of the powers of responsibility, of eligibility, of accountability, and dismissability. But there is no such qualification in the occupancy of a house, or the command of the door-key of a tenement, or registration in a rating book. Under the supposition of a people ground down by the selfishness of their rulers, a household suffrage would deprive of their electoral rights, of the power of responsibility, the very men who needed their protection most, and at the most urgent times. A household suffrage, like every other property suffrage, degrades the creator of property beneath his creatures. It makes more of the possession of a door-key, than of the possession

of reason. In reference to legislation and responsibility, the door-key suffrage is a *felo de se*, for it recognises a qualification which cannot qualify for their duties. The highest duty of a citizen, is to make the will of God prevail in all affairs, and for these moral and divine duties a man derives no fitness from his door-key. But a floodgate of corruption is opened by the connection of property in any way with the sphere of conscience. The crying evil of the time is, that the poor have been becoming poorer, and the rich, richer; and the influence of property on the electoral system, is the source of this evil, the tendency of which, especially if sanctioned by new enactments, would be to lodge both property and political power in fewer and still fewer hands. Hence, it has been brought about, that the electoral body in Scotland, England, and Wales, have come to be merely the voting instruments of property, in all the boroughs and counties in which the vote is invested with any considerable political power. Were the colours of political parties, the Whig blue, and the Tory red, employed to mark on maps the proprietorship of the lands in the counties, and of the houses in the small burghs, the result of the elections could all be foretold with certainty, the blue acres and houses all returning Whigs, and the red acres and houses electing honourable gentlemen of Tory principles. The insidious proceedings of the possessors of property have made this the fact, and much better would it be for public morals, were the elections taken in this way, for then the destruction of consciences would be spared, and elections would cease to be battles of crimes. Under the pretence of the natural influences of property, of neighbourhood, virtue, and kindness—this deceitful system is just a machinery for enabling proprietors to nominate their proxies to the Commons House of Parliament, a degradation of that House, for which there is no remedy in the possession, either of the members or of the people. By the present system, somewhere about one man in six, all entitled to the suffrage, is an elector. But of these electors, a voter in a small nomination county or borough, has as much political power as five average electors. Indeed, when contrasting the largest and the smallest constituencies, the melancholy and hideous spectacle reveals itself, that an elector of the largest has only a seventieth or an eightieth or a one-hundredth part of the political power of the smallest, and this just because the one is an independent citizen, and the other a prostituted soul. By one-sixth of the present electoral body, itself one-sixth of the men entitled to share a manhood suffrage, and this sixth of the electoral body, the most servile portion of the population is a majority of the House of Commons, returned, it were false to say elected. Out of this poisoned well of crimes—the prefer-

ence of property to conscience, issue a representative system of frauds, chicaneries, briberies, debaucheries, and perjuries. All these crimes are screened and covered by hypocrisies, by the pretended enfranchisement of the middle classes, and by impostures of election committees and bribery punishments, which just increase the advantages of the wealthiest criminals.

Moral and peaceful means alone are accordant with the object of men who desire to make the Christian doctrine of the equality of souls a reality, by enfranchising all consciences alike. They desire to do as they would be done by in the polling booths. The spirit suitable for this holy cause is, not a military, but a martyr spirit, animating men who, in reference to the shedding of blood, have only blood to be shed, and not hearts to shed any blood. Desiring the enfranchisement of reason and conscience, the freedom and equality of all souls in political affairs, they believe the triumph of the cause will be best obtained by the conquering might of the truth published in love.

Of the necessity for a political organization of the middle classes, and of the members of parliament who more especially accord with them in sentiment, there cannot be a doubt in the minds of any one who witnessed the preparations made in this great metropolis on the 10th of April. Let us recall this long memorable day. In the city of two million inhabitants, in which usually there is the roar of carriages like the voice of an ocean, there was universal stillness. The mighty heart of the empire was hushed. Mounted policemen were seen, patrolling slowly backwards and forwards with their arms under their cloaks. Houses were pointed out at different places said to be full of hidden policemen, soldiers, and artillery. Every public office was a fortification. Gentlemen were met with 'special' on their left arm, and braces of pistols at their belts under their great coats. In the West End the streets were entirely deserted, and at the corners of the parks were many unusual sentinels with their bayonets on their muskets. There was masked artillery at the bridges. From twelve until four o'clock no one was allowed to cross any of the bridges from the Surrey side of the river, and consequently the streets leading to the bridges presented the spectacle of thousands of persons kept back by the police, every now and then charging them, and breaking their heads with truncheons.

For two years the Russell ministry have been an element of disorder and danger. The delays and imbecilities of the government have given their importance to the young Ireland party. We submit that the maintenance of all the iniquities of the electoral system have given their consequence to the Chartists. If they had improved the relations of landlord

and tenant, and given the peasantry a better hold on the land, the Irish would not now be buying pikes. Gradual extension of the franchise, or even a real suppression of electoral crimes, would have lessened the dissatisfaction of the men who hold, that every man has a right to a vote derived from the reason enshrined within his humanity.

'But the frightful language of the Irish Confederates and the Chartists!' surely this is the cause of the mischief. But words break no bones. Nobody would have listened had the government been progressive. We admire not the physical force doctrines which Mr. Duffy learned from a Scotchman, who ought to have had more sense than to teach them—Thomas Carlyle—but the Irish are imaginative, and it has been on the authority of a Scottish philosopher that these rhetoricians have come to believe, that nations can be regenerated only by 'blood baths.' Moreover, it is doubtful whether these Young Irelanders, and Chartists, really did utter all the atrocities ascribed to them.

Regarding Young Ireland, we must state a fact. We remember being shocked by reading in the ministerial journals a statement, that when it was agreed upon at a public meeting in Dublin to enter into a subscription to defend Smith O'Brien, a man on the platform proposed, that whatever should be left of overplus, should be spent in pikes. The ministerial press reported this, and wrote leaders upon it. Who was this man? He was a government spy, and an Orangeman, employed by Colonel Brown, the chief of the Dublin police, to entrap discontented and distressed men into crime. For this man, Kirwin, Colonel Brown is responsible; for Colonel Brown, Lord Clarendon; and for Clarendon, Lord Russell is responsible. These things were all proved, all confessed by Colonel Brown in an open police court, and thus the Russell ministry is convicted of being a spy ministry.

The proceedings of the National Convention were grossly perverted in the reports which appeared in the 'Times' and the 'Chronicle,' though they were bad enough, as the columns of the 'Northern Star' will shew. The Russell government are in truth the chief element of danger to the peace and order of the community. They cause agitation. They excite the discontents which express themselves by riots. It is nonsense to fancy the danger is over because Mr. Fussell, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Ernest Jones have been arrested, and because the true character of the Land lottery of Mr. Feargus O'Connor is about to be exposed. All the best informed persons we know are fearful of a rebellion in Ireland in the autumn. From Aberdeen in the north, to Cornwall in the south, the disaffected are making preparations

of violence, and the probabilities are great that a rebellion in Ireland will be the signal for English, Welsh, and Scotch outbreaks.

The People's League, wisely and vigorously supported, may be a great conservator of order. But nothing could be more beneficial for the security of property and life, than a people's party in parliament, wisely, harmoniously, and strenuously advocating large and effectual reforms. Of course we are aware that this party is too weak in numbers to be a legislative body; but in the power of principles, and in the strength derived from practical information, they have no superiors in the House of Commons. We have ourselves in this article attempted a *catalogue raisonne* of the abuses which will constitute the strength of the people's party in their policy of exposures. But without inviting them to enter upon the vast field embraced by our bird's-eye view, if they will unitedly and zealously prosecute the reforms for which their own resources peculiarly qualify them, they will make themselves the propeller engines of progress, if not the actual leaders of beneficent legislation. They can always make a house for each other, and by mutual arrangement and assistance, secure a debate which will be an effectual exposure of the abuse they have agreed to assault. Mr. Sharman Crawford on the occupancy of land; Mr. Bright on the game laws; Mr. Cowan on the excise laws; Mr. M'Gregor on taxation and commerce; Mr. Cobden on restriction on trade; Mr. Horsman on ecclesiastical abuses; Sir William Molesworth on Colonial administration; Colonel Thompson on currency; Mr. W. J. Fox on civil liberty; Mr. George Thompson on Indian affairs, and Mr. Hume on parliamentary reform; there are vast powers of exposure in these men, and the fields of usefulness for which their studies peculiarly fit them, are immense; while oligarchical hypocrisies, corruptions, and infamies lie before them, like the full churchyards and the pestilential lanes, now clamant for ventilation and destruction by the strong hand of sanitary improvements.

The people's party wisely determined to make the representation of the country their first battle-field. The premier met the introduction of the subject with his notable declaration of the 23d of May, that neither the middle nor the working classes desired the Reform proposed by Mr. Hume, nor the Charter advocated by Mr. O'Connor. The Whigs declared that there was no distress in the commercial world in the beginning of October, 1847, and they now declare that there is no desire for large parliamentary reforms in May, 1848. Both declarations concur in showing the well-known fact, that the Whigs are a

small, exclusive clique, living sequestered and apart from the public whom they pretend to govern, in some remote and inaccessible Timbuctoo, of central oligarchy.

Long before the continental revolutions and pecuniary embarrassments stimulated the reform spirit now manifesting itself, the pages of our own, and of other journals, might have informed her majesty's ministers that the intelligent men of the middle and working classes had generally agreed in regarding the Reform Act, as having failed to realise the hopes of the nation. The opinion of the Reform Bill which in 1831 and 1832, was confined to the small body of Radical reformers represented in the press by the 'Westminster Review' and the 'Examiner,' and in parliament by Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Grote, had become, before the general election of 1847, a common conviction. On the 30th of January, 1831, Mr. Albany Fonblanque described the opinions of the party to which he belonged, in the following happy illustration, which needed all his wit to make its truth pardonable with some of his readers, and which we quote, confident that now-a-days its truthfulness will recommend it even more than its humour:—

'An Irish novelist tells a pleasant story of a green son of the Green Isle, named *Rory*, who, being plagued with a foundered hack, rode to a fair, resolved to sell him, and, with the addition of a few pounds to the proceeds, to buy a serviceable horse. He soon met with a dealer (whose name we forget, but it was not *Grey*,) who agreed to give the price of dogs' meat for the beast, and who further promised, in a hour's time, to show *Rory* precisely the sort of nag he needed, and which he should have for some twenty pounds more than the price paid for the *Rosinante*. The steed was in appointed season exhibited, approved, purchased; and *Rory* set off to return home, with no small pride at being mounted so much like a gentleman; and, on his first start, not displeased at a certain stately deliberateness of movement, which gave opportunity to the town-folks and passengers to admire his equestrian appointment. As the day shortened, however, and the road continued long, he marvelled at the remarkable resemblance in gait, stumble, and temper, between the new beast and the old one; and upon the descent of a sharp shower of rain, inducing the application of whip and spur, the end of his exertions was the discovery that he was seated upon his original hack, who, the cosmetics being washed away by the rain, now appeared in natural deformity, and showed the happy rider that he had given a score of pounds for the repossession of his dangerous old plague. This story adumbrates the whole history and mystery of the pretence of the Reform Bill in parliament, in preparation, and is the especial affair of *John Bull*, who, if he take not excellent care, will find himself, after much ado, repossessed of the vicious and worthless hack he was determined to be quit of. Ministers are all employed in docking, and trimming, and colouring, and washing, and glossing the foundered representation, to make it pass for another and a better sort of thing.'

The changes between the years 1831 and 1848 have reversed the relative positions of Sir R. Peel and Lord Russell. 'I declare that the confidence of the people in the construction and constitution of the House of Commons is gone, and gone for ever.' This declaration by Lord John Russell, as the mouth-piece of the Grey ministry, in March 1831, would have been repeated with greater truth than ever by his lordship in June 1848, were he as accessible to evidence and justice to-day as a premier, as he was seventeen years ago, when long exclusion from office had opened the ears of the Whigs to the voice of the people. He declared then that it would be easier to transfer the manufactures and commerce of Manchester and Birmingham to Gatton and Old Sarum, than to restore the confidence of the people to the House of Commons. To-day, were his lordship a mouthpiece of popular convictions, instead of being the mouth-piece of a small superannuated clique, he would be heard declaring, that it would be easier to restore the public confidence to the boroughmongers, than to maintain the organized hypocrisies and detected impostures of the Reform Act. Instead of this, he declares in his place in parliament, that the middle classes do not want household suffrage, and the working classes do not want universal suffrage!

The response of the country must have convinced the premier, if his mind is open to conviction, that the Reform Act is a failure. All our largest British towns have, at public meetings, pronounced in favour of manhood suffrage. Though the reform movement of 1848 has had peculiar obstacles to encounter, and none of the advantages of the movement of 1831 as a declaration of principle, the manifestations of the last few weeks bear an aspect of nobleness not seen before, since Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, roused our forefathers more than two centuries ago, by the cry for 'Free Parliaments.' No noble earls have led, and no party or government influence has helped, the recent demonstrations throughout this island. The chiefs who assumed the leadership of it, held up flags with symbols emblazoned upon them little calculated to excite enthusiasm, and even these symbols done in dissolving and changing colours; one day 'a house,' the next 'a door-key,' and, lastly, 'a rating-book.' In truth the responses to these special signals have been most insignificant. But the middle classes of almost all our large towns, without exception, took the opportunity to hoist the standard approved by their own convictions, the blazoning on which was simply MAN. The great fact of the time is the exhibition of the middle classes of the British towns, demanding the suffrage as the right of every man of mature age, sound mind, unstained with crime, and of a fixed residence. 'Neither

the middle nor the working classes demand parliamentary reforms,' says the premier; and the reply from the movement spirits of all the larger British towns is, calmly and practically, but firmly, 'We demand the enfranchisement of humanity!'

Never, since the House of Commons was a house of parliament, has there been less confidence in it than at the present hour. We believe the desire for change in the middle and working classes to be more universal than it has ever been. Of course, there are infinite varieties of opinions and of voices, but the universal chorus is, there must be a change! For many generations the Whigs have taught what has, indeed, been the general opinion of mankind, the duty of backing moral suasion with physical force. They have taught, that argument tells best when supported by a gleam of steel in the back-ground. Greek philosophers, and inductive and deductive logicians may have taught, that truth can only be established by facts; Christianity may have proclaimed and exemplified the might of the publication of the truth in love; but the Whigs have always taught the people to support their arguments with their arms. In 1831, Colonel Evans, at a meeting in Westminster, attempted to overawe parliament by declaring that he knew ten thousand men in Sussex who were determined to march upon London if the Reform Bill was rejected. The Reform Bill was carried by the Whigs overawing parliament by processions, intended as demonstrations of numerical strength. The Chartists are Whig pupils and Whig copyists. No doubt there are divisions among Reformers in 1848. The imitators of the Whigs wish to effect parliamentary reform by means of processions, pikes, and barricades; and the Reformers, who have a deeper insight into the philosophy of the formation of opinions, and a truer appreciation of the spirit of Christian progress, by arguments calculated to obtain the assent of the understanding, and by appeals fitted to conciliate the consciences of their countrymen. They believe truth and right to be strong enough to walk alone. But these very diversities of opinion respecting a mode of advancing a common cause, are only different kinds of proof of the strength of the convictions in favour of the cause itself.

The debate of the 20th of June, was remarkable as a display of the badness of the ground chosen by the Reformers, for their first conflict, and for the avowal by Lord Russell of the abandonment of the professions of his whole life. He defended the small boroughs, by declaring his approval of the arguments of the late Mr. Praed, that they were useful for the admission into parliament of men of great talent, who were neither men of agricultural nor of commercial influence, and therefore without a chance either in counties or in large boroughs. This was just the old

Tory argument for the rotten boroughs,—they gave seats to the gifted nominees of the aristocracy, the Pitts, Burkes, Broughams, and Macaulays. He said the people could correct whatever was amiss in the House of Commons by electing other members. This was just the argument of the Tories—a House of Commons which will reform itself, will do anything else, and everything else the people may require of it for their good. But the least obvious revelation of his apostacy, yet the most profound and painful, was the declaration by Lord John Russell, of the despotic principles of M. Guizot. The people are entitled to the best government and the best representation. This is just the doctrine which commended M. Guizot to Louis Philippe, and caused the inscription of the name of Francis Peter William Guizot in the red morocco book, lettered *Hommes à moi*—‘my men.’ The meaning of the old Whig toast,—the sovereignty of the people,—was that the people were entitled to whatever government they chose, and any representation they liked, the worst government if it was government by themselves, and the worst representation if it was representation of themselves. A government separated from the people and proving itself to be the best, and a representation not of the people calling itself the best, are just smooth names for tyranny. It is in an evil hour for the Whigs that Lord John Russell has abandoned the school of Fox, for the school of Guizot.

For sixteen years the small boroughs have introduced none but aristocratic nominees to parliament. Mr. D’Israeli, whose first appearance in political life was as a radical candidate for Marylebone, has, indeed, obtained a seat for Maidstone and for Shrewsbury, (the former, through the influence, it is said, of Lord Lyndhurst,—the latter, by the nomination of an old lady) but with the exception of this apostate genius, the rotten boroughs have not sent a single man of note to the House of Commons. The true description of a nomination borough, at best, is, that it is a debauched constituency, kept up by the oligarchy to debase talent. They are country establishments, kept up to supply the London panders. As for the House of Commons reforming itself,—if Mr. Hume meant that the people have the power in their own hands, in the ordinary and regular use of their votes, to make the House do it,—he might as well have said that the present House is a true representation of the people, for his statement means that the badness of the House is the image of the indifference and vileness of the electors. Terror made the House of Commons reform itself in 1831, or rather, to express the fact more accurately, the fear of Revolution and civil war, wrung an appearance, or make-believe of reform from the oligarchy, and secured the enfranchisement of

a few large towns, and the disfranchisement of a few small ones. But the motive power of the legislature ought to be conviction and not fear. It is as true to say the Reform Bill was carried by popular riots, as to say it was carried by Lord John Russell. Household suffrage has neither the power of conviction nor of terror to back it, and it is, therefore, the weakest and least possible of electoral projects. And thus it appeared on the 20th of June, in the debate. Mr. Hume, with his signature attached to the People's Charter, held a brief for household suffrage, and made a speech in favour of universal suffrage, in accordance with his own convictions. Mr. W. J. Fox, throwing houses, door-keys, and rating-books, to the winds, demanded the suffrage for all men, on the ground of the great advancement of education among the people. Lord John Russell and Mr. D'Israeli cleverly availed themselves of the weak points of the Reformers, and, so far as the mere debate was concerned, had the best of it.

But it is still in the power of the reformers to turn the tables. Let them confine themselves to an exposure of the representative system. Their strength is in attack. The weapons are prepared to their hands. In the preliminary address of the People's League, we find the following brief description:—'Only one man in six is an elector. Of the electoral body a sixth part return a majority of the members of the House of Commons; and this all-powerful sixth of the electoral body, instead of being the best, wisest, and most intelligent of the electors, or of the population, are to a large extent the mere voting instruments of the oligarchy.' The Reform Act distributes the electoral power and legislative influence in largest proportions to the worst electors. One elector of Tavistock is equal to forty of Glasgow, fifty of Westminster, fifty-two of Marylebone, and sixty of the Tower Hamlets. Eighty-five thousand four hundred freeholders of Lancashire, Middlesex, and West Yorkshire, are equal in the vote lists with three thousand seven hundred servile tenants and fictitious voters of the counties of Bute, Caithness, Elgin, Linlithgow, Nairn, Orkney, Selkirk, and Sutherland. These powerful fictitious voters are enfranchised by a readiness to swear that they possess property which they have not. Of the English boroughs there are only twenty-four returning forty-four members, large enough to be supposed to be superior to the influences of nomination and corruption, with constituencies above one thousand, and without freemen, pot-wallopers, or scot and lot voters, and free from government influence. Out of three hundred and twenty-one burghs returned, forty-four only represent towns in circumstances favourable to purity of election, leaving two hundred and seventy-

seven to the towns of the freemen, potwallopers, scot and lot voters, and boroughmongers. When fears are expressed for the country if ruled by the enfranchisement of all its intelligence, the marvel is noteworthy of an empire submitting from this fear to be ruled by a body chosen by a small minority of its most servile and venal citizens.

These are not times for half measures. Unless great reforms are powerfully demanded by peaceful reformers, the threats of the men of violence in England, Ireland, and Scotland, may be fulfilled during the ensuing autumn. Progress there will be,—effected either by words or by blood. The existing state of society is self-doomed. It is not doubtful what the nature of the change will be—it will be from oligarchical to popular government. The only thing doubtful is the mode of doing it; by the rude methods of barbarous times, or by the onslaughts of reason and the conquests of benevolence.

Brief Notices.

The Doctor, etc. By the late Robert Southey. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. Complete in One Volume. London: Longman and Co.

THERE are few volumes which will find a more hearty reception than this; and differing, as we do, from many of the opinions it expresses, we yet regard with satisfaction its appearance in such a form. It is a good sign of the times, that there is a demand for such an edition, as the contents of the work are far from being light and flimsy. They display extensive and varied reading, scholarship of the best and most available order, a taste rarely at fault, in points of criticism and style, a faculty of observation unusually keen, a most retentive memory, and, apart from the acerbity of controversy, a kind and generous heart. Of Dr. Southey's prose style it is needless to speak, as, by universal consent, it combines many of the best qualities of our language. *The Doctor* was published anonymously, and various opinions respecting its authorship were for a time entertained. 'It is now,' as his editor and son-in-law remarks, 'well-known, that the lamented Southey played with its pages as he did with his kittens,—as a relaxation from his bread-earning and every-day pursuits. It is not too much to say, that no one but Southey could have written it.' For wit, literature, and multifarious information; the mingling up of the light and the grave, the eccentricities of an individual, and the common sympathies of our race, we know few companions more desirable than *The Doctor*. We often dissent from his judgments, we sometimes turn away indignant at the class prejudices, the uncharitableness, and the intolerance which are expressed, but we, nevertheless, recur to its pages again and again, and find them, notwithstanding all, a fountain of

fresh and delicious water. The present edition contains the whole work in one volume, 'the getting-up' of which, it is needless to say, is in the best possible style. The page is open, the type clear, and not too small, and the sketches of the author and of his study, constitute a very acceptable addition to the volume. We thank both the editor and the publishers for presenting us with the work in so attractive and readable a form.

History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By John Francis. Two Vols. Third Edition. London: Willoughby and Co.

A SECOND edition of this work was called for within seven weeks after its publication, and a third is now before us. The author, therefore, if so disposed, may well smile at us critics. He has evidently the public with him, and the assurance of its favor may steel him against any assaults from our quarter. But, in truth, he has little to fear. His book is a good book, one that ought to have been written, and which will amply repay its readers. Moreover, it consists in happy proportions of the agreeable and the instructive. The light and the grave are mingled together; the vivacity of anecdote enlivens the history of finance, while economical science wears a more than commonly-attractive countenance, by being associated with the incidents and traditions of the monetary world. Mr. Francis merits the success he has obtained. His work is not a complete one. It does not profess to be so. But he has opened up the subject, and those who come after him will be stimulated by his example, and will gladly avail themselves of his materials. The following extract from the preface to his first edition, will attest the value, and explain the success of the work:—'The life of William Paterson, the founder of the corporation, one of those men who live before their time, embracing the history of the remarkable Darien expedition—the Mississippi scheme, with its lights and shades, an evidence of the evils arising from the circulation being in the hands of government—the South-Sea Bubble, that memorable example of the panics which, from time to time, have seized this great commercial country—the Mine Adventurers' Company, pronounced a deception by the House of Commons, but the origin of the most important charter hitherto granted the Corporation—the Sacheverell and Gordon riots, with the attack upon the building—the perplexity of the directors in 1745, and their extraordinary expedient to meet the evil—the various runs upon the Bank, with the causes which produced them—the curious forgeries of Price, which for a time startled the whole community—the suspension of cash payments, with a historical view of its causes—the organized deception on the Stock Exchange, almost unrivalled in the history of fraud—the forgeries of Fauntleroy, when the most trifling incident which related to the crime or the man was devoured with avidity, and vast crowds assembled near Carlton-House, anxious to gain, on the day of the Recorder's report to the sovereign, the earliest intelligence of the banker's doom—with the

more recent cases of the Continental Conspiracy, and the Will-Forgeries, form part only of the contents of these volumes.'

The Seasons of James Thomson. Edited, with Notes Philosophical, Classical, Historical, and Biographical, by Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D. F.L.S. London: Longman and Co.

THE great attribute of Thomson was a minute observation of natural phenomena and much skill in their exhibition. The imagination is aroused by the beauty of his delineations, while the judgment is informed by his general correctness. Such a poet will long retain his hold on public favour, and every discreet attempt to correct his errors, and to illustrate his allusions is worthy of commendation. Such is the province of Dr. Thomson in the edition before us. His title-page sufficiently explains what he has aimed at, and the following sentence shows the spirit in which his work has been done. 'In my attempts to elucidate the scientific parts of the poems, I have endeavoured to convey my explanations in simple and intelligible language, so that the information contained in the notes may prove not only acceptable, but useful, to many who would never think of acquiring it from any other source.' The present edition is reprinted from that of Bolton Corney, Esq., who followed the edition of 1746, containing the final revision of the author. No pictorial illustrations are given, 'the object being to produce a volume of such a moderate price that it can be introduced into schools, and become available to a class of readers who cannot afford to purchase illustrated expensive works.' Dr. Thomson's edition is entitled to supersede all others of its class, and as such we strongly recommend it to the preference of our readers. It is a neat, tasteful volume, and embodies a large amount of valuable illustrative matter.

Life and Times of the Rev. Philip Henry, M.A.

Daily Communion with God; Christianity no Sect; The Sabbath; The Promises of God; The Worth of the Soul; a Church in the House.

By Matthew Henry. With a Life, by the Rev. James Hamilton. London: Thomas Nelson.

THESE volumes belong to *Nelson's Puritan Divines*, and will be read with considerable pleasure by all who are interested in the writings and biography of our Nonconformist fathers. The series of which they form part is worthy of extensive and cordial patronage, and we trust the enterprising publisher will find the support he so richly merits. He has conferred no trifling boon on the religious community by his well-directed labors, and it would be a lasting reproach if he failed to meet with adequate support. We cordially recommend the whole series to our readers.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel. London: Pickering. 1848.

WE have much pleasure in directing attention to this volume, of

which we would gladly present a somewhat minute analysis. We must, however, content ourselves with merely indicating Cousin's position on the question of which it treats. Reducing, as is well known, all absolute ideas to two categories, Cause and Substance, he considers the latter as known to us under the triple form of the True, the Beautiful, the Good. The Beautiful is, therefore, *absolute, is one, is spiritual*. From this there follow views of art and its mission, more dignified than those commonly held. The volume is a valuable one. It exhibits some of the best characteristics of Cousin, of whom Sir W. Hamilton's opinion is fast gaining ground; 'Take him all in all, in France he stands alone.' We recommend it to all students of philosophy, especially to the increasing class who feel the analyses of Beauty, usually current in England, to be unsatisfactory and superficial. We congratulate the translator, a student of Cheshunt, on his selection of these lectures, as his first attempt to introduce Cousin more generally to notice, and we hope that success will induce a continuance of his labors.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR AUGUST, 1848.

- ART. I.—1. *Report of the New York Committee for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.* 1847.
2. *Returns on the Subject of Capital Punishment recently laid before the British Parliament by order of the House of Commons.*
3. *Capital Punishment.* By Frederic Rowton, Secretary to the London Society for the Abolition of the Punishment of Death. 'Howitt's Journal,' Vol. I. & II. 1847.
4. *Death by the Law.* 'The Topic.' 1846.
5. *The Magazine of Information on Capital Punishment.* Glasgow. 1845—6.

THE remarks which we made on capital punishments in our April number, were directed entirely to the moral and religious bearings of the matter. It was our aim to show that the question of civil crime and penalty is purely one of expediency:—that, subject only to the moral duty of man towards man, the institution of the gallows must be tried solely by considerations of human policy. We argued that the test of eternal morality is beyond man's power to apply; and that, for the same reason, theology must be excluded from the civil judgment-seat. The Supreme Being, we maintained, will punish crime *as* crime; and the province of the civil governor is, simply to treat the malefactor with reference to the welfare of the state. This conclusion established, it will follow that any argument respecting the essential turpitude of a given offence, or any application of

theological doctrine to the subject, will be extraneous to the point at issue, and must be altogether dismissed from the discussion. Morality is a balance held by the Almighty hand; and man has neither strength nor authority to determine by it. Religion is a matter between man and his Maker, and can never become a rule of judgment between man and man.

Our theory—that expediency should be the sole rule of human punishment—is not a new one. Seneca affirmed it when he said, ‘The wise man punishes, not because an offence has been committed, but that offences may cease.’ Paley tells us that, ‘the proper end of punishment is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crime.’ Blackstone and Bentham urge the same doctrine, in nearly similar terms. We, ourselves, have heard the present Secretary of State for the Home Department publicly contend for the same conclusion. And the Criminal Law Commissioners, in their Eighth Report, dated 1846, make the following remarkable admission:—‘We apprehend that the right, even of the legislature, to inflict capital punishment, rests on grounds of *strict and cogent necessity*: and that to go beyond that limit involves a transgression in *foro cœli*, which is criminal in the legislator himself.’ Now these observations can have but one meaning, namely, that if a state is as secure without the infliction of death, as with it, the penalty is altogether unjustifiable.

We are perfectly free, then, to try the question of capital punishment by the simple and easy test of its political necessity; and that test we now proceed to apply.

We start by remarking that the political necessity of death punishment has never yet been *proved*: it has always been taken for granted. We mean, that it has never hitherto been shown, that a smaller penalty than the gallows would not answer equally well in repressing the crime of murder; that, in a word, the ruler has been driven to adopt capital punishments, because secondary inflictions have failed to attain the object in view.

Now, we submit that the supporters of the gallows are positively bound to demonstrate this necessity, before they can claim our concurrence in their views. Unless they can show that there is an absolute need for the extermination of murderers, that no penalty short of extermination will as effectually repress the crime of murder, we are fairly entitled to deny the existence of a ‘necessity’ at all, to refuse the ruler the awful prerogative he claims, and further, to charge the civil governor with the wilful cruelty of adopting a punishment which the safety of the state has not been proved to require.

It is important to establish thus early in the argument, the

undeniable and almost self-evident doctrine, that the exercise of punitive power should always be kept at its minimum. With Jeremy Bentham we hold that *economy* is an essential ingredient in punishment. We believe, not only that the ruler has no right to employ more punishment than will effect his purpose, but that it is in the highest degree impolitic and unwise for him to do so. 'Punishment,' says one of the writers under review, 'is always an evil, it is the infliction of evil; and, therefore, the less it is inflicted, consistently with the safety of society, the better.' Beyond the preventing point, all punishment has a hardening and depraving tendency: for then it is felt to be, not reformatory chastisement, but revengeful infliction; and at arbitrary punishment, the mind of man instinctively revolts. Here, again, Bentham strongly confirms our views. 'All inflicted evil,' he writes, 'which does not dispose the delinquent (and by his example, other men,) to obey the laws, is not punishment, but *an act of hostility*.' Severity of punishment is like excess of medicine; it only aggravates the distemper. It is the unskilful quack, not the wise physician, that commences by employing the most powerful drugs; and it is the ignorant ruler, not the thoughtful statesman, that inflicts at first the highest penalty in his power. 'Death,' remarks one of the writers before us, 'is the *extreme* of punishment; but is it wise to carry *anything* to extremes?' There is great force in that simple inquiry.

It being agreed on all sides, then, that the infliction of death 'can only be justified on grounds of strict and cogent necessity,' we now naturally come to ask for evidence that this necessity exists. We require proof, and proof of the most positive and unquestionable kind, that the minimum of punishment has been tried in respect of murder, and that it has been, step by step, advanced to the maximum, because only the maximum has been found capable of repressing the crime. But we ask in vain. To the shame of our country be it said, that we have tried no means whatever but the most extreme, and yet have the temerity to assert, that capital punishment is 'necessary' to prevent the commission of the offence! The writer in the 'Magazine of Capital Punishment,' may well, therefore, ask 'How do our legislators *know* that transportation, or perpetual imprisonment, or condemnation to labour for life in the galleys, or some other species of punishment, would not be equally, or even more, effectual than the gallows in preventing murder?' They, at least, are bound to make the experiment, before they hazard the assertion. And until they do so, we charge them with wilful and deliberate cruelty, in pleading a necessity which they have never proved;

we charge them with barbarously perilling immortal souls, for the purpose of carrying out a blind belief which they have accepted, without inquiry, from the unclean hands of Tradition; and with a daring usurpation of the Creator's sole prerogative, assumed without authority, and exercised without compassion.

It is astonishing that, with the history of the world before us, we should not always regard this word 'necessary' with suspicion. When we come to reflect upon the enormities which man has committed under the plea of necessity, we may well shudder:—

'When we think,' says a writer in 'Howitt's Journal,' 'of the iniquities and follies which have been perpetrated in various ages, under a mistaken idea of their necessity, we must surely pause before we admit the plea. It was thought necessary, in Queen Elizabeth's time, to hang those who converted protestants to popery. In the seventeenth century, it was thought necessary to inflict death on persons found guilty of witchcraft; and between the years 1600 and 1700, nearly sixty thousand individuals were executed for this offence! It was thought necessary, in Henry the Eighth's time, to put all robbers to death; and seventy-two thousand thieves were hanged in that honest monarch's reign; the crime steadily increasing all the while! In the jubilee reign of George the Third, it was thought necessary to hang for no fewer than two hundred different offences, among which were sheep-stealing, consorting with Gipsies, sacrilege, forgery, coining, horse-stealing, breaking down the head of a fishpond, enlisting an English subject in a foreign army, horse-poisoning, letter-stealing, forging the government certificate for wearing hair-powder, returning from transportation, and other crimes, even less heinous: for all of which the capital penalty has since been deemed unnecessary. Whilst the unlucky records of these facts exist, men must mind how they plead 'necessity.' The awful and ridiculous mistakes which have been made, under the delusion that the perpetration of them was necessary, will ever be a fatal bar to the success of the plea. Necessity is, indeed, no word for man to use at all. He is the subject of necessity, not its arbiter.'

But we mean to go far beyond this. We are not disposed to be satisfied with negative conclusions. We would not only nonsuit our opponents, on the ground of an unsubstantiated plea, but we challenge them to produce the best evidence they can, and will convict them even upon *that*. We are prepared to show, that not only is there no proof of the efficacy of death-punishments, but that there is positive proof of their inefficacy. We are ready to demonstrate—and we are willing to rest our case on this assertion—that where capital punishment has most prevailed, the crimes for which it has been enforced have most abounded; that where capital punishment has

least prevailed, capital crime has been rarest; and that, just as capital punishments have been discontinued, sanguinary vices have ceased. This statement we now mean to prove; and we beg the serious attention of our readers while we do so. We shall select our illustrations from many ages and countries; simply premising that the *Jewish* code must be omitted from the argument, inasmuch as it was a special and peculiar system, *intended* to be an exception to the general legislation of the world.

We refer, then, first to ancient times. 'In Egypt, under Sabaco, for a period of fifty years, as we are informed by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, no capital punishments were inflicted, those penalties being changed, with much success, into stated kinds of labour; which examples Grotius recommends to other nations.'* 'Throughout all the better age of the Roman Republic, for a period of two centuries and a half, the infliction of death upon a Roman citizen, for any cause whatever, was expressly forbidden by the famous Porcian law, a democratic enactment passed in the 454th year of Rome, by the Tribune Porcius Lecca. So high was the valuation set upon the life of a citizen, by the Roman policy, that to put him to death was esteemed almost a parricide. With respect to the operation of the Porcian law, Montesquieu says:—'The penal laws of the kings, and those of the Twelve Tables, were nearly abolished during the Republic: and the Republic *was not the worse regulated*.' And Blackstone says:—'In this period *the Republic flourished*: under the emperors severe punishments were revived, and *then the empire fell*!'† Amongst the ancient writers who advocate the total abolition of the penalty of death, are Juvenal, Horace, Livy, Cassius the Tribune, Caius Cæsar, Cyrus, Scipio, Tacitus, and many others. Seneca, speaking of the infliction of death for murder, tells us that 'the worst kinds of murder began with the laws thus made against them, when the punishment bore resemblance to the crime.' (De Clementiâ, I. l. c. xxiii.) And Cicero, in his oration for C. Rabirio, finely says:—'Away with the executioner, with the capital execution, with the very name of things like these! Let them not only not be inflicted on the bodies of our Roman citizens, but not even on their thoughts, their sight, their hearing. For of all such things, not only the acting or enduring, but the institution, the contemplation, nay the mention itself, is unworthy of a Roman citizen, and a free man.' Gibbon, in his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' (vol. ix. pp. 86, 87.) speaking of the clemency of the Emperor John of Rome, who remitted several

*Report of New York Committee on Capital Punishments, p. 39. 1847.

† O'Sullivan's Report to the Legislature of New York, 1842.

capital punishments after sentence, says:—‘*After this example of clemency, the remainder of the reign was never disturbed by conspiracy or rebellion; feared by his nobles, beloved by his people, John was never reduced to the painful necessity of punishing, or even of pardoning, his personal enemies. During his government of twenty-five years, the penalty of death was abolished in the Roman empire.*’

But let us descend to more recent times. In the reign of Alfred the Great over England, capital punishments were rarer than they have ever since been in Britain, even up to the moment in which we write: and so free was the land at that period from crime, that the historian tells us, ‘a child might walk with a bag of money in its hand through any part of the kingdom, without fear of being molested.’ Contrast this with the state of things under Henry the Eighth, after capital punishment had been gradually annexed to almost every kind and degree of crime. In the reign of this infamous monarch, seventy-two thousand thieves fell by the hand of the executioner; two thousand per annum—forty in every week! and we have overwhelming contemporaneous evidence to the fact, that crime advanced, in spite of these inflictions, in the most frightfully rapid manner. Not to mention other witnesses, let us take Sir Thomas More. In his ‘Dialogue between Himself and a Lawyer,’ he laments that, ‘while so many thieves were daily hanged, so many thieves still remained in the country, who were robbing in all places.’ What stronger testimony can there be than this, to the utter inutility, to the absolute mischievousness, of the gibbet? But let us proceed.

The Empress Elizabeth of Russia, on ascending the throne, pledged herself never to inflict the punishment of death; and throughout her reign—twenty years—she kept her noble pledge. And so satisfactory was found its operation, that her successor, the great Catharine, adopted it in her celebrated code of laws, with the exception of very rare offences against the state. ‘Experience demonstrates,’ is the language of her Grand Instructions for framing a new code of laws for the Russian empire (article 210), ‘that the frequent repetition of capital punishments has never yet made men better. If, therefore, I can show that, in the ordinary state of society, the death of a citizen is neither necessary nor useful, I shall have pleaded the cause of humanity with success.’ In connexion with this statement, it is satisfactory to add, that the Count de Ségur, on his return from his embassy to St. Petersburg, in a letter published in the ‘Moniteur,’ in June, 1791, declared that ‘Russia, under the operation of this law, was one of the countries in which the least number of murders was committed.’

Howard, in his work on Prisons, mentions the following facts. In Leenwarden, in 1783, there had been no execution for fourteen years, and there were but a few persons confined, and those only for petty offences. At Utrecht, when he visited it, there had been no execution for twenty years; and there was in the prison but one criminal, and his offence not capital. In Brunswick, with no execution for fourteen years, the prison for capital offenders had scarcely been used during the whole time. In Denmark, he found that imprisonment for life, with annual whipping, which had been substituted for capital punishment, *'was dreaded more than death, and since it was adopted, had greatly diminished the frequency of murder.'*

And now let us record the result of a more direct and lengthened experiment. In 1765, the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, by the advice of the enlightened and far-seeing Marquis Beccaria, recognising the great and solemn truth, that *'even delinquents are children of the state, whose amendment ought never to be abandoned in despair,' abolished altogether the punishment of death in his dominions.* Here, then, the question was brought to a positive issue. Death was abolished, even for murder; and what was the result? Let the Grand Duke himself, after trying the experiment for twenty years, reply. *'With the utmost satisfaction to our paternal feelings, we have at length perceived, that the mitigation of punishment, joined to the most scrupulous attention to prevent crimes, and also a great despatch in the trials, together with a certainty of punishment to real delinquents, has, instead of increasing the number of crimes, diminished that of smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature VERY RARE.'* The fact was, that, during the twenty years of the experiment, only *five* murders had been perpetrated in Tuscany; while in Rome, where death was inflicted with great pomp and solemnity, no fewer than *sixty murders were perpetrated in a space of three months.*

To the disgrace of the world it has to be stated, that Napoleon, feeling—to use his own words—*'that he must not let Tuscany be happy and tranquil, because if he did, all travellers from France would envy it,'* caused this humane and beneficial enactment to be repealed, and the old law of the gibbet to be restored. Crime soon increased with extraordinary rapidity; and only when judicial homicide began to be discontinued, did murders grow rare again. M. Berlinghieri, the late Tuscan minister at Paris, writes, in reply to M. Lucas, inspector of French prisons, *'I know that all crimes became less frequent when the pain of death was abolished; I know that many executions took place during the French occupation of Tuscany, and that then crime*

increased; and I know, that since then, while executions have become rarer, crimes have diminished both in number and turpitude; though they are more frequent and more atrocious than when there was no pain of death at all.*

Holland offers similar testimony. 'In the year 1802,' said Mr. Marryat, in the House of Commons, April 12th, 1812, 'I was in Amsterdam, and I then had the happiness to learn, that during many preceding years, the punishment of death had been but twice inflicted. Imprisonment and hard labour are there substituted for capital punishment; *and the most beneficial consequences have resulted from this alteration.*'

A further very striking proof of the advantages attending the discontinuance of capital punishment, is to be found in the result of the experiment made by Sir James Mackintosh, at Bombay. During that enlightened man's recordership, the punishment of death was never once inflicted by the court over which he presided; and the following extract from his parting charge to the grand jury (July 20, 1811), shows the remarkable success which attended this humane administration:—

'Since my arrival here, in May, 1804, the punishment of death has not been inflicted by this court. Now the population subject to our jurisdiction, either locally or personally, cannot be less than 200,000 persons. Whether any evil consequence has yet arisen from so unusual (and in the British dominions, unexampled) a circumstance, as the disuse of capital punishment, for so long a period as seven years, or among a population so considerable, is a question which you are entitled to ask, and to which I have the means of affording you a satisfactory answer.

'From May, 1756, to May, 1763, (seven years) the capital convictions amounted to 141, and the executions were 47. The annual average of persons who suffered death was about 7, and the annual average of capital crimes ascertained to have been perpetrated, was nearly 20.

'From May, 1804, to May, 1811, there have been 109 capital convictions. The annual average, therefore, of capital crimes legally proved to have been perpetrated during that period, is between 15 and 16. During this period there has been no capital execution.

'But as the population of this island has more than *doubled*, during the last 50 years, the annual average ought to have been 40, in order to show the same proportion of criminality with that of the first seven years. * * * If this circumstance be considered, it will appear that the capital crimes committed during the last 7 years, *with no capital executions*, have, in proportion to the population, been not much more than *a third* of those committed in the first 7 years, notwithstanding the infliction of death on 47 persons.

'The intermediate periods lead to the same results. The number of capital crimes in any of these periods does not appear to be diminished,

either by the capital executions of the same period, or of that immediately preceding.

'This small experiment has, therefore, been made without any diminution of the security of the lives and property of men. Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without a capital punishment, and without any increase of crimes. If any experience has been acquired, it has been safely and innocently gained.'

In addition to this strong evidence, we have other testimony from the East. Sir Charles Metcalfe, when resident at Delhi, wrote, that in that district 'they never punished with death,' and that 'it was in no degree necessary.'

Even in the South-Sea Islands, the inefficacy of death punishment has been discovered. In Messrs. Bennett and Tyerman's Journal of their residence in that locality, we find that the natives reject the penalty of death, as unreasonable and wicked; and that murder is a crime almost unknown there. Captain Ross, in his 'Voyages to the North Pole,' tells a similar tale.

To return, however, to Europe. We derive most conclusive proof that capital punishments are unnecessary for the repression of crime, from the example of Belgium. In Belgium, during the nineteen years ending with 1814, there were 533 executions; and the number of murders in that period was 399, or twenty-one per annum. During the fifteen years ending 1829, the executions were only 71, and the murders were diminished to 114, or not quite eight per annum. And in the five years ending 1834, there were *no executions whatever*, and the murders had decreased to twenty, or *only four per annum*! The following table will perhaps exhibit the result more satisfactorily:—

BELGIUM.	Periods.	Executions for all crimes.	Number of Murders.
In the 5 years ending	1804..	235	150
" 5 "	1809..	88	82
" 5 "	1814..	71	64
" 5 "	1819..	26	42
" 5 "	1824..	23	38
" 5 "	1829..	22	34
" 5 "	1834..	<i>none</i>	20

Nothing can well speak plainer than these facts, one would say; yet, strange to tell, there were persons in Belgium, calling themselves statesmen, who asserted in 1835, that 'great crimes

were on the increase, and needed the example of the gallows to restrain them.' By the influence of these sagacious legislators, the pain of death, which had been discontinued with such positive advantage, was restored! In 1835, executions took place again; and the result is, the everlasting condemnation of gibbet-homicide. The convictions for murder, which, as we have seen, had in the five years ending 1834, been *twenty*, or four per annum, rose in the next five years, when four persons were killed by the executioner, to *thirty-one*, or, in other words, increased *fifty-five per cent.* Were we not literally right, when we said that capital punishments invariably increase crime, and that their abolition represses it?

France confirms our conclusions. In the five years ending 1829, the number of persons committed for murder was 1182, and 352 persons were executed for the crime. In the next five years, there were but 131 executions, and the number of murders was reduced to 1172. It is notorious, that the power of saving the lives of murderers in France, by finding them 'GUILTY—but with extenuating circumstances,' has worked extremely well, and has been attended by a great diminution of crime; while, on the other hand, we all know full well that Fieschis, and Alibauds, and Lecomtes have sprung up as fast as the guillotine has mowed their predecessors down. It is a singular fact, that Barrere, who instigated so many executions during the Revolution of 1790, should in 1831 find himself forced to confess, that 'the world would never be civilized till capital punishment was totally abolished!'

Austrian statistics yield a similar result. A writer in the 'Magazine of Capital Punishment' says:—'I visited lately the great prison at Prague, in which about 800 criminals are confined. The director informed me, that since the accession of the reigning emperor, no one had been executed for murder. I asked, 'Have murderers increased?' He said, 'No, *they have diminished.*'

Prussia gives similar testimony, as will be seen by a glance at the following table:—

In the 5 years ending 1824	54 executions	69 murders.
" 5 " 1829	33 "	50 "
" 5 " 1834	19 "	43 "

Prussia thus shows, that by diminishing the number of executions by two-thirds, the result was not only the saving of the criminals, but a decrease of one-third in the crime, and consequently a much greater security to society.

A word or two concerning America, before we close our extracts from the statistics of foreign countries. In Pennsylvania,

some fifty years ago, capital punishment was abolished for all crimes but murder; and Mr. T. Fowell Buxton, speaking in the House of Commons, 23d May, 1821, said, 'One of the Pennsylvanian judges published a minute detail of the comparative state of crime in America, prior and subsequently to the alteration of the law; and I state upon the authority of this judge, published at a period when any error, if it had existed, must have been discovered, *that crimes, and especially crimes of enormity, had decreased*; but that in a given number of trials, the number of convictions had nearly doubled. He also states a fact, curious enough, as affecting the very question before us. In Pennsylvania, when the punishment for forgery was mitigated, the crime had decreased; in New York, where there had been no mitigation, the crime had gone on increasing.'

Here then we have a mass of most unquestionable evidence, gathered from almost every part of the world, in support of our assertion—that gibbets are in no degree *necessary* in a state, but may be abolished, not only with perfect safety, but with certain and large advantage. Ancient and modern times, barbarous and civilized eras, and countries in every degree of latitude, give testimony alike in support of our conclusion, and prove not merely, in Douglas Jerrold's words, that 'all hanging's a bungle,' but that the INVIOABILITY OF HUMAN LIFE is the safest, as well as the noblest, foundation on which a nation's security can be built.

But we must now turn to the history of our own country. Our opponents take upon themselves to affirm, that let the testimony of other lands be what it may, respecting the efficacy or inefficacy of capital punishments, England's experience is all in favour of retaining the gallows. Judges from the bench, secretaries of state from their places in parliament, and gospel-ministers from their pulpits, express their opinions that the crimes in respect of which the pain of death has recently been remitted, are 'alarmingly on the increase.' We are in a position to disprove the assertion thus made, and to demonstrate most triumphantly that the reverse is the truth. We affirm, and will show, that just as the gallows has been more or less employed among our people, crime has advanced or diminished.

We need not dwell long upon the ages antecedent to our own: but they speak so powerfully on our side, that in justice to our cause, we dare not pass them by.

We have already suggested a comparison between the state of crime under Alfred the Great and under Henry the Eighth. In the first reign, executions were almost unknown: and the quiet and orderly condition of the kingdom at that time has become

a proverb. In Henry the Eighth's time, when the gallows-fever seems to have reached a crisis, and seventy-two thousand culprits of one kind alone (thieves) were destroyed by it, crime of every sort abounded as it never did before or since. Disorder and wickedness overflowed the country at this infamous era, in a perfect torrent : as may be seen by reference to the chronicles of Harrison and Strype; and so inefficacious was this wholesale hanging-system, that the latter writer says :—'The number of felonies committed in one county alone (Somersetshire), was *five times the number of the persons brought to trial for them.*' So that when executions were rarest in England, 'a child might walk with a bag of money in its hands through any part of the kingdom, without fear of being molested;' and when executions were most frequent, the country was so infested with thieves, mountebanks, highwaymen and assassins, that no man's life or property was safe from one moment to another.

Elizabeth's reign gives another attestation to the soundness of our argument. 'Good Queen Bess' hanged eight persons weekly, on an average, and if we turn to Stow's 'Annals' (p. 172.), we find the parliament complaining of the 'daily happening of horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrages;' and stupidly enough, passing more hanging-laws to restrain these enormities. The depraving tendency of the gallows is curiously illustrated in the following preamble of a law passed in this reign :—

'WHEREAS, persons in contempt of God's commands, and in defiance of the law, are found to cut pockets, and pick purses *even at places of public execution*, while execution is being done on criminals, be it therefore enacted—That all such persons shall *suffer death*, without benefit of clergy.'

One could almost fancy this a satire on the punishment of death.

Of the ages immediately preceding our own era, we will say but little. We simply note, first, the atrocious fact, that between the accession of William the Third and the death of the Second George, no fewer than one hundred thousand human victims were slaughtered in Great Britain, by the hand of the executioner; and, secondly, the horrible growth of the legislative thirst for blood in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Concerning this latter fact, we cannot do better than quote Howitt's 'Journal,' (vol. ii. pp. 345, 6.)

'The thirst for the destruction of life, which seems to have slackened for a moment during the latter part of George the Second's sovereignty, revived almost immediately upon George the Third's accession, and became characterised by a ferocity and remorselessness which can only be

likened to the mad eagerness shown by certain wild animals for human blood, after having once become acquainted with the taste of it. It is one of the most disgraceful facts ever recorded in the history of our race, that whilst in the reign of the Plantagenets four offences only were made capital, in the time of the Tudors, twenty-seven, and under the sway of the Stuarts, thirty-six, there were *one hundred and fifty-six* additional offences made punishable by death, during the reigns of the first four sovereigns of the house of Brunswick! Not only were all the obsolete capital laws revived, but new ones were enacted to an extent that is almost incredible. Shoplifting to the amount of five shillings, consorting for a whole year with Gipsies, breaking down the head of a fish-pond, cutting down an ornamental tree in a park-avenue, coining, sheep-stealing, horse-poisoning, forgery, returning from transportation, damaging Westminster, London, or Putney bridges, breaking any tools used in woollen manufactures, stealing apples growing in an orchard, exporting a ram and a ewe together out of England, cattle stealing, stealing in a dwelling house, being found armed and disguised in a park at night, highway robbery, stealing geese from a common, bigamy, letter stealing, sacrilege, stealing linen from a bleaching-ground, cutting and maiming, damaging the rail or chain of a turnpike-gate, rick burning, demolishing buildings in a riot, simple larceny, poaching, cultivating the tobacco-plant in England, smuggling :—these, and a multitude of other offences, more or less enormous, were punished with death by the sanguinary rulers of this murderous period; until at length, there was scarcely a page of our fiendish law-code that was not covered with human blood.

‘That this slaughter-system did not answer is evident, from the fact that the ‘necessity’ for fresh ‘examples’ was so often pleaded. Forgery, for instance, was so common and far-spreading, that *twenty-nine* different descriptions of this crime were made capital in the hope of repressing it; and even a minister of the gospel, Dr. Dodd, committed the offence in defiance of the penalty, and became the ‘example’ which probably he had frequently described.

‘Matters, at length reached such a crisis, that parliament would pass no more hanging-laws, that juries perjured themselves daily, rather than give effect to the atrocious enactments of our statute-book, and that a great majority of our vilest criminals escaped all punishment for their offences. Ten-pound bank-notes were brought in as being of the value of thirty-nine shillings; goods worth a thousand pounds, were declared to be under the value of five pounds; and Lord Suffield produced on one occasion, in the House of Lords, a list of five hundred and fifty-five perjured verdicts, delivered during fifteen years at the Old Bailey, for the single offence of stealing from dwellings. So that it was at last palpable to all, that the system would not do. Consequently, a resolute few, amongst whom Sir William Meredith stands chiefly conspicuous, set to work to oppose the killing-theory altogether, and to try whether mildness would not operate far better than murder, to restrain men from crime.”

Of the difficulty experienced by the reformers of the time re-

ferred to, in procuring a mitigation of this awful and atrocious criminal code, no idea can be formed by any but the survivors of that era. Abuse, misrepresentation, defamation, and ridicule, were employed with a violence which can only be likened to the wild fury of a tiger, on being robbed of its prey. We do not know a more mournful evidence of what a sanguinary monster man may become, than is to be found in the picture of our professedly Christian legislature, as seen in the parliamentary records of the time. But we pass this by. The mitigations have been accomplished, and our business is only with the result. The penalty of death has been, in effect, abolished for every offence but murder, and we have to inquire whether the exchange of the capital for secondary punishment has proved beneficial or injurious?

We will commence our demonstration of the advantages which have attended the mitigation of our criminal code, by citing a table (No. 547.) printed by order of parliament in 1839. It takes two periods of five years each, and relates exclusively to such offences as were capital at the commencement. In the first of these periods, the five years ending 1833, there were executed in England and Wales 259 persons, and the committals for capital offences were 11,982. In the second period, the five years ending 1838, the spirit of mercy prevailed to so considerable an extent, that only 99 persons were put to death, and the committals for capital crimes were only 11,332; 650 *less than in the time of rigour and severity!* Now let it not be said, that this decrease in *capital crime* was merely a portion of the decrease in *crime generally*, throughout the kingdom; for in this second period, as compared with the first, offences not capital *rose* from 85,348 to 99,540. The diminution in capital crime is, therefore, the specific and evident result of the amelioration in our capital laws.

The following return, relating to London and Middlesex only, exhibits the decrease of capital crime on the mitigation of punishment, more strikingly still:—

LONDON and MIDDLESEX.	Executed.	Number of Capital Crimes.	Proportion of Convictions.
Two years, 1828 and 1829	46	679	47 per cent.
Two years, 1834 and 1835	<i>none</i>	545	65 „

The above table proves two points for us; that with fewest executions there is less crime, and also greater certainty of conviction.

But it will probably be said, that there is no evidence to show whether the crimes referred to in the foregoing returns were really, or only nominally, capital; and that, therefore, the conclusion is somewhat vague. Now we are quite ready to admit, that when punishments are capriciously administered, results are not to be depended upon. Under such circumstances, calculation is completely set at nought. Let us then see how the matter stands with reference to crimes which were as practically capital at the period in question, as murder is now. We will take the average of seven crimes, before and since the abolition of death punishments, and trace the effect of mitigation, in regard to them :—

Capital Punishment abolished, 1832, for	Average of 1830-1-2.	Average, 1835-1844	1844.
Cattle Stealing	37	43	44
Horse Stealing	188	162	163
Sheep Stealing	282	338	286
Larceny in Dwelling Houses..	161	187	188
Coining	5	17	9
Forgery	55	117	153
Housebreaking	716	553	546
Total	1,444	1,417	1,389

Here, then, we are able to show, that although one or two of the cited crimes exhibit a slight increase immediately after the abolition of capital punishment in respect to them, on the whole the number of offences is very soon considerably reduced, and after an interval of twelve years from the commencement of the experiment, is less by nearly 8 per cent.

Even this table, however, for which we are indebted to the industry of Dr. Satterthwaite, of Manchester, is not quite so satisfactory as we could wish. The periods are not exactly consecutive. For aught that appears, the year 1833, for instance, may have presented a large increase in capital crime, consequent upon the abolition of the capital penalty. Let us, therefore, construct from the materials before us, a more complete account. We will take seventeen offences for which death was formerly inflicted, and as concerns which, the extreme penalty has been repealed; and we will ascertain, first, how many of these offences were committed during *the last five years of executions for them*; and, secondly, how many of these offences were perpetrated *during the first five years after the substitution of an in-*

ferior punishment. The comparison is obviously as fair a one as could well be instituted. Here is the statement:—

<i>Number of Persons Convicted and Executed for each of the following Offences.</i>				
ENGLAND AND WALES.	During five years ending with the last year of an Execution for it.		During the five years first following the discontinuing of the Capital Penalty.	
	Committed.	Executed.	Committed.	Executed.
Cattle Stealing	144	3	119	—
Sheep Stealing	1,231	11	1,320	—
Horse Stealing	990	37	966	—
Stealing in Dwellings..	834	9	875	—
Forgery	296	17	331	—
Coining	44	8	16	—
Returning from Transp ⁿ	52	1	50	—
Letter Stealing	14	1	27	—
Sacrilege	33	2	33	—
Robbery	1,829	17	1,579	—
Arson	391	42	183	—
Piracy	52	1	4	—
Assaults with intent ..	278	14	319	—
Riot and Felony	215	6	68	—
Unnatural Crimes	105	11	118	—
High Treason	81	8	1	—
Burglary	4,327	46	3,734	—
Total	10,916	234	9,743	—

Thus, with 234 executions for these seventeen crimes, we had 10,916 committals, and with no executions at all, only 9,743 committals! The experiment of preserving the lives of the culprits was not only made with safety, but with great and positive benefit; for 1,173 fewer crimes were committed, notwithstanding a large increase in the population. To talk of the 'necessity' of capital punishments, in the face of these unanswerable facts, is utterly absurd and childish.

Before we pass on to other considerations, we would present the result of the mitigations referred to, in a yet larger total. The death-penalty for coining, horse, sheep, and cattle stealing, forging and uttering, and stealing in dwelling-houses above the value of five pounds, was removed in 1832, and for house-breaking in 1833; and it will be seen by the subjoined tables, that while at this period non-capital crimes were increasing, at the rate of 10 per cent., and capital crimes, at the rate of 82 per

cent., the crimes which were made non-capital as above, actually *diminished* 9 per cent. on the removal of the extreme penalty:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.	Commitments for Offences not Capital.	Commitments for Capital Offences.	Commitments for Offences made not Capital in 1832-3.
Three years, 1827-8-9	46,833	1,705	4,622
Three years, 1830-1-2	51,623	2,236	4,724
Three years, 1833-4-5	51,701	2,247	4,292
	<i>Increase,</i> 10 per cent. in six years.	<i>Increase,</i> 32 per cent. in six years.	<i>DECREASE,</i> 9 per cent. in three years.

We will now go a little into detail. It is often charged against the opponents of the gibbet, that they deal in general statements, and shun minute examination. We will prove the folly of this accusation, by taking, *seriatim*, various crimes which have lately been relieved of the capital penalty. The Rev. Mr. Pyne's book supplies most of our facts.

BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING.—Mitigation commencing 1833.

Three years ending 1829, Executed 38, Committed 2667	
_____ 1832 _____ 18 _____ 2532	
_____ 1835 _____ 2 _____ 2184	
_____ 1838 _____ 1 _____ 2437	

HORSE STEALING.—Mitigation commencing 1830.

Nine years ending 1829, Executed 46, Committed 1626	
_____ 1838 _____ none _____ 1565	

ROBBERY.—Mitigation commencing 1834.

Five years ending 1833, Executed 36, Committed 1949	
_____ 1838 _____ 5 _____ 1634	

COINING.—Mitigation commencing 1832.

Four years ending 1828, Executed 7, Committed 42	
_____ 1835 _____ none _____ 41	

SHEEP STEALING.—Mitigation commencing 1832.

Three years ending 1831, Executed 7, Committed 787	
_____ 1835 _____ none _____ 716	

CAPITAL ASSAULTS ON FEMALES.—Mitigation commencing 1835.

Four years ending 1834, Executed 16, Committed 222	
_____ 1838 _____ 1 _____ 223	

ARSON.—*Mitigation commencing 1837.*

Two years ending 1836, Executed 9, Committed 148
1838 ——— none ——— 86

FORGERY.—*Mitigation commencing 1832.*

Ten years ending 1829, Executed 64, Committed 746
1839 ——— none ——— 731

Another return on the subject of forgery, will exhibit the advantage resulting from the discontinuance of the capital penalty, more satisfactorily. It relates to the forgeries on the Bank of England only:—

In the five years ending 1830, Executed 5, Prosecuted 85 = 17 per ann.
1835 ——— none ——— 34 = 7 ———

HIGHWAY ROBBERY. In respect of this crime, we have not the Parliamentary Returns at hand; but in an address printed by the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishment, we find it stated upon statistical evidence, furnished by authority, that 'there were fewer highway robberies in the seven years ending 1840, with five executions, than in the seven years ending 1833, with fifty-eight executions. The signature of 'WILLIAM ALLEN,' appended to this statement, is a sufficient guarantee of its correctness.

There can be no need, we think, to carry our comparisons further; for surely these will satisfy the most scrupulous objector. The number of the instances which we have selected will show, beyond all question, that these diminutions of crime immediately following the disuse of capital punishment in respect of them, cannot be considered mere coincidences, but must be regarded as effects plainly related to a cause.

But there are some *unscrupulous* objectors whom nothing will satisfy. In spite of clear proofs, like the foregoing, that we are safer without the gallows than with it, there are persons to be found, who still maintain that the brutal exhibitions of the scaffold are 'necessary' to the well-being of society; and our readers will be astounded to see the ingenious tricks to which these individuals resort to bolster up their case. We know nothing more shallow and dishonest, nothing that exhibits more wilful perversity of apprehension, than the attempts which have been made by some of the advocates of capital punishment, to support their views by figures.

We will not allude to these reasoners by name; to do so were only to elevate them into undue importance. We will simply draw attention to the statements which they put forth,—statements which, we regret to say, have found a believer and

an exponent in no less a personage than her Majesty's secretary of state for the home department. Far be it from us to charge that right honourable gentleman with the duplicity and dishonesty of which we accuse others; we believe him to be incapable of wilful mis-statement; but that he is mournfully mistaken and uninformed upon this vitally-important subject, we shall be able to demonstrate only too clearly.

When, in March last, Mr. Ewart (whose able exertions in this cause can never be too highly appreciated,) brought on his motion in the House of Commons, for leave to bring in a Bill to Abolish the Punishment of Death in all cases, Sir George Grey, in a speech which (as we can personally testify) produced a considerable effect upon the decision of the House, opposed the motion. This was to be expected; for the state never parts with any power it can possibly retain. But, that a secretary of state should have so misapprehended and mis-stated the facts connected with the question, we never could have believed. He stated, that, although he had no wish to re-establish capital punishment in cases where it had been abolished, he was compelled to say, that crime had very largely increased in respect of many offences for which a secondary punishment had been substituted. That, for instance, *attempts to murder* had increased from 451, in the five years ending with 1831, to 1,099 in the five years ending with 1846. That *rape* had increased from 252 in the first period, to 547 in the last. That *arson* had increased from 212 in the first period, to 581 in the last. And that *forgery* had advanced from 312 in the first period, to 731 in the last period. It is not wonderful that so off-hand a statement should have misled the House of Commons, and that under its influence, the motion should have been rejected. But let us analyse it, and see what it amounts to.

1. ATTEMPTS TO MURDER. Sir George Grey says, that this crime has largely increased since the penalty of death was abolished for it. So it certainly has. Here is the table:—

In the 5 years ending 1831, there were 451 commitments: the crime then being capital.					
"	5	"	1836	"	668
"	5	"	1841	"	937
"	5	"	1846	"	1099
the pain of death being abolished.					

This is a vast increase. No doubt of it. But does not the reader instantly see that this increase is not due to the abolition, but to the *retention*, of the gallows? For the increase is in—*what*? In attempts to commit *murder*, THE CAPITAL CRIME, the crime to which the penalty of death is attached! In every one of these 'attempts,' the design of the culprit was not to commit the secondary, but the capital, offence; and the

penalty he braved was that of *death*. He never meant to stop short of the awful consummation he contemplated; he meant to *kill*, in spite of the law's threat of killing *him*: the accidental circumstance that his victim survived, made no *real* difference in his crime. What kind of logician must that person be, then, who sees in this increase of attempts to commit the crime to which the penalty of death is attached, a proof that *the abolition* of the death-penalty increases crime!

2. RAPE. In reference to this crime, we cannot do better than quote a passage from a recent letter in the 'Daily News,' written by a gentleman who has been well styled 'the Cobden of the abolition movement,' Mr. Charles Gilpin: and addressed to Mr. E. P. Bouverie, M. P. for Kilmarnock. It contains the very gist of our argument:—

'Sir George Grey,' says Mr. Gilpin, 'next alludes to *rape*. I should be sorry to charge any man with wilfully keeping back part of the truth, on a question of such awful import as the one before us; but Sir George knew, or ought to have known, that so long as the punishment for rape was death, prosecutors would frequently indict only for the minor offence, 'assault with intent;' but when the punishment was changed, the criminals were prosecuted for their real crime; therefore its apparent, without its actual, increase. While calling the attention of the House to the increase of committals during the four periods before referred to, from 252 to 278, 319 and 597, like a discreet advocate, he omits any allusion to the minor offence, for had he adduced the number of commitments for 'assault with intent,' they would have shown so slight an increase, as to lead to a belief that the crime remains nearly stationary. And yet, considering the condition and circumstances of the bands of railway workmen, who of later years have moved from place to place through the country, it would be little cause for surprise if the crime alluded to had increased, from circumstances wholly independent of the punishment provided by law. But there is another most material fact, which Sir George Grey did not bring forward, namely, that while the capital penalty continued, juries did not on the average convict more than 16 or 18 per cent. of those committed. Now, the average ratio of convictions is nearly doubled. Such being the case, it may be inferred, that there is a corresponding inclination in the public mind to aid the law; and in this way an increase of commitments is accounted for.'

3. We come next to ARSON, and we quote again from Mr. Gilpin's able letter:—

'Sir George Grey's third statement had reference to *arson*, for which the commitments, in similar periods, had been as under:—

In 5 years ending with 1831		212
„ 5	„	1836
„ 5	„	1841
„ 5	„	1846
		
		581

'In this instance, Sir George Grey gave a proof that he did not himself believe the inference which he meant his hearers to form. The capital penalty continued till 1837; and yet, in the five previous years, in defiance of the most inexorable enforcement of it, the numbers increased from 212 to 366. In that year it was repealed; and what followed? Why, *a reduction to 183 in the next five years!* But then, it has subsequently again increased: yes, just as it did (while the penalty was blood) in the years 1829 and 1830. The fact is, that this is a sort of epidemic crime; and its perpetration in more recent years, has been greatly facilitated by the sale of lucifer matches, by any vagrant strolling about the country.'

In addition to Mr. Gilpin's statement, we may mention, that the number of commitments in the years when the punishment for this crime was death, affords no fair criterion of the real number of offences perpetrated. 'The law respecting arson,' says the writer in 'Howitt's Journal,' 'had become so inoperative, that in three years, out of 277 committed criminals, only 28 were convicted!' We may also append the following conclusive table:—

In the Six Years ending—

1836 (the last of the Capital Penalty) with 58 Executions, there were 493 Commitments,			
1842	„	no Executions	„ 284 „

4. The Home Secretary tells us, that **FORGERY** has increased since the mitigation of the capital penalty. Once more, let us quote Mr. Gilpin, in reply to this assertion:—

'As to forgery, to which the fourth of Sir George Grey's statements had reference, it is only surprising that any Home Secretary should have attempted to make the House of Commons believe what was implied by his statements, namely, that the commitments had increased in the same four periods, from 312, to 350, 564, and 731. Surely, Sir George Grey cannot be ignorant that, while the crime of forgery was capital—as it was in the first of the periods here cited—it was customary in the Home Office Register, to include under one head *only the capital commitments*; and that, now, it is customary to include under the same head commitments *which were never capital*—offences which constitute a very large proportion of the entire number of forgeries. In case, however, of his pleading such ignorance of the affairs of his own department, I shall here refer him to a return, No. 689, made to the House of Commons in 1847, in which what I have now stated is clearly admitted. What are we to think of the fairness of the Home Secretary, if he made his statement with the knowledge of these facts, or of his fitness for his office, if he knew them not?'

Connected with this crime of forgery, it may be as well to remind the reader, that while the offence was capital, an immense number of criminals escaped prosecution altogether, and

thus the committals in the earliest cycle named, are made to seem so much smaller than in the subsequent cycles. When the subject of death for forgery was before parliament, Mr. John Abel Smith asserted, 'that neither the House, nor the country, were aware of the numerous offences of this kind that were hushed up.' Alderman Harmer stated, also, from his own knowledge, that 'the prosecutions bore no proportion to the cases in which no prosecutions took place,' adding, that 'he could not calculate to within a hundred, how many compromises of this crime he himself had known.' And it is a notorious fact, that the Messrs. Gurney, and other large firms, continually refused to prosecute at all, while the penalty for this crime was death.

5. BURGLARY. Here, again, the Home Secretary is egregiously at fault, as Mr. Gilpin thus shows:—

'Sir George Grey's fifth statement relates to *burglary*, and implies that this crime has greatly increased. We may here again ask, whether Sir George Grey believes himself? As a lawyer, he must know that about the time that capital punishment was changed, the crime was by law defined anew, and made to include offences committed between certain hours of the evening and morning, a much longer portion of the twenty-four hours, and not those alone, as formerly, committed during darkness. Any further remark on his statistics of burglary would be superfluous.'

Thus, then, the case of our opponents is completely scattered to the winds, and their sophistry is left shameful and shivering in its naked and miserable deformity. But we have not done with our antagonists, yet.

Suppose their tale were true; suppose the facts were as they have stated them; suppose crime had increased since the exchange of capital for secondary punishments; what then? Would *that* prove that the increase was *owing to the mitigation*? Not at all. For we can show that crimes increased in an infinitely greater ratio, *while they remained capital*. Sir George Grey affirms an increase of crime, amounting to about *forty per cent. in twenty years*. Why, in George the Third's time, when two hundred offences were punishable with death, crime increased ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PER CENT. IN FOUR YEARS! In 1814, the total commitments were 6,390; in 1818, they were 13,932! Is there anything like this in the history of mitigation? Well may we say, that the gallows is the cause of crime.

Now we will be generous to the supporters of death punishment. We will put their case in its strongest light. We will

admit all that they can possibly claim. We will give them the benefit of the following table; a stronger one than they have ever yet produced;—

Statement of the Number of Commitments for Offences which were Capital in 1838, in each Five Years ending—

	1826.	1831.	1836.	1841.	1846.
Attempts to procure Abortion	—	—	—	17	29
Unnatural Offences	57	69	123	122	292
Rape	215	252	278	319	597
Sacrilege	31	58	73	42	57
Burglary	2,262	1,299	1,060	2,154	2,701
Housebreaking	806	2,966	2,744	2,856	2,860
Robbery	1,232	1,871	1,829	1,579	2,012
Larceny in Dwelling Houses, with fear	—	—	10	15	17
Piracy	27	52	4	8	24
Cattle Stealing	136	171	191	205	220
Horse Stealing	863	946	913	799	747
Sheep Stealing	746	1,239	1,312	1,750	1,543
Larceny in Dwelling Houses	1,242	834	876	897	992
Stealing Post-office Letters	4	17	24	63	85
Arson	142	212	366	183	581
Felonious Riot	62	148	135	17	138
Killing and Maiming Cattle	32	47	159	153	182
Forging and uttering Forged Instruments		72	29	50	25
Forging other Instruments	232	240	321	514	706
Coining	18	45	70	61	85
Felonious Uttering	6	26	5	—	—
Other Offences	44	81	25	29	18
	8,157	10,645	10,547	11,833	13,911

We will admit, then, that by the table which we have above constructed from the parliamentary returns, there is shown a clear increase in crimes recently relieved of the capital penalty, to the amount of 30 per cent. in the first period of five years; a nearly similar number of crimes in the second; a further increase of 10 per cent. in the third period, and a still further increase of 18 per cent. in the last: or a total increase between the first and last periods, of no less than *seventy per cent.* Very well; the crimes for which the penalty of death has been removed, have increased 70 per cent. since the removal.

But now let us look at the crime for which the punishment of

death has been *retained*, namely, murder; including attempts to commit murder, which is practically the same offence, inas-much as in every case the penalty of death is braved by the culprit:—

<i>Statement of the Number of Commitments in each of the Five Years ending</i>					
	1826.	1831.	1836.	1841.	1846.
Murder and Attempts to Murder	661	770	1,023	1,221	1,459

We have here an increase of 16 per cent. in the first period, 32 per cent. more in the second, 20 per cent. more in the third, and 17 per cent. more in the last: or an increase of no less than ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. in the last period, as compared with the first! Here, then, we may triumphantly rest our case. For even granting that the *abolition* of the gallows has been followed by an increase of crime to the amount of 70 per cent., we are able to show on the other hand, that the *retention* of the gallows has caused an increase of 125 per cent.

We think, then, that we may now claim to have proved beyond question, that wherever and whenever capital punishments have been abolished, the crimes in respect of which the change has been made, have, on the whole, as compared with the crimes for which the extreme penalty has been retained, materially decreased:—that in a word, every experiment hitherto made, shows that there is less crime without the gallows than with it. It only remains for us, therefore, to apply our conclusion to the great practical subject of our inquiry—*Can we with equal safety to the community, abolish the punishment of death, as respects the one remaining crime of murder?*

We conceive that we might fairly claim an answer in the affirmative, upon mere parity of reasoning. If, as respects two hundred offences in England, and *all* crimes in other countries, crime decreases on the abolition of the penalty of death, there is surely every reason for supposing that murder would equally diminish, upon the substitution of a secondary, for the capital, punishment. There is nothing in the constitution of human nature, or in the constitution of society, that should make this one crime an exception to the general law. If the fear of death restrain any crime, it restrains *all* crimes; and if it fail to restrain one offence, it must fail to restrain every offence; more especially must it fail to restrain a crime like murder, which is never even conceived until all moral restraint is at an end.

But we build our conclusion on a surer foundation than logic.

We have positive proof to offer, that murder does not need the gallows to restrain it. We are in a condition to show, that murder flourishes most when murderers are destroyed by the hand of the law, and least when murderers are preserved.

We have already demonstrated the soundness of this position, by reference to ancient Egypt under Sabaco, to Rome, to Russia, to England in the early ages, to Tuscany, to India, to America, to France, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and other modern countries; in all of which instances, we have seen that capital punishment increases murder, and its abolition represses it. We have only now then to turn to the records of our own land, in our own time. We shall derive a precisely similar result from our investigation.

To prove the effect of a diminution of executions on the number of murders, we take the following table :—

ENGLAND AND WALES.	Total Executed for all Crimes.	Number of Mur- derers convicted.
In the 7 years ending 1820	649	141
" 7 " 1827	494	113
" 7 " 1834	355	105

We will next show that the fewest executions, in proportion to the number of murders, produces the fewest murders in future years. We select from a great mass of evidence, the following return :—

Periods.	Executed for Murder.	Committed for Murder.
In the 6 years ending 1818	122	444
" 6 " 1824	91	407
" 6 " 1830	75	411
" 6 " 1836	74	413
" 6 " 1842	50	351

‘The government doctrine,’ says the editor of the ‘Magazine of Capital Punishment,’ ‘is—That executions for murder, prevent murder. If that doctrine be true, how is it that the figures do not prove it? How is it that under the benign influence of 122 executions, so many as 444 murders were committed, while under the malign influence of only 50 executions, so few as 351 murders were committed?’

But it may be said, that cycles of five years are too short for a satisfactory experiment. Be it so. We will take, then, cycles

of 16 years; which will be long enough, we should imagine, for the most fastidious.

We will take the thirty-two years ending 1842, (*London and Middlesex*;) and dividing this period into two periods of sixteen years each, we get the following striking result:—In the first 16 years, *all who were convicted of murder*, 84 in number, *were executed*. The rulers of the time proclaimed that no mercy whatever should be shown to the murderer: that if convicted, he should inevitably be hanged. Well, notwithstanding this inexorable rigour, 188 murders were committed during this period. In the second period, clemency began to prevail: and during the sixteen years of the experiment, out of 27 persons convicted, only 17 were hanged; and yet there were but 90 persons committed for murder, during the whole period. With only 62 per cent. of executions, instead of 100 per cent., the crime decreased *more than one half!*

We will take another illustration of our position, from the same Parliamentary Return (No. 618, session 1843). The years 1815, 1817, 1818, and 1829, witnessed the execution of all who were convicted of murder in England and Wales; sixty-six in number; and in the four years immediately following these years, the crime of murder *increased 12 per cent.* In the years 1836, 1838, 1840, and 1842, only thirty-one were executed out of eighty-three condemned; and in the years succeeding these, the crime *diminished 17 per cent.* Thus, when you hang all without mercy, you increase crime; when you save above half, you materially lessen it.

From the same source we gather the following even more striking result. 1. In the years, from 1834 to 1841, (inclusive) in the counties where *all* who were convicted of murder were executed, the number of murders remained in the following years as nearly as possible *the same*. 2. In the counties where commutations of the extreme penalty took place (during the same period), the years following exhibited a *diminution of 35 per cent.* 3. In the counties where a large proportion of the persons committed were acquitted on the ground of insanity, the commitments *decreased in the succeeding years 32 per cent.* And 4. In the counties where there were commitments, and no convictions at all, the commitments in the following years were *fewer by 23 per cent.* ‘Thus,’ says a commentator on these returns, ‘it appears, on the authority of these official tables, that the crime of murder flourishes most under a system of invariable executions; that it prospers more then, than when the mercy of the crown interposes with commutations of sentence; that it prospers more than under acquittals on the ground of insanity; and lastly, that it even thrives better than

under a total failure of justice, through the acquittal of all who stand charged with the crime.'

To the foregoing statements we add but one more fact, and it clenches and confirms every argument we have used on the subject. In the three consecutive years—1834, 1835, and 1836, *no executions whatever took place in England and Wales*, and these were *the only years in which no conviction for murder took place in this country*. For this fact we are indebted to the Parliamentary Return, No. 21, printed in 1846.

May we not now safely say, in the words of one of the writers before us, 'The times are rapidly approaching, when the gallows will be viewed in its true character, as a gross political blunder: and this is the charge on which the punishment of death must stand convicted at the bar of reason—that it is in itself a cause of the commission of murder; that it increases the exposure of every innocent man in the country to the arm of the assassin; that it defeats the end it was intended to advance, and promotes the very crime it is inflicted to repress!'

But we must hasten to conclude. We have treated at such length the *facts* connected with our question, that we have left ourselves no room to consider its *philosophy*. For full and convincing expositions of this branch of the subject, however, we may direct the reader to the various works named at the head of our two articles, especially to the productions of Lord Nugent, Mr. Dickens, the Rev. Mr. Christmas, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Rowton. We will content ourselves, therefore, with one or two brief observations on the general question, and then bring these remarks to an end.

We have charged the gallows with increasing the crimes it seeks to repress; and we have proved our point, by showing that crime advances or diminishes just as the penalty of death is more or less employed; and that when it is not employed at all, crime falls to its minimum. If we are asked to account for these facts, we reply that we find a full explanation of them in the nature of the punishment itself. By invading life, it teaches disregard for life; by furnishing an example of brutal violence, it calls forth the violent passions of the people; by preaching the doctrine of 'life for life,' it inculcates the unchristian principles of retaliation and revenge. The public infliction of death further demoralizes the community, by collecting to its murderous exhibitions crowds of the most vile and mischievous members of the state; who find a horrid pleasure in the spectacle, and go from it to scenes of drunkenness, riot, and debauchery, to plot new wickedness of every kind. Capital penalties deprave the moral sense, also, by asserting in effect the dangerous and frightful doctrine, that mercy may be dispensed

with as an element of human punishment. There are other grounds, and very important ones, for affirming that the pain of death is inexpedient. It often destroys the innocent, a charge to which no other punishment is liable; it corrupts the source of justice—the judgment-seat, the jury-box, the public—by leaving the decision upon a murderer's guilt to the issue of a doubtful struggle, between the feelings of humanity and the sense of public duty; and by its necessarily uncertain operation, it excites in the breast of criminals those hopes of impunity which it should be the great object of all governments to preclude. Beyond all this, we regard the gallows as founded on a fallacy. It is based upon man's *supposed* fear of death; a fear which, however universal in the abstract, is utterly unrealizable by the mind; a fear which has obviously been despised by every criminal who has been hanged; a fear of which men think so lightly, that they will encounter it for honour, for glory, for sport, nay, even for hire; a fear concerning which Lord Bacon most truly says:—‘There is no passion in the mind of man *so weak*, but it mates and masters the fear of death.’

What more need we say? Every branch of our inquiry has led us to the same result, that ‘all hanging is a bungle;’ and that the sooner we abolish the gallows the better. We will simply, then, invoke the strong voice of public determination in the matter; and conclude by avowing our firm belief, that with that powerful will once fairly and fully expressed, the rotting timbers of the gibbet will before long crumble utterly into dust, and be remembered only as ‘the moral wonder’ of a barbarous age, disgraceful and degrading to the generations which endured it.

ART. II.—*Five Years in Kaffirland: with Sketches of the late War in that Country, to the Conclusion of Peace.* Written on the spot, by Harriet Ward. London: Colborn. 1848.

THE chief interest of these volumes is centred in the narrative of passing events. Mrs. Ward's whole attention seems, in most instances, to have been rivetted on the exciting and novel scenes around her, so that her mind occupied itself but little with observing the national characteristics of those races among whom she found herself for the time compelled to sojourn. She prefers dwelling on the various exciting incidents which marked a campaign into the wilds of a country inhabited by barbarous tribes of men, to sketching the manners, habits, and modes of life obtaining among those tribes. DE Her fancy delights

in stirring the reader's imagination with vivid descriptions of battles, pursuits, and escapes; of sudden alarms and rapid marches; of midnight bivouacs, and wild adventures in the heart of a territory, swarming with a hostile population. And this circumstance serves to account for the comparatively small portion of her narrative, which Mrs. Ward devotes to the delineation of those features of savage life, which her experience rendered her so eminently fitted to describe. Perhaps, however, if our authoress had devoted those pages of her work, in which she indulges in speculations on colonial policy, on the delinquencies and remissness, the want of severity, the unseemly mildness of the Home Government,—if, we say, she had devoted those pages to the subjects above alluded to, the public would have read her work with much more profit, and doubtless very much more pleasure.

Yet, in saying this, we must not be understood to mean that the present volumes contain no valuable, no new, no curious information. On the contrary, as she hurries us with the rapidity of an able writer through the account of a succession of the most exciting events, our authoress allows us to catch, by the way, many interesting glimpses of the characteristic features of Kaffir life. Certainly, though we should at all times endeavour to learn as much as can be learnt of the manners and customs of barbarous nations, our curiosity is seldom powerfully excited by details concerning the tribes of Kaffirland. We meet among those races of men with little of that pleasant, childish simplicity, that trusting confidence in the stranger, that affection and willingness of disposition, which mark the character of so many other savage populations. The Hottentots, the Kaffirs, and the Fingos, bear, according to most accounts, more resemblance to the blood-thirsty and ferocious inhabitants of some of the districts of interior Australia, than to the ignorant, bead-hunting, though docile, and easily reclaimed, and easily taught Dyaks of Borneo, and the other islands of the Indian Archipelago, or the wild and uncultivated, but simple and confiding bushmen of some of the other provinces of the gigantic island of Australia.

Since the time of old Bartholomew Diaz, travellers have entered into much discussion concerning the character of these tribes. Dr. Sparrman describes them, and, we dare say, with much correctness, as neither very amiable nor very ferocious. Le Vaillant, however, seems to have been enraptured with them, while the venerable Jesuit Tackard, Lieut. Patterson, and Mr. Forster, all agree that they are a filthy people, but possessed of many good qualities, such as Mrs. Ward seldom allows them. We are inclined, therefore, to balance between

these varied accounts, and declare the Kaffirs to be, like most other nations, made up of the good and the bad. Certainly, much has been attempted to be done towards bringing them within the circle of civilization, and but comparatively little has resulted from these endeavours. But we have seldom founded a colony which has been the scene of so long and continued troubles as Kaffirland. Wars and dissensions have been the normal state of affairs, and now that there is some prospect of that territory being recognized in the great scheme of the world, as a place where commerce may flourish, and manufactures and the processes of agriculture may be carried on, undisturbed, we trust the change will soon be felt in the condition of things.

As to the policy which originated, and the plans pursued in the carrying out of the late Kaffir war, our readers are already acquainted with our opinions on these points. Suffice it here to say, that we rejoice at the termination of a campaign so harassing to all employed in its prosecution, and so utterly obstructive to the growth of trade, and the spread of civilization and Christianity in the wild provinces of Kaffirland. Our object in the present paper will rather be to present the reader with a succinct sketch of events and incidents, touching on the manners, character, and religion of the tribes mentioned in the course of the narrative.

Mrs. Ward left England in May, 1842, on board the 'Abercrombie Robinson,' troop ship, and paid, by the way, a visit to Madeira, a town which has been so continually described, that our authoress wisely abstains from making many remarks upon it. We have but a poor account of the comfort enjoyed on board the vessel, and Mrs. Ward seems to have no pleasant associations connected with it, for she hurries with rapidity over the voyage, and we catch sight of Table mountain almost before we fancy we have well cleared the view of Funchal.

But before landing on African ground, we must extract, as a specimen of the vigorous language in which the whole is written, a brief portion of Mrs. Ward's description of the wreck of the 'Abercrombie Robinson,' and 'Waterloo.' Towards evening of the 27th of August, while riding at anchor off Cape Town, a tremendous tempest arose, which drove the first named vessel from her holding ground, and carried her with impetuous swiftness over the waves, towards a most dangerous part of the shore. Our authoress says:—

'I remember, at the height of the storm, when the noise of the thunder could scarcely be distinguished from the roar of the waters, and the torrents of rain,—when the elements, in fact, howled wildly and angrily at one another, when the lightning, pouring, as one may call it, on our

decks, blazed in at the fore-windows of the cuddy,—being horror-stricken at the ghastly faces assembled under the flickering and uncertain light of a broken lamp! I can remember, when the water rose up to my knees, being carried between decks with my child, through rows of shrieking women and silent soldiers. The conduct of our men was beyond all praise.

For some time, I sat on a chest with my child, near the forehatch, the ship continuing to drive, every moment coming against the sand, and our only hopes resting on the arising of the dawn, which would show us *where we were*; the floods of rain preventing the lightning, vivid as it was, from doing this distinctly. About six in the morning, the captain came down among us with some comfort, saying, he hoped the ship was making a bed for herself in the sand. In truth, she had been all night like some great creature, scratching her way through it with restless impatience. The rudder had been carried away from the first, the stern-cabins knocked into one, and the sea bubbled up like a fountain, in the after part of the ship.

There were rocks not many hundred yards from us, on which the 'Waterloo,' convict ship, had already struck. Meanwhile, our people, attaching a rope to a shot, fired it on shore, but in vain. All night, the guns from the fort and other vessels had been giving awful warnings to the town, while the constant roll of musketry on board the convict ship, led us to imagine that the convicts were mutinous. This was, however, discovered afterwards not to be the case; they had been loosened from their bonds on the first alarm, and desired to make use of the best possible means of escape.—Vol. I. p. 15.

A boat, with a rope attached to the vessel, was at length enabled to get on shore, by which means an anchor was hove out and driven into the sand. When the surf-boats put off to rescue the crew and passengers, Mrs. Ward nobly set an example of patience, by waiting till several persons had gone on shore, before she left the 'Abercrombie Robinson.' Of the unfortunate tenants of the 'Waterloo,' convict ship, not above ten escaped; the rest were either drowned soon after the vessel parted into fragments, or were dashed to pieces by the floating masses of timber from the wreck.

From the moment our authoress engages in the description of her African experiences, the stern language of a soldier's wife makes its appearance in her pages. We are presented with a brief sketch of the establishment of the colony, of the various discontents of the Dutch settlers, of the present unsafe and unsettled condition of the province; and then Mrs. Ward, unhesitatingly plunging into the vortex of colonial politics, sketches out a plan for the better preservation of peace and tranquillity. It embraces a system of rigorous measures calculated, we think, rather to inflame the angry passions of the Kaffir tribes, than to conduce to the ultimate safety of the

settlement. We do not exactly know in what sense Mrs. Ward uses the term 'Vagrant Act;' however, she seems not at a loss for penalties and punishments to be inflicted on the infringers of its regulations. We must establish a treadmill at Graham's Town, and thither are to be sent the indolent and the homeless Kaffirs, who may be detected in the act of doing nothing;—we must make the Keiskama the boundary between Kaffirland and the colony.' This may be very well, we *must* settle a definitive boundary and proclaim it to the natives that that boundary is to be respected, that once having crossed it, they are on British territory, and must submit to the regulations imposed by British law. But, we cannot so well concede the next proposition, which lays down that 'no Kaffir, armed or unarmed, shall cross the Keiskama, at least without proper authority.' This sentence implies a doubt as to whether the Kaffirs should be permitted to cross at all. If such is the system on which our colonial policy is to be founded, we may well, as a nation, be accused of inconsistency. In one part of our empire—in almost every part, save Kaffirland—a man may cross our frontiers, and re-cross, without let or hindrance. No one troubles him with questions as to his purpose; But in Kaffirland, the system, forsooth, of passports is to be adopted. The first native who dares to appear on this side of the Keiskama, without being armed with authority from some British official, is to be sent to the treadmill, and if this prove not sufficient warning, the next offender is to be condemned to hard labour on Roben Island. We shall make no further comments on this portion of Mrs. Ward's work. Those who wish to know more of the system advocated, must consult the chapter for themselves, and judge as to whether it points out a prudent, or just, or humane, or conciliatory course of policy.

On Wednesday the 8th of March, 1843, our authoress started from Port Elizabeth, on her way to Graham's Town. Accompanied by her husband, she occupied a huge waggon which formed one of the great train, or caravan, about to wend its way across the barbarous wilderness lying between the two towns. For the first day or so, the route lay over a vast stretch of green country, divided and portioned off, as it were, into huge *partèrres* of cultivation by dense clumps of bush and copsewood. In the distance a ridge of lofty hills, whose summits formed an indistinct blue horizon against the sky, rose as a background to the landscape. When night came on, regular as clockwork were the arrangements: a long array of tents was erected on some soft, green patch of sward; the soldiers piled their arms, fetched wood and kindled blazing fires; the operations of cooking were carried on with vigour, hearty meals eaten, sentries posted, the

weary travellers lay down to sleep, and the moon rose over a still and picturesque scene.

Scarcely less striking were the arrangements of the march. Soon as daylight broke over the hills, the regiment fell into order, the cattle were yoked, stragglers collected, and the waggons moved on, preceded by the military, now presenting the spectacle of a glittering cluster of arms, and now altogether lost to sight. A little incident which Mrs. Ward relates as happening during one of these marches, is worth noticing. It shows that the natives of these wild regions are not so totally worthless and dangerous a set, as our authoress would sometimes appear to consider them. As the cavalcade wound along a pleasant tract of country clothed with green grass, and adorned with clumps of the golden-flowered mimosa, a waggon was observed drawn up close to a bush, while a party of Fingos,—two men, three women, and some children, were seen seated in the shade, evidently busy with some volume of great interest, which one of the men was reading aloud. The surprise of the English travellers was increased, when they found that the book which seemed to engage the attention of the savages so deeply, was the bible, translated into the Kaffir language. The reader, pausing as he beheld the interested faces of the new comers, looked up, and uttered, with an expressive movement of the head, the single word ‘good.’

As a companion to the above anecdote, we extract the following :

‘A poor Fingo had made several applications, from Graham’s Town, to a missionary nearly fifty miles off, for a bible ; but for some time, there had not been a sufficient number printed to meet the devout wishes of those ‘who would become Christians.’ Two years elapsed from the time this man first asked for his bible. At last, one day, he suddenly appeared at the station, and asked the missionary for one. The latter replied, that he was afraid he yet had none to spare ; ‘but,’ said he to the Fingo, ‘if you will do what business you have in the neighbourhood, and come to me before you leave, I will endeavour to procure you one, if such a thing is to be had.’ But the poor traveller surprised the missionary, when he said he had no business to transact there, save the one thing which had brought him so far. He had come all the way from Graham’s Town, on foot, for the bible ; he would wait till one was found, or even printed for him ! So the missionary was constrained to seek for one immediately, which he succeeded in obtaining ; and the Fingo then offering half-a-crown (the price of the book being eighteen-pence), the missionary offered the shilling in change, but the traveller waited not. With the precious book it had cost him so much trouble to obtain in one hand, and his knob-kuirrie* in the other, away he trudged, light of foot, and certainly, light of heart.’—Vol. I. p. 93.

* A stick with a knob at the end of it, used by the Kaffirs and Fingos, as the Irish use their shillelaghs ; in fact, a war-club.

Possibly, Mrs. Ward may imagine that the system she advocates, of excluding the Kaffirs almost wholly from the British settlements, would serve to remove obstructions in the way of the multiplication of such instances of sincere conversion to a belief in the truths of the Gospel. However, we imagine that Kaffirs as well as Fingos, should enjoy the unrestricted right of ingress into our colony, that they too may have a chance of participating in the benefits of the extraneous civilization, imported of comparatively late years into their country.

Journeying along over a tract of country, now cultivated and well peopled, and now desolate and in a state of nakedness, the cavalcade at length reached Fort Peddie, on the eastern side of the Great Fish River; here, at the commencement of the war, was built a strong tower, defended by a six-pounder gun, while neat barracks, garrisoned with a respectable number of troops, inspired confidence in the hearts of the dwellers in those snugly-thatched cottages, whose tall white chimneys peep out from among the surrounding trees. The climate of the place is good, and being within a moderate distance of several missionary stations, it is in all respects an important post. At one of these stations, (D'Urban,) Mrs. Ward witnessed the baptism of fourteen Fingos, who came decently clothed and in an orderly and quiet manner, to assume the religion of Christ. One aged woman wept freely and fast during the ceremony. At the close of the service, the missionary allowed the congregation to put to him questions concerning the faith he preached. A day or two after, our authoress had an opportunity of hearing a conversation between the English missionary and one of his Kaffir auditors, who had attentively listened to the whole of the discourse.

'You say,' said the native, in a measured and gentle tone, 'you say that all the world is wicked, dreadfully wicked; that man is condemned to punishment, except he be redeemed by faith. You tell us that everyone is wrong, and God alone is right.'

'Certainly,' replied the missionary, 'except we believe in and obey God we cannot be saved.'

'And you are sure,' pursued the Kaffir, 'that man is very wicked, and God alone is good?'

'Quite sure,' replied the missionary.

'And there have been thousands, millions of men, and many, many countries far away and beyond the waters,' continued the savage, 'full of sin, who cannot be saved, except they love and fear God, and believe in him, and in all these mysteries which none of us can understand, and which you, yourself, even cannot explain?'

'It is but too true,' said the missionary.

‘And there is but one God?’ inquired the Kaffir, with a tone of doubt.

‘But one God,’ was the solemn answer.

The savage pondered a while, and then remarked, ‘What proof have you that God is right, and men are wrong? Has no one ever doubted that one being wise, and the other being weak and sinful? How strange that the words of your one God should be allowed to weigh against the will and inclination of the whole world! Your cause is hardly a good one, when hundreds and millions are opposed in deed and opinion to one! I must consider your arguments on Christianity well, before I decide on adopting your creed.’

Mrs. Ward next presents us with an able picture of Kaffir superstition. She seems to have been at considerable pains to collect information concerning the popular belief in the power of the ‘rain makers,’ about whom other travellers have written so much. A curious anecdote is related, which, no doubt, exercised a bad influence over the minds of the ignorant people.

A rain-maker, of great celebrity, accused a poor woman of bewitching the clouds so as to cause a drought; the unfortunate creature was seized, and without much ceremony, tried, condemned, and put to death. Strange to tell, on the following day, the clouds let fall their watery treasure in such abundance as to flood the whole country. This was immediately ascribed to the execution of the witch. We remember having read, in Mr. Moffat’s ‘Missionary Scenes and Labours in Africa,’ of a rain-maker whose pretensions were upset, and whose machinations against Christianity were completely scattered before the breath of the English missionary; the population he had so long deceived rose against, and drove him forth from their presence. All his schemes of deception returned upon himself, and a heavy blow was, for the time being, dealt against the superstition, which has, however, again revived and is now flourishing in all its full vigour.

But Mrs. Ward soon resumes her observations on the policy which should be pursued, and indulges in the expression of sentiments which, to say the least of them, are unfeminine. When we open a work professedly written by a lady, the wife of a British officer, we expect to find in it some evidence of a woman’s pen. In the present work, we regret to say, little such evidence is to be found. Instead of restricting herself to the details of events, our authoress rather delights to give vent to her opinions on transportable offences, on the treadmill, on cattle stealing. Nor are her opinions always founded on the most equitable principles. If, for instance, English officials happen to visit the kraal of any chief, and there find, no matter in what corner, or

with what ingenuity secreted, cattle which have been stolen, or of which the head-man can give no satisfactory account, he is, forsooth, guilty or innocent, to be seized, and placed for three months on the treadmill, *for the first offence*; but for the second, transportation is not considered too heavy a penalty. ‘‘Oh my! how shocking!’’ cries the cambric-handkerchief philanthropist,’ says Mrs. Ward, with the utmost contempt. Truly, we should infinitely prefer hearing this sentiment, than the sentiments of a woman who dwells on the utility of hanging, to save expense.

This is not all we have to say of Mrs. Ward’s justice. She recommends seizing one Kaffir chief, guilty or not guilty, and keeping him in jail ‘till the right man is produced.’

‘The absurd manner,’ continues our lady author, ‘in which we coax the Kaffirs, and injure our own cause by the ill formation and execution of our laws, is so commonly the theme of conversation, that a child of ten years old produced a rough caricature of John Bull, hat in hand, reading a treaty to a Kaffir. The queen looks on, smiling, and gently exhorting the Kaffir to listen, which he does with his finger on his nose. In the distance, Prince Albert bows to Kaffir children, with knob-kurries in their hands, and while the queen, prince, and John Bull are so civilly employed, the back-ground is filled with Kaffir boys, driving off colonial cattle towards the kraals, where the women await them, and a Kaffir ox looks back on the scene in the fore-ground, sneering at John Bull’s folly.’—Ib. p. 137.

As to whether a pacific and conciliatory course of policy is to be preferred before the prosecution of a desolating and exterminating war, we leave our readers to judge. We are sick of Mrs. Ward’s follies, and shall here take leave of them, at least for the present, and devote the ensuing part of our paper to the more pleasing chapters of the work, which treat of the history of the journey, and abstain from speculation.

Though not generally a very beautiful country, some places in Kaffirland afford excellent landscapes. The ride between Bathurst and the Kerrie is an example, and the lovely path which leads to the sands from Port Francis presents an exquisite picture. It runs, as it were, through a natural shrubbery, densely planted with many varieties of flowering shrubs and trees. This is bordered by two walls of grey rock, sprinkled with patches of the stately euphorbia, while the velvet sward under foot is enamelled with a brilliant display of flowers of all colours. Festoons of jessamine, and the scarlet-fruited cucumber plant, climb in every direction, or sway to and fro over the pathway.

Turning from this pleasant picture to events of a stirring nature, we find Mrs. Ward at Graham’s Town, anxiously

awaiting, with the rest of the population, news concerning the movements of the British force, which it was expected would soon come to a sanguinary engagement with their Kaffir enemies. The expected intelligence soon arrived. Major Campbell and Colonel Somerset, on the 15th of April, brought the troops under their command into the centre of a valley, where immense numbers of the enemy were gathered together. A spirited action immediately commenced, which was rendered the more harrassing to the English, rather from the difficulty of the position, than the loss of life experienced. However, through the effect of judicious management, success was at length achieved, and the enemy driven from his post.

On the 12th, in compliance with instructions issued by Colonel Somerset, Major Gibsone, with a train of one hundred and twenty-five waggons, moved from Burns'-hill with a van and a rear guard, his number of soldiers not being sufficient to allow of any being detached along the line. On passing a kloof on the road-side, a sharp volley of shots rattled out upon them. To silence these, Lieut. Stokes, with a single gun, advanced to the top of a small eminence, and fired a shell on the kloof. However, in a short time, an immense number of Kaffirs rushed down the hills in all directions, seized on a waggon, and commenced a rapid discharge of bullets. Their force was so great, and became so continually augmented, that Major Gibsone, to prevent his own troops being massacred, was compelled to retreat upon the position he had just left. In spite of a small re-inforcement, it was impossible to save the baggage-waggons from which the Kaffirs had unyoked the cattle.

Many such encounters took place, far too many, indeed, for us to particularize them here. We now come to that portion of the narrative, in which Mrs. Ward describes the position of the English colonists at Graham's Town. For some time, rumours had gone abroad of an approaching descent of the Kaffir hordes upon the settlement. At length this report almost reached a certainty in the minds of the bewildered townspeople. All women were immediately recommended to seek the shelter of the barracks, built of stone and roofed with zinc, which had been lately erected. Confusion reigned everywhere. It being night, the busy fugitives could scarcely distinguish each other, as they packed up their valuables: some, clothes; some, jewels; some, money; others, papers of importance; while the object of every one seemed to be, to provide for the safety not only of herself, but also her companions. No one strove to rush before the other.

Meanwhile, the officers were coolly whistling, as they charged their pistols; the men-servants unslung and loaded their mus-

kets, while up and down the passages stalked the tall figures of armed troopers, fully accoutred for action, and ready to spring, on the instant, into the saddle. In the open courts were pickets of horses, neighing and pawing the ground with impatience; and above all this clamour rose the rattle of the muskets, which were being discharged in every quarter of the town, and the roar of the affrighted and angry oxen.

Without, the blaze and smoke of burning hamlets and homesteads rose along the distant cultivated grounds.

'About ten o'clock,' says Mrs. Ward, 'we were again warned of danger. Our first notice was the blast of the bugle, sounding the 'alarm' close under our windows. Fatigued with the watching and excitement of the previous night, we had retired early to rest. We were up in an instant. Lucifers were at a premium that night, I am sure; great was the smell of brimstone—fit atmosphere for the expected foe. Still, we had become too much accustomed to the cry of 'Kaffirs!' to feel great alarm, and to say truth, there was something in being within stone walls, and under a roof on which the brand could take no effect.

'Hark! the gun booms from the battery above. What a volume of sound rolls through the heavy air! Another blast from the bugle, taken up and echoed back by others: Another sound of cannon from a piece of artillery, within three hundred yards of us! How the windows rattle! how all the roof shivers! We are all up and astir; the children laugh, and cry, and look bewildered; and the monkey hides whatever is most wanted; and the doors fly open, and there are—not Kaffirs—only terrified women and children, seeking refuge.

'I was in much alarm, from the dread of muskets going off in the hands of the people unaccustomed to them, but had less fear of Kaffirs than on the previous night, as we had no cattle in the Drostly Square.'—*Ib.* 244.

The murder of Colonel Norden is next touched on, after which, Mrs. Ward describes the appearance presented by a large body of Kaffirs advancing to the onslaught. They are compared to a flight of locusts, sweeping down as they do, swift as the wind, and sending before them clouds of glittering assegais or spears, and bearing all before their impetuous charge. An incident, related as having occurred many years ago far up the country, is peculiarly striking. An officer, who, with a regiment of English soldiers, had slept at the summit of a ridge of mountains, rose early in the morning, and looking over at the plain below, beheld a black mass of what he supposed to be cattle, reposing on the ground. At length, however, a solitary figure stood up from the middle of the level plain, and waving a spear, there rose, as if by magic, from beneath their shields of hide, innumerable Fingo savages, armed and accoutred for battle. In a moment the loud, full, chant of their war-song filled the

valley with a wild and strange harmony. The dusky warriors formed into phalanxes, and advanced up a winding ascent, to where the glittering arms of the British regiment crowned the top of the ridge. The two forces were allies.

Mrs. Ward, a few pages after, repeats a remark which has been often made. The Kaffirs never injure the women and children of their white enemies who may fall into their power. This, our authoress ascribes to *policy*, not *generosity*.

We cannot here pause to accompany Mrs. Ward through her description of the various actions, which took place between the English forces and their Kaffir enemies. Our readers will, doubtless, thank us more for presenting them with the following extract, descriptive of the plain around Fort Peddie, and the scenes daily enacted in it:—

‘The morning presented the awful spectacle of the gathering of the tribes of the hills around the open plain, on which the buildings at Fort Peddie stand, in somewhat scattered order. I know the place well. A solitary tree is the only thing of the kind on which the eye rests in looking from the green plain, forming the parade ground of the garrison. All around are open, undulating plains, studded with ant-heaps, and cultivated here and there by the poor Fingos, with Indian and Kaffir corn, and pumpkin vines. These vast and almost desolate plains are bounded by steep ascents, and here and there, a dark shadow in the landscape indicates the entrance to a kloof. It was here I once witnessed the gathering of the Fingos from these hills to a war-dance. Their wild war-cry issued from their kraals, and then, coming forth, they united in phalanxes, and advanced with their triumphant chant. Such a gathering as this, is a savage sight. As they approach an imaginary enemy, they shout and yell, then form circles, while some stern old warrior goes round with his war-club, as if striking down the bodies of the wounded and dying foe; then, extending themselves in skirmishing order, they again advance, assegai in hand, while with shrill and exciting cries, and beating their shields, their leaders spring and leap with the activity of the tiger.’—Ib. p. 277.

Fort Peddie was attacked by nine thousand Kaffirs, who advanced, forming a line at least six miles in length. However, meeting with a spirited resistance, they retreated, but not without carrying off a large number of cattle. In the meanwhile, Colonel Somerset, with his brave force, was cutting a passage through a territory where enemies were swarming in every direction. Some spirited engagements took place, success generally resting on the English side. At length, the above-mentioned officer determined on forcing a passage across the Kei, in pursuit of Pato, a Kaffir-chief of some celebrity. This undertaking was effected with little difficulty, and possession was taken of the hostile district.

Mrs. Ward’s narrative now assumes the form of a journal,

and increases, rather than diminishes, in interest. We are treated to less of speculation, and more of incident; and, with a writer such as our authoress is, this may always be regarded as a recommendation. A melancholy adventure is told in the course of the relation. Nineteen burghers having entered a rocky kloof, densely studded with bushes, which was known under the portentous name of Hell's Port, were suddenly surrounded and fired upon by a party of Kaffirs, amounting to two hundred, posted on the hill tops around. For some time they answered the enemy's discharge with success, but were at length compelled to make a desperate retreat, in the hope of reaching their camp, which, after much difficulty, they were enabled to accomplish. Among those who fell were two brothers of the name of De Villiers. One of them was seriously hurt by a shot, and the other, running back to aid him, was earnestly entreated to seek his own safety. To this, however, he could not be brought to consent, and at length was shot dead, and laid beside him whom he would not desert to save himself. Three others were slain, and, a day or two after, five coffins issued in melancholy procession from the town, and were deposited in a neighbouring graveyard.

At the end of the first chapter of Mrs. Ward's second volume, we meet with a sentence which, if it really emanated from a woman's mind, we must say, does no credit to its writer. We shall transcribe it without comment:—

‘In short, England will bestow no laurels on the heroes of Kaffirland; for it is but too true, that where no booty is to be got, at the risk of life, our magnanimous and philanthropic country will award neither credit nor thanks.’

We are soon after presented with an account of the Malay new year's festival. On the occasion, which was one of great solemnity, a large crowd assembled in a long, low room round the white-robed priest, who led the chant of the inspiring, though simple, war-song. The end of the apartment was decorated with a great profusion of flowers and foliage, and illuminated by a Chinese lantern ornamented with coloured tapers. At the other end of the chamber, groups of Hottentots stood snapping their fingers, in concert with the wild songs.

Here is a brief description of a burial, as it takes place among the tribes:—

‘Some weeks ago, a Malay was buried. The grave was very deep; within it were placed a number of planks in a slanting position, forming a kind of pent-house, and within this was laid the body, sewn up in canvass cloth, so placed as not to touch the side of the tomb. Some biscuit, a pipe, and some tobacco, were left within the pent-house, beside the corpse, and it was then covered in. The ceremony was

closed by a party assembling round the grave, and continuing in silent prayer for two hours, at least.'—Vol. ii., p. 58.

Colonel Somerset now returned from the expedition he had undertaken across the Kei River, during which he had captured three thousand head of cattle. After this, a concentration of force took place at Graham's Town, and negotiations were entered into with some of the hostile tribes, to whom terms of peace were offered: first, that they should lay down their arms; secondly, that they should restore the colonial cattle; thirdly, that the country as far as the Kei should be placed under British rule, those Kaffirs who remain on this side submitting to such regulations as may be made for their future government. Nothing, however, resulted from these negotiations, and aggressions and retaliations again followed each other in rapid succession, the success of both sides being varied according to circumstances. Mrs. Ward's description of the mutiny which broke out among the British troops is peculiarly graphic. We must not here pause to detail any of the circumstances of the tumult, which, however, was soon suppressed, and gave place to order.

Gradually, the contest between the English and the Kaffir forces assumed a decided appearance. It was evident that numerical superiority and ferocious valour were succumbing before the discipline and cool courage of the West. The enemy no longer dared to oppose a bold front to the English troops. Their mode of warfare was changed from the furious onslaught to the treacherous ambush. Chief after chief sent in offers of submission, some affirming with the utmost coolness that the war had lasted too long, since their crops had been injured for want of proper care. During a period when little of military interest pervaded the face of affairs, Mrs. Ward takes occasion to delineate some of the characteristics of the African races. In the following extract, we immediately discover another instance of our authoress's unrelenting, bitter hatred of the Kaffir tribes:—

'One peculiarity of Africa has been singularly striking, during the continuance of this wretched war. I allude to the variety, constantly presented, of the coloured tribes. First comes the stalwart Kaffir, with his powerful form, and air of calm dignity, beneath which is concealed the deepest cunning, the meanest principles. Some call the Kaffir brave. He is a liar, a thief, and a beggar, ready only to fight in ambush; and, although, to use the common expression, he 'dies game,' his calmness is the result of sullenness. Are such qualities consistent with bravery of character? Next to the Kaffir ranks the Fingo, differing from the Kaffir as much as the Irish do from the English, being more mercurial, and less methodical. After these may be mentioned the Kat River Hottentots and the Griquas, half-casts between Dutch and English. The Hottentots, whom I have already described, are little appreciated or even

known in other countries. This war has proved that they make the most efficient soldiers, for the service in which they have been engaged. The little stunted Bushmen, too, the real aborigines of the land, have assisted us with their poisoned arrows, and are a keen-witted race. Their talent for mimicry is well known, a proof of their quickness of observation. The Malay may be considered naturalised in the Cape Town districts. The Afrianders, a cast between the Malays and Europeans, with apparently a dash of Indian blood among them, are a remarkably handsome race; the women would make fine studies for Murillo beauties. Their hair is their chief ornament, and is of the deepest black. They take great pains in arranging it, and twist it up quite classically at the back of the head, fastening the shining mass of jet with a gilt arrow, or a miniature spear.—Vol ii., p. 111.

Besides these, Mrs. Ward enumerates the Zoolahs, inhabiting the east country, between Kali's territory and Natal. The west coast negroes have been trained into tolerable discipline under English officers. These are the liberated Africans, who have been brought from the depôt at St. Helena, whither they had been taken by the vessels of war which rescued them from the hands of the slave traders. None of them are ever willing to leave that place and return to their country, as there they would be liable to be again made the objects of traffic.

Colonel Somerset and a large force now entered upon another expedition across the Kei River, with the object of recovering some of the stolen colonial cattle. To accomplish the passage of the stream was a somewhat difficult task. Thousands of the enemy lay encamped within a short distance, on the opposite side; while it was known that spies lurked in every direction. But it was nevertheless determined to carry out the project. The reward to be obtained was great. Besides the seizure of vast herds of oxen, the British troops anticipated with pleasure the march through a country so different in every respect from the colonial districts, where little of the grand or the magnificent was to be seen, and to which use had rendered them, moreover, familiar. Beyond the Kei, the country presents a variety of beautiful landscapes. The high mountain slopes are clothed with vast forests, and between these, lie picturesque and fertile valleys, watered by broad, clear, and pure rivers; while groves, composed of trees magnificent for their height and foliage, dot the extensive sweeps of meadow land.

However, a melancholy catastrophe occurred, which served to damp the ardour of the troops. Three officers, — Captain Gibson, Dr. Howell, and the Hon. Mr. Chetwynd, accompanied by four mounted Hottentots, and a small party of infantry, went out as foragers, and seeing a group of cattle at some distance, those who had horses immediately rode

in the direction, leaving the infantry at their posts. On returning, a large body of armed Kaffirs confronted them, and immediately poured in a volley. Dr. Howell's horse fell at the first fire. The other officers fought nobly, while a shot or a charge of powder remained to them; but all were overpowered and slain long before assistance could be brought up. Ten miles beyond the Kei, at a spot known as Shaw's Fountain, the three British officers are buried, with no stone over their graves.

After an inroad into the hostile territory, in which eight thousand head of cattle were secured, the force fell back on the Buffalo River, much weakened by sickness and an unremitting series of petty conflicts with the enemy, who disputed every position. Indeed, the Kaffirs seem to have been fully acquainted with every means of harassing and obstructing the progress of the foreign foes. The war between them and the colonists has been most disastrous for the present welfare of the settlement, though, in the end, we will not take upon ourselves to affirm that the effect will not be beneficial. Ruin and desolation have been spread over the face of the land; the processes of agriculture have given place before the alarms of war; trade has been paralyzed; and the succession of hostile operations has proved a most effectual stumbling stone in the path of civilization. We extract Mrs. Ward's graphic description of one evidence that no peace reigned in the country:—

'We reached,' says our authoress, 'a farm. Although it had escaped the brand of the savage, it looked desolate. The owners had only returned within a few days. They had not deserted it till the last moment. Their cattle had been stolen, and their herds wounded. Their land was untilled, and the little watercourse was choked with rubbish. We passed on to the farm a short distance beyond it. The settlers, a man and his wife, perfectly English in appearance, but pale and harassed, stood surveying their miserable homestead. This, too, from its open position, had escaped the brand; but the windows were shattered, the door swung on imperfect hinges, the steps were broken, and grass grew between them. The little garden was laid waste; and, as if in mockery, a scarlet geranium streamed garishly over the crumbling embankment. Rank weeds filled the place of the plants, under the broken boughs of the apricot trees; and a few poor articles of furniture which had been borne away to Graham's Town, on the family flitting, stood in the open air, awaiting more strength than the exhausted mistress of the place could command. Her husband had been trying to bring a piece of ground into some sort of cultivation, but it was heavy work; the long drought had parched the earth, and the ruinous fence was scattered over the face of the patch which had once yielded vegetables.'—*Ib.* p. 143.

At length, however, the Kaffir war came to a close. Sandilla, its greatest prop, succumbed, and yielded himself unconditionally

to the mercy of his enemies, and thus ended a struggle carried on for so long in these African provinces, and under peculiar circumstances. The nature of the country was difficult and barbarous. The character of the enemy was subtle, ferocious, and uncertain. His vast numerical strength, his knowledge of the localities, enabled him to fall upon our troops at an advantage. Then, a campaign in such a climate is no enviable undertaking, since the almost unparalleled sickness which prevailed among our forces, served in a great measure to deteriorate their efficiency, during the several movements which took place. The number of cattle which changed and re-changed hands during the continuance of the war, is almost incredible.

There were still some hostile and predatory tribes to be subdued, among whom the Saikas were prominent. But in the course of time, these too were brought to a tolerable submission, and peace began to reign in Kaffirland.

One of the chief characteristics of Sandilla's character seems to have been cool effrontery. When in confinement, under the guard of British officials, he was told that if he attempted to escape he would be shot, he replied that, 'If he hadn't wished to stay, he would never have given himself up.' He then made a request for a daily allowance of wine.

'Do you usually drink wine?' was the question put to him.

'No.'

'Then why indulge in what you have never been accustomed to?'

'I am now the white man's child,' replied Sandilla; 'my father drinks wine, and I would do all things as he does.'

We shall make but one more extract from the present work. It is descriptive of the surrender to British authority of Pato, a notorious predatory chief, who had long exerted a sinister influence over the minds of the natives. While moving with a moderate force towards the Kei, Colonel Somerset observed two Kaffirs riding towards him with headlong, furious speed. These were two of Pato's councillors, who looked weary and frightened beyond description, but they rode straight for Colonel Somerset, and the moment one could recover his breath, he spoke. 'He came,' he said, from his chief with an offer of surrender, 'for the tribe was broken up.' The British officer demanded what guarantee he should have, that Pato would this time keep the word he had hitherto broken so often.

'I am Pato's mouth,' said the messenger; 'I speak his word; and *now* it is true. I have been told to ride, and find Somerset, or die.'

'Colonel Somerset,' says Mrs. Ward, 'refused to give any promise until Pato came forward personally and surrendered at discretion. With

this answer the councillors departed. Old Cobres Congo, Pato's brother, next made his appearance, and Colonel Somerset's peremptory command, to have the arms given up, was followed by the approach of Kaffirs in all directions, hurrying down the hills, and emerging from the apparently uninhabited kloofs, with guns and assegais. The eminences which had appeared untenanted by man, were now dotted with these wretched creatures; the silent Kruntzes gave up their warriors, long concealed therein; and two days afterwards, Pato, with twelve councillors, all haggard, dirty, and trembling with terror, approached the bivouac, and, in a state of the most abject misery, the treacherous savage surrendered himself.'—*Ib.* p. 321.

This chief and his followers had been of late months reduced to so utter an extreme of want, that the warriors were compelled to devour their hide shields. The same circumstance took place among our Fingo allies, during the campaign in the heart of so inhospitable a country.

With regard to the merits, as a whole, of Mrs. Ward's book, we shall here say little. That it is ably written, no one will feel disposed to deny. But there is a great blemish discernible in the pages. We wish, for the authoress's own sake, and for the sake of the public, that the lengthy speculations and dissertations on colonial policy had been omitted. Without them, the volumes would have formed pleasant and instructive reading. As it is, however, the fault we have alluded to, only serves to shew in brighter contrast the portions of the work devoted to the narrative of events; to the delineations of manners; to the description of incidents, adventures, scenes of a wild and striking nature. Many novel facts, too, are presented us, concerning the religious beliefs and superstitions prevalent among the various races. Without the blemishes we have pointed out, the book would have been unexceptionable, and those blemishes are not sufficient to take away the interest from a work written by one so able, and on so felicitous a subject.

ART. III.—*The Sunday Trading Bill.* 1848.

THE way to test whether any act is right or wrong, is to consider what the consequences would be, if everybody were to do it who has an equal right to do it. Apply this to traffic on the Lord's-day on all railways. The time cannot be very far distant when there will be a railway wherever there is a turnpike road. Our children will, probably, see this time, and, perhaps, all the present generation will not be under the sod, when railway transit, whether the engines shall be propelled by steam, air, or electricity, will be quite as general as ever turnpike roads have been. The iron lines will be as familiar to the landscape as are the yellow roads. Now estimate what the interruption to the day of rest must be, when there are Sunday trains on all these lines, with stokers, engine-drivers, and guards, and an amount of passenger-traffic increased by the compound ratios. If anybody has a right, irrespective of special circumstances, to travel on the day of rest, everybody has. If railway companies have a right to employ their servants in labour seven days in the week, all companies have a right to employ their servants seven days in the week. This is not *said* at present. But far less cogent things are said, and this will be said with force and acceptance to a people, to whom railways are familiar as turnpike roads, and Sunday traffic upon them an established custom. There is nothing which can be said in favour of the violation of the day of rest, on behalf of railways, which will not bear equally forcible application to other pursuits. Sunday railway travellers are a small class. The accommodation of the whole community with railway transit on Sundays is a matter of small importance, and the importance of it, such as it is, is constantly diminishing, as express trains, and electrical telegraphs, are increasing marvellously the transit power of the six working days of the week. The supply of the whole community with food liable to deteriorate, or perish, if not consumed speedily, is a matter of far more importance than Sunday railway traffic. Fish, flesh, and fowl, will not always keep. Sunday markets, and the Sunday labour of all concerned in dealing in them, carriers, sellers, or producers, have, therefore, advocates of keener and more confident convictions even than the advocates of Sunday trains.

According to all analogy, and all experience, the tendency of every pernicious innovation is to establish and extend itself. In communities in which only six days of labour are permitted, the people must be paid wages enough to keep them seven days.

This is an inevitable necessity. The restriction secures seven days keep for six days work, for all who live by labour. Every violation of the day of rest is, therefore, a step towards compelling all who labour to work seven days for seven days keep. The very existence in the community of any persons who work seven days in the week, is a precedent of degradation to the whole of the working classes.

We have said, to the whole of the working classes, but, in fact, there is only a very limited amount of truth in the distinction of ranks. All families belong to the working classes. All families, in the longest periods of their existence, live by the sweat of their brow. The distinction of noble and common men, of rich and poor, of capitalists and labourers, when closely searched, is seen to be applicable only to individuals, and even to them for only very brief periods. Of our richest capitalists, the oldest established are restored to the working classes, in the persons of a majority of the members of their families, by tracing the course of three generations backwards or forwards. Most of them begin life in the ranks of the working classes, and their children, and at latest their grandchildren, return to the common lot. The distinction of mankind into nobility and commonalty—one of the most wicked of the inventions of men—does not hold good in regard to any but a few members of the families called noble. Truthfully traced, the majority of the members of the families called noble, in spite of the privileges, monopolies, and protections, and pensions, of their order, are seen returning to the obscurity of the common life from which they only emerged for a season. The Marquis of *This* represents one of the most ancient families of the kingdom, (that is, four or five centuries possession of title and land,) but the men are not all dead yet, who saw his maternal grandfather with a pack on his back, as an itinerant chapman. The Duke of *That*, were he to call all his cousins together, would find the immense majority of them with the horny hands of rude toil. Riches and nobility are only exceptions in the histories of families, as they are in the actual state of society, while the rule is, labour for daily bread.

The working classes are the people. It follows, therefore, that an addition to the working time of the working classes would be an infliction of a seventh more toil upon the whole community, and would be sure to come, in the course of generations, as a sore burden upon most of the descendants of all the families in the land. It would be a worse thing than the restoration of feudal service to the extent of fifty-two days a year, on every man, woman, and child capable of labour.

Feudal service did not demand an additional working-day, but merely some of the working-days.

The purposes to which the day of rest have been consecrated, make the iniquity of any infringement of it more apparent. Seven working days mean, that no day shall be given to the teaching of Christianity, which is equivalent to saying, that all time shall be given to mammon, and none reserved for God,—all bestowed upon industrial advancement, and none upon moral and spiritual progress.

There is a peculiarity about Sunday trains, which causes and justifies the dissensions raised in reference to them. They are the first sanctions given by public bodies of the people to the infringement of a great and invaluable privilege of the people. By permitting Sunday trains, the people hurt themselves vitally and infinitely. We are aware, that the persons who chiefly advocate Sunday desecration are, some of them, of the class called capitalists. They are what certain humane writers describe as the beasts of prey of human zoology. They have the strength and the rapacity of carnivora. But they, in this case, seek to devour more than the bodies of their victims. Seven days of work a week mean no day for Christianity, no day for mind, no day for salvation.

Society advances in proportion as the highest moral, material, and spiritual ideas are inwrought into the institutions and habits of men. Christianity is the highest spiritual idea known to man. The first day of the week is the day of Christianity. It is the day for working into the minds and manners of men the beneficent element of the world. Now all the great things yet done for the bulk of mankind have been done by men of genius, piety, and worth, working the Divine spirit of the religion of Jesus into the laws and institutions of nations. Feudal thralldom and domestic slavery have been abolished in Europe almost to their last fibres. The day of rest was used by Christians in teaching the equality of the souls of all men, and hence the emancipation of serfs and slaves into freemen and citizens.

‘The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man’s the goud for a’ that—’

is but a lyrical and political expression of this truth in reference to aristocracy. Vergniaud expressed the same truth, oratorically, which Burns sang lyrically, when he exclaimed, ‘Nobility! that is, two classes of men,—one for greatness, the other for poverty,—one for tyranny, the other for slavery. Nobility, ah! the very word is an insult to the human race.’ The man who admits the equality of souls cannot refuse the doctrine of the

equality of men. All the glories of civilization we owe to Christianity, in the hearts of men who used the day of rest to preserve them or achieve them. Ancient literature, the philosophy of inquiry, and the love of art, were preserved by Christianity using the day of rest to obtain the power to preserve them. The Reformation would never have been, if there had been no day of rest. Christ's day is his fulcrum for moving the world. The Reformation was Christianity and the mind asserting the right of reason to judge for itself respecting the destiny and duties of man. The preservation of the day is more important than the liberty of worship, or of thought, or of conscience, because it is the greater liberty which comprehends them all.

Now, the question of the Sabbath-trains, as it is called, is this—Shall public companies, by deliberate votes, for their own profit and the convenience of travellers, be allowed to deprive their servants of any portion of the Christian day for spiritual culture? Is passenger-traffic a superior public interest to the absolute inviolability of the day? Are not votes sanctioning it, laying an arrest, as far as their influence can reach, upon the application of Christianity to the advancement of society? To work the spirit of Christianity into the characters of the men, and the operation of the laws of our day, is the highest advancement of civilization. However blindly some men may be working, and however narrow their views of the applications may be, the millennial notion is no chimera, though many spirits stand amazed at it, as in the presence of an inconceivable thing; and the progress of man consists in working the highest moral and spiritual element into all the arrangements of society. It is doing as we would be done by, upon the Stock Exchange. It is preferring one another in love, in the market-place.

Every hour taken from the time of any man which belongs to this purpose, every practice which sets an example of appropriating to trade the sacred property of the soul, is therefore the infliction of the most cruel wrong upon mankind. To conceive it, compare the wrong with any of the tyrannies which have caused the glorious revolutions that have advanced and elevated the mind of man. 'No taxation without representation,' was the principle of the American Revolution. What is that compared with the right of every man to a seventh of his life, for the benefit of his soul? 'Fair play to talent,' was the principle of the first French Revolution. But this is fair play to all minds. 'Freedom of worship,' was the object of the puritans. But this is a question of the right to the time to cultivate the conscience. 'Freedom of thought,' was the aim of the revolution of Luther. But the right now violated, is the right of

every man to continue a self-cultivating and thinking human being.

Our notions of liberty are very conventional and capricious. By allowing railway companies to establish precedents of Sunday labour, we have let in the small end of a wedge of tyranny, superior in iniquity to the crimes for which the Americans threw off the British connection, the French suppressed their nobility, and the English overthrew the Stuarts. However, the retribution is sure to come, though it seldom falls upon the beginners of the iniquities.

Undoubtedly, there is a good deal of Phariseeism in the aspect of what is called the Sabbath movement. Pious people who began life sweeping shops, and now keep their carriages, sign petitions against morning and evening Sunday trains, and on Sundays dash to church and chapels in cabs, phaetons, and carriages. Men altogether above the vanities of life like an equipage, and the display of this evidence of their prosperity, may unknown to them contribute with the salutations of brethren, the smiles of sisters, the excitements of oratory, and the charms of music, in making the Sabbath a delight to them. But the people who employ coachmen and cabmen on Sundays, have no right to raise a cry against the employment of guards and stokers. The Sabbath was made for men, and not for steam engines. Gentlemen of this description, when they combine, saying, 'we believe the fourth commandment to be of Divine appointment and universal obligation, we know you don't, but we combine to make laws to compel you to keep it,' deserve the keenest ridicule. They do not know their place, and must be taught it. Horses are clearly included in the benefits of the day of rest. Rails do not need it. Our friend Sir Exeter Hall, or the Rev. Dr. Formal Drone, when he employs a carriage, a pair of horses, and a coachman, groom, and livery servant, is more guilty of Sabbath desecration, than a Sunday railway traveller, by the greater number of living creatures he deprives of their day of rest. Until the reverend doctor and the exemplary baronet make the Sunday a day of freedom from toil to coachmen, grooms, servants, and horses, his platform speech and solemn petition are just exhibitions of the conscious or the unconscious Pharisee.

Every man has his own idea of his Sunday. The pious Frenchman reckons his Sunday well kept, if he attends mass in the morning, and a dance on the grass, or a play at the theatre in the evening. An Englishman spends his Sunday well when he attends his parish church, and enjoys his dinner with his family. Some serious Scotchmen think they spend Sunday piously when they attend chapel three times, with prayer-meet-

ings, and Sunday-schools in the intervals. Each fancies his own way is a model of piety, a heaven on earth. Indeed we have somewhere read of a devout man, who could not think heaven any thing materially different from a sort of perpetual Sabbath, on which all the angels put on clean shirts, and went and heard a sermon from the apostle Paul!

But while we agree with those who denounce the Phariseeism of many of the sabbatarians, we maintain that there is in the day of rest a popular privilege, a divine institution, a sacred Magna Charta of the people, for time and eternity. There is a humanity in the conservation of it, a practical good in it, which will establish irresistible claims upon the heart of every man possessed of one. Thomas Hood, instead of being the satirist of the sabbatarians, would have been their lyrical advocate, if the divine humanity of the day of rest, and the importance of preserving it, had been brought fairly before his mind.

Sabbath observance, if the formalities are not the expressions of the heart, is not obedience to God at all. Of all social institutions, the day of rest is the best gift of the Almighty to all classes, but especially to the poor. 'To the working man, the day of rest is an estate of time,—a sacred property given him by his Maker for his whole well-being—physical, economical, moral, and spiritual. It is his day of emancipation. A week of seven working-days—sabbathless months or years—mean perpetual vassalage and entire slavery. The man who has no sabbath, has no period for the cultivation of himself—health, or mind, or heart, or soul. He is robbed of his home, when robbed of the day God has given him for the cultivation of the family affections, without which home is hearthless, cold, dark, and bitter. By a perpetual encasement of sordid toil—a poisonous Nessus robe, whose influences extend to his soul—the immortal spirit of the man is unmanned, brutified, demoralised, and destroyed.'

‘Work! work! work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work, work, work!
As prisoners work for crime!

* * * *

Work, work, work!
In the dull December light,
And work, work, work!
When the weather is warm and bright.

* * * *

Oh, but for one short hour !
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !

* * * *

Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !

The defence of a day of rest in every week for every living creature, is a humane and wise thing, even were the Bible a mystic book, Christianity a philosophy, and God 'a pervading spirit of intellectual beauty.'

The sabbath question has been raised by the sudden spread of railways. Within a few years and chiefly within the last twenty months, a gigantic net-work of railways has been thrown over Great Britain, with Sunday trains in greater or less numbers on almost every line. Of course the question has been chiefly argued in reference to the occasion which raised it. Sunday trains have been the moot points. Is the Sabbath train exempted from the Divine law of sacred and universal rest? Have the public a right to travel on all highways on all days? These are the questions put by the conflicting disputants.

It is observable and notable, that this stout contention about the right to travel on Sundays, has been raised at a period when an extraordinary diminution in the length of time, necessary for travelling any given distance, has become the marvel of the age. When we can travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, for the first time since Adam, the demand is made to be able to travel on the day of rest. When intelligence can be transmitted hundreds of miles in a few seconds, an unusual earnestness and vehemence is used, in insisting upon the right to the use of a day hitherto sacred from general use, in the transport of passengers or news. The public surely can spare the day better than ever. We can do as much travelling in an hour as our grandfathers could do in a day. We can transmit intelligence in an hour, which they could scarcely have done in a week. Precisely when this is happening, do we demand the day of rest for transmission of passengers and news. Genius and talent, the skill of workers in iron, and the sinews of labourers, have obtained for us a marvellous saving of time, in regard to the transport of goods, passengers, and intelligence. A benevolent regard for those whose toils gain us these advantages, would suggest the duty of holding the resting day of the engineer, the stoker, the engine-driver, and the train-guard as peculiarly sacred. By an institution derived from the earliest times, which many of the best and wisest of men have believed

to be divine, these men have a vested, a sacred, right to a day of rest. God has given it to them. Man has given it to them, by the laws of many nations and peoples, and the will and wisdom of countless generations. Is it not strange, that it should be precisely the men who have saved so much of time for us, that we wish to deprive of their estate of time, their property in a seventh of their lives? Never in reference to travelling could we better afford to spare the Lord's-day. There never were in the world before, equal means of making up for all delays when the day of rest is over. Stokers and engine-drivers annihilate time and space for us. While we sleep, they conduct us to the end of our journey with the speed of the racer. Surely in these circumstances, we can afford them the time which is needful for their moral and spiritual, their physical and mental, their temporal and eternal well-being. To deprive them of their Sunday, when they have given us many days, is a grasping niggardliness dishonourable to the public, and ruinous to the railway *employées*.

However, though we are zealously conservative of the day of rest, there appears to us to be nothing in the New Testament in favour of forcing the observance of Christian ordinances upon the world. Not a syllable of it, as we read it, sanctions any attempts to make men keep the first day of the week by law. In our opinion there is not a particle of it therefore favourable to the Agnew movement. Theocratic notions have not yet been pounded out of all heads, and the fact makes itself apparent in an agitation by persons called by the name of Sabbatarians. But we regard the theocratic dogmas as superstition worthy of a condemnation, side by side with papal infallibility. To us the talk of religionists about covenanted nations, and Christian legislatures, and Christian people, seems never to have represented anything but ideas which have not, and never had, any realities correspondent to them in this world. The legislation, which has embodied these famous fancies, has generally been unjust and oppressive, and however they may repudiate the doctrine, the men who ask for more of this legislation, when judged by the tendencies of their actions, are as justly censurable as if they thought—

‘The mortal husk could save the soul,
By trundling, with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum vitæ bowl.’

Neither the moral code, nor the social conventions of ascetic evangelism are the perfection of moral truth. Least of all are we blind to the abundance of men in the evangelical world

whose Christianity has very little likeness to that of 'Him who went about doing good.' 'He went about *doing* good!' This expression is, in sublimity, to the moral world, what—'Let there be light, and there was light!' is to the physical. The following of this moral example of doing good, is what we deem the true embodiment of Christianity. But to judge by many personages abundantly known, one might suppose the proper reading of the text was not, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' but by their *talk* ye shall know them. It requires no great shrewdness to see, that in these days, the men of Christlike talk, and the men of Christlike deeds, are very different classes of persons. The Christian talkers are mere performers upon platforms and in pulpits. The Christian doers are very different persons. They do not concern themselves about portraits or pictures of themselves. Self-display is not their habit. But they are men who live only to relieve human misery. Some of them devote their lives to ameliorate the condition of paupers. Some erect schools for outcast children. They exhibit the wrongs of the factory operatives. Their spirits labour with plans for reclaiming fallen women and criminal men. They visit the poor, amidst the pestilential vapours which destroy their lives. Asylums are opened by them for the houseless, who were wont to shiver through the winter nights in dry arches of the bridges, and on the benches, or under the trees of the parks. The Christian doers are men who confront the evils of the time, the demon spells of the bottle, which drive families through poverty and crime to madness, and the causes which are increasing our criminals faster than our people, and our young criminals faster than our adult criminals. They consider the poor, and seek not the applauses of public meetings. They visit prisoners, and do not employ artists to paint them in the most picturesque attitudes of benevolence. By such men, the mentally diseased are studied and relieved, if not cured. By such men the moral and spiritual evils of the age are checked, if not lessened; the miseries of the people are revealed, if not relieved; and selfishness and demonism branded in their work, if not deterred from their career, of destruction and death.

Of the true kind of Christian doers was the late Dr. Chalmers, especially in his last days, when, sated with the triumphs of pulpit oratory, he devoted himself 'to excavate the heathen' of the West Port of Edinburgh. It was his mode of expressing his disapprobation of the profitable professions of evangelism in vogue. He cared chiefly for a gospel which was preached to the poor, the needy, the outcast, and the criminal. In the year 1841, we had a good deal of conversation with him upon many

topics. Among the rest, we talked over the Sabbath question. We told him how we regretted to see a beneficent object, and a sacred cause, injured by being advocated in the spirit of those—

‘Who hanged their cats on Mondays,
For killing mice on Sundays.’

He said he had no sympathy with this spirit, and had kept himself aloof as much as possible from the manifestations of it. We stated to him the economic argument in favour of a seventh day of rest. If the people can do a seventh more work by working upon Sundays, the abolition of the day of rest would just be equivalent to adding a seventh to the available labour of a country already suffering from over population. If they cannot do more work in seven days than in six, in a series of years, the abolition of the day of rest is not attended with a single advantage in reference to the production of wealth, which is the accumulated results of labour. Viewed in this way, the seventh day ought to be secured to the people, even by an industrial shrewdness analogous to that of the farmer who gives a year of rest to his over-cropped field. The moral quality of labour is the one to which it owes its highest efficacy, the mental is an inferior, and the physical element is the meanest ingredient in that efficiency which produces wealth. The seventh day—the day of spiritual and moral training—is, therefore, the time for imbuing the labour of a country with its highest, noblest, and most effectual element. The violation of the Sabbath, the abolition of the day of rest, is the destruction of the most invaluable part of the producer of wealth. Bad for religion, bad for morals, bad for mind and bad for health, the abolition of the Sabbath would, therefore, be bad for wealth.

Dr. Chalmers, before his death, cherished an intention of treating the Sabbath-question in this broad and popular way. He responded to the conviction cordially, that no tribune of the people could lift up his voice for a nobler privilege of theirs, than this seventh day. The lights and shades of enthusiastic feeling played on his grand face, as he talked of combating a selfish, and an ignoble, and an ignorant, political economy, in defence of the right of the people to the full strength of their bodies, the full culture of their minds, and the Divine development of their souls. Returning to the subject sometime afterwards, he said this view fitted in with all his habits of thinking, for his plan for the regeneration of the people was, by dividing the population into bodies of two thousand, duly supplied with a church, a saving's bank, and a school, to produce a population whose independence, frugality, intelligence, and industry should

make them masters of the commodity of labour, and dominant over the regulation of it, capable of working most effectually when wages were suitable, and able when periods of depreciation from gluts came, to have a jubilee time, 'when all the people could go to play.'

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline.* By John, Lord Hervey. Edited, from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1848.

WE have lately been deluged with a mass of publications, bearing imposing titles, and purporting to illustrate various periods of our history, the merit of which has been in an inverse ratio to their bulk. A whole cartload of mere rubbish has been disinterred from our public libraries, and brushed up for the inspection of the curious. Popular names have been paraded in the title-page, as a decoy to unwary purchasers, and every allurement which artistic skill, or the practical knowledge of experienced publishers could devise, has been brought to bear on the success of such publications. Letters of eminent personages, Memorials of important epochs, Diaries and Correspondence, have followed each other in rapid succession, and those who have looked only at their title-pages, or who form their opinions from the verdict of interested, uninformed, and dogmatic critics, have readily concluded that vast accessions were made to the materials of authentic history. And yet it is a lamentable fact, that the majority of these publications are next to worthless. Many of them are absolutely wanting in one redeeming quality, while others present only an atom of truth amidst a mass of error and absurdity. Throughout the class, the chaff is out of all proportion to the wheat, and the feeble glimpses occasionally furnished into the homes and morals of our fathers, scarcely compensate for the labour involved in wading through the trash which modern industry, or rather modern necessity, has brought to light. It requires no ordinary diligence to sift the materials which have been transferred from manuscript to letter press, from dusty recesses where they had long been entombed, to our library shelves. For ourselves, we confess that our patience has often been exhausted, and our temper sorely tried, as we have passed from title-pages full of promise, and graced by the names

of living editors as vouchers for their truth, to the inanity, false sentiment, and wretched style of the works in question. We have sometimes been ready to wish that the whole class could be re-interred;—that their skeleton forms could be replaced in the graves from which they have been dug out, and that our literary drudges would betake themselves to any handicraft, however humble, so that they did but spare the time and labour, and what is of infinitely greater moment, the intellects of their too confiding readers. A little reflection, however, serves to recall us from such thoughts. It is the condition of our present existence to enjoy no good without an attendant evil, and we must not complain if this law is found to prevail in literature. The counterfeit bespeaks the existence of sterling coin, and borrows its currency from it. Wearing the semblance of what is genuine, it is credulously received as such, and the majority of mankind are too busy, or too ill-informed to detect the cheat. So it is in literature, whether poetry, philosophy, or history. Each has its empirics, and its well-known coining shops, and we wish some police force could be formed, to detect their trickery and bring their agents to punishment.

The sterling character of a few works has led to a shoal of feeble imitators. The British public are greatly indebted to the editors of such works as the 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson,' Walpole's 'Reminiscences,' Evelyn's 'Memoirs,' Pepys' and Burton's 'Diaries,' and Tytler's 'Edward and Mary,' and if we are required to pay a heavy penalty for the possession of such treasures we must be content. The value of the boon is worth the price exacted, more especially when it is remembered, that the increasing knowledge of the reading public, and the greater caution which has been induced, will render the task of imposition more difficult for the future. In literature, as in other things, the number of labourers exceeds the opportunities of remunerative employment. Vast numbers have been attracted to its domains who had far better pursue other avocations, and the necessities of life, the *res augusta domi*, constrain them to search for something which may be turned to gold. This is the real history of many of the publications which issue yearly from the London press. Publishers pay a trifling sum for the copy of some manuscript, and trust to an imposing title-page, and an attractive editorship, for a sufficient sale to return their outlay, and reimburse them for their labour. We say nothing now of the honesty of all this. When such wares are correctly described, the public, who buy, have no reason to complain, but where this is not the case—and every historical student could name several such instances—a gross imposition is practised, discreditable alike to the publisher who

contributes his capital, and to the editor who lends his name to the bargain.

The volumes now before us contrast honourably with the mass of similar publications. They are a real addition to historical literature, and ought not to have been withheld. The period to which they relate, though one of the most instructive, is amongst the darkest in our annals. Our exultation at having escaped from the intolerance and despotism of the Stuarts, leads us to regard their Hanoverian successors with complacency. The thought of what the nation might have been, causes us to overlook what it really was. As in bodily ailments the cessation of pain is pleasurable, so, in the history of nations, an escape from political evils is for a season identified with the possession of freedom and national prosperity. The character of the first two Georges was unattractive in the extreme. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a sovereign distinguished by a more absolute negation of qualities suited to win respect and affection, than George II. Feeble, obstinate, and vain; at once despised and feared by his children; an uxorious husband and a debauchee; opinionated to the last degree, yet capable of being swayed even to the right only by his wife or his mistress; sordid in his spirit, and meanly avaricious; in temper a Jew, and in politics a German, perpetually alarmed at the very ghost of the Pretender, yet incapable of any generous policy which could attach the people to his House, he did all which such a monarch could do to undermine his throne, and to pave the way for his rival's triumph. That the grandson of James II. did not succeed, illustrates one of the best features of English character. No matter what his promises, or the temporary sympathy which his chivalry or his sufferings induced. The people looked to him and to the reigning monarch, as the personification of two opposite political systems; and though the unpopularity of the latter could scarcely be less, they preferred, and manfully upheld, the constitutional principle of which he was the reluctant type. But the volumes themselves will best illustrate the character of the monarch, and, we regret to add, the corruption of his court, and the gross venality of his parliaments.

Before noticing their contents, we must say a few words respecting their author, Lord Hervey. He was the eldest son of John, first earl of Bristol, by his second wife, and entered parliament on the accession of George II. He was unhappily distinguished by great laxity of morals, and was a disciple of the infidel school represented by Tindal, Toland, Collins, and Woolston. In politics he attached himself to the party of Sir Robert Walpole, and was on terms of great intimacy with the

Queen. His ambition prompted him to look for some high appointment, and his talents were certainly superior to most of those amongst whom the best prizes were distributed. Hence arose dissatisfaction and frequent complaints, but the favour of the queen kept him steady to his party, and he retained for many years his comparatively menial office of vice-chamberlain. 'Paradoxical as it may sound,' says Mr. Croker, 'it was, I believe, his high favour with both the queen and the minister that occasioned this, we may rather call it injustice than neglect: the truth seems to be that he had obtained so much familiarity and favour with her Majesty, and was so essentially useful to Walpole in that all-important quarter, that though Sir Robert, in 1733, gratified his friend and strengthened the administration, by calling him up to the House of Lords, and assigning him a confidential share in its debates, he was unwilling, or afraid, to lose his more delicate services at the ear of the queen.' This solution is probably not over refined. It was accordant with the policy of Walpole to rule by such means, and the subsequent events of Lord Hervey's life favour the supposition. On his return from the Continent, in 1729, he was for a time undecided what course to adopt. Both Walpole and Pulteney bid for him, but the former ultimately succeeded, and, unlike most of those whom he bought, Hervey remained faithful to his patron. He was a frequent speaker in parliament, and his pen was vigorously employed in behalf of the government. From all this it is evident, that he was too near to the parties described, and too much implicated in the transactions he records, to be perfectly impartial. Indeed, he makes no pretensions to this virtue, yet, as his editor remarks:—'Though we see that his colouring may be capricious and exaggerated, no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them: and there are many indications that the greater part was written from day to day, as the events occurred.' Notwithstanding, therefore, the deduction to be made on this account, his volumes constitute by far the fullest, most graphic, and truthful picture of the court and politics of George the Second's reign, we have yet received. Mr. Croker is a good judge on this point, and he tells us, 'No other Memoirs that I have ever read, bring us so immediately, so actually, into not merely the presence, but the company, of the personages of the royal circle. Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline, but *Boswell* without his good nature?

Such was the man whose almost daily memorials are now before us, and a darker revelation was scarcely ever made. The open profligacy of the king, with the connivance, frequently more than passive, of the queen; the unnatural animosities of the royal family; the corruption, both social and political, which rioted through the court; the treachery of the Whigs in power to all the principles avowed in opposition; the ambition, cupidity, and turbulence of church dignitaries; the low trickery and political partizanship of leading dissenters; the profligacy of the Commons, and the almost absolute prostration of the popular mind; are exhibited in the lively colours, and with the full details, of an eye-witness.

The existence of these 'Memoirs' has long been known. Walpole refers to them in his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' and Lord Hailes, in 1788, in a note to his compilation of the opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough, expresses a hope that they will be found to explain the dissension between George II. and his son Prince Frederick. 'I have reason,' he says, 'to believe they are written with great freedom.' In this opinion he was clearly correct, though we are still strangely left without the solution he anticipated. The 'Memoirs' were designed for posthumous publication, and the position of the writer was evidently such as afforded special opportunities for obtaining accurate information. 'All I shall say,' remarks Lord Hervey, 'for my intelligence is, that I was lodged all the year round in the court, during the greater part of these times concerning which I write; and as nobody attended more constantly in public, or had more frequent access at private hours to all the inhabitants, I must have been deaf and blind, not to have heard and seen several little particularities, which must necessarily be unknown to such of my contemporaries as were only acquainted with the chief people of this court, in the theatrical pageantry of their public characters, and never saw them when that mask of constraint and hypocrisy, essential to their stations, was enough thrown off for some natural features to appear.'

The Whigs were at this time divided into two sections, at the head of which were Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pulteney. The former was in power, and the latter in opposition. Their language and tactics corresponded with their position. The one was concerned to retain, and the other to possess himself of the favour of the court. They were respectively at the head of two distinct sections of the oligarchy, who deemed themselves entitled to rule the fortunes of England. The Whig party had long been in the ascendant, but was now showing symptoms of exhaustion, which prepared the way for the change which ensued

on the accession of George III. Those of our readers who are only acquainted with the language of Whig statesmen, during their long exclusion from office in the reigns of the last two Georges, will be little prepared for the part their predecessors acted, throughout the period treated of in these volumes. The air of a court proved as corrupting in their case, as it has invariably done in that of their opponents. The Tories, however, were equally wanting, at this time, in union. Jacobitism was dying out, as the prospect of a Stuart reaction was daily becoming less hopeful; but the Hanoverian Tories, headed by Sir William Wyndham, formed an important section of the parliamentary opposition. The chief struggle lay, as Lord Hervey observes, 'not between Jacobites and Hanoverians, or Tories and Whigs, but between Whigs and Whigs, who, conquerors in the common cause, were now split into civil contest among themselves, and had no considerable opponents but one another.'

Lord Hervey, it must be remembered, was a ministerial Whig, and there is, therefore, more significance in the following passage, wherein he describes the change which had passed on the political faith of the nation:—

'The conscientious attachment to the natural right of this or that king, and the religious reverence to God's anointed, was so far eradicated by the propagation of revolutionary principles, that mankind was become much more clear-sighted on that score than formerly, and so far comprehended and gave into the doctrine of a king being made for the people and not the people for the king, that in all their steps it was the interest of the nation or the interest of particular actors that was considered, and never the separate interest of one or the other king. And though one might be surprised (if any absurdity arising from the credulity and ignorance of mankind could surprise one) how the influence of power could ever have found means to establish the doctrine of divine right of kings, yet no one can wonder that the opinion lost ground so fast, when it became the interest even of the princes on the throne for three successive reigns to expel it. The clergy, who had been paid for preaching it up, were now paid for preaching it down; the legislature had declared it of no force in the form of our government, and contrary to the fundamental laws and nature of our constitution; and what was more prevailing than all the rest, it was no longer the interest of the majority of the kingdom either to propagate or act on this principle, and consequently those who were before wise enough from policy to teach it, were wise enough now from the same policy to explode it; and those who were weak enough to take it up only because they were told it, were easily brought to lay it down by the same influence.'—Vol. i. p. 6.

The secret of the court lay in the influence of the queen, which though less paraded than in some other instances that our history supplies, was in all ordinary cases omnipotent. The profligacy of the king's habits had led many of the courtiers to

calculate on a different state of things, and they consequently relied on the favour of Mrs. Howard, with whom a criminal connexion was known to exist. In this, however, they were disappointed, and though the low *morale* of the queen prevents any deep sympathy with her, an ingenuous mind cannot but rejoice that those who solicited royal favour, through the questionable channel of a mistress, should experience bitter disappointment. Where no higher motive prevails, it is well that courtiers should be taught by experience the folly, though they may not admit the guilt, of such a procedure. In the household of George II. domestic virtue was unknown. The mistress was courted in preference to the wife, and when the political blunder was detected, the consequences were deplored without the crime being abhorred. The discovery made on the accession of the prince is thus described by Lord Hervey:—

‘ Whilst the King was Prince, there were so few occasions for the Queen to show her credit with him, that some were apt to imagine this latent dormant power was much less than it proved itself, when the time came that made it worth her while to try, show, and exert it. But as soon as ever the Prince became King, the whole world began to find out that her will was the sole spring on which every movement in the court turned: and though his Majesty lost no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business, yet nobody was simple enough to believe it; and few, besides himself, would have been simple enough to hope or imagine it could be believed, since everybody who knew there was such a woman as the Queen, knew she not only meddled with business, but directed everything that came under that name, either at home or abroad. Her power was unrivalled and unbounded—how dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers.’—*Ib.* p. 59.

The situation of the queen, however, apart from the worst feature of her case, was far from enviable. The king was morbidly sensitive to the imputation of being ruled by others, and the Opposition were low-minded enough to avail themselves of this weakness. His temper was at once obstinate and irascible, and it required, consequently, the utmost caution on the part of the queen, to prevent his suspecting what was notorious to all. From long experience, however, she knew how to adapt herself to his caprices, and thus succeeded in instilling her own sentiments, while he absurdly imagined himself to be dictating his. ‘ By this means,’ says Lord Hervey, ‘ her dexterity and address made it impossible for any body to persuade him, what was truly the case, that whilst she was seemingly, on every occasion, giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers.’

On the king's accession, an entire change was expected in

the ministry. He had been accustomed to speak of Sir Robert Walpole as 'a great rogue,' of the Duke of Newcastle as 'an impertinent fool,' and of Lord Townshend as 'a choleric block-head.' Those, therefore, who judged of princes as of other men, looked for new counsellors, and began to worship Sir Spencer Compton, as the rising sun. The first act of the monarch gave countenance to this supposition, and nothing probably was wanting but talent and promptitude on the part of the favourite, to have secured, at least, a temporary possession of power. George I. died at Osnaburgh, on the 11th of June, 1727, and the event being reported to Walpole, three days afterwards, he hastened to Richmond, to announce it to the prince. His reception was far from flattering. 'Go to Chiswick,' said the new monarch, 'and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton.' Walpole complied with this ungracious instruction, and in the interview which followed, saw that he had little to dread from such a rival. The queen was far more sagacious than her husband, and early perceived that the ability and experience of Walpole could alone accomplish those settlements which the king deemed needful. Rival parties contended for the royal favour, and Walpole was not a man to be outdone, when a prodigal expenditure could accomplish his object. He knew the sordid temper of the king, who, on his part, seems to have been equally aware of the character of his father's minister. 'Consider, Sir Robert,' said the monarch, significantly, when the settlement of the civil list was under discussion, 'what makes me easy in this matter, will prove for your ease, too; it is for my life it is to be fixed, and it is for your life.' The hint was taken, the bargain struck; and such a civil list was submitted to parliament as no minister had previously ventured to propose. 'No one,' says Lord Hervey, 'thought it reasonable, yet no one opposed it; no one wished for it, and no one voted against it; and I believe it is the single instance that can be given, of a question carried there, without two opponents or well-wishers.'

A new parliament was convened in January, 1728, of which Mr. Onslow was chosen speaker, and as he held this post in five successive parliaments—from 1728 to 1761—our readers will not be uninterested with the following sketch, in which the author's love of antithesis is somewhat amusingly displayed:—

"As he had no great pretensions to it, from his age, his character, his weight in the House, or his particular knowledge of the business, Sir Robert Walpole imagined that he must look upon his promotion entirely as an act of his favour, and consequently think himself obliged, in honour, interest, and gratitude, to show all the complaisance in his power to his patron and benefactor. However, Mr. Onslow had just that degree of fitness for this office, when he was first put into it, that

hindered the world from exclaiming against him, and yet was not enough for him to take it as his due. He was a man naturally eloquent, but rather too florid; was as far from wanting parts or application, as he was from possessing prudence or judgment; he had kept bad company of the collegiate kind, by which he had contracted a stiffness and pedantry in his manner of conversing; and whilst he was thoroughly knowing in past times, was totally ignorant of the modern world. No man ever courted popularity more, and to no man popularity was ever more coy; he cajoled both parties, and obliged neither; he disoblged his patron by seeming to favour his opponents, and gained no credit with them because it was only seeming. He had one merit truly and sincerely (as I believe, at least), which was an attachment to the constitution of England, and a love of liberty that never gave way; and was certainly no favourer of the power of the crown or the church. But these true Whig and laudable principles were so daubed by canting, fulsome, bombast professions, that it was as hard to find out whether there was anything good at bottom, as it would be to find out real beauty in a painted lady. In general he was passionate in his temper, violent in his manner, coxcomical in his gestures, and injudicious in his conduct.—*Ib.* p. 103.

The conduct of this parliament was in keeping with the bargain of the minister. It had its appointed work, and it faithfully performed it. It served the purpose of the monarch, and of the premier, but deserves the execration of the people. 'The manifest injustice and glaring violation of all truth in its decisions, surpass even the most flagrant and infamous instances of any of their predecessors.'

We shall not attempt any continuous account of the contents of these volumes. Our purpose will be better answered, and the expectations of our readers be more fully met, by making a few selections from their multifarious and interesting sketches. Speaking of the views of the king at his accession, Lord Hervey says:—

'He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed, what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favours through no principal channel, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain, from what I have just now related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one minister; and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was

to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool.'—*Ib.* p. 184.

On another occasion, when referring to the disposal of patronage, he tells us :—

'The Duke of Richmond asked the King immediately to succeed Lord Scarborough, and the King was not averse to granting his request any further than he was always averse to giving anything to anybody. Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his Majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid ; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary ; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power ; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy : consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the King, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning.'—*Ib.* p. 289.

The character of the prince—father of George III.—is drawn with an equally unsparing pen. It is probably somewhat overcharged, as there were circumstances, disgraceful to both parties, which rendered the Prince of Wales specially obnoxious to Lord Hervey. Other evidence, however, is not wanting to confirm the substantial accuracy of the following sketch :—

'The Prince's character at his first coming over, though little more respectable, seemed much more amiable than, upon his opening himself further and being better known, it turned out to be ; for though there appeared nothing in him to be admired, yet there seemed nothing in him to be hated—neither anything great nor anything vicious ; his behaviour was something that gained one's good wishes, though it gave one no esteem for him ; for his best qualities, whilst they prepossessed one the most in his favour, always gave one a degree of contempt for him at the same time ; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did : for though his manners had the show of benevolence from a good deal of natural or habitual civility, yet his cajoling everybody, and almost in an equal degree, made those things which might have been thought favours, if more judiciously or sparingly bestowed, lose all their weight. He carried this affectation of general benevolence so far that he often condescended below the character of a Prince ; and as people attributed this familiarity to popular, and not particular motives, so it only lessened their respect without increasing their good will, and instead of giving them good impressions of his humanity, only

gave them ill ones of his sincerity. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other, never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father; that is, more tenacious of opinions he had once formed, though less capable of ever forming right ones. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this:—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that neglected him, and were neither of use, nor capable of being of use to him, nor desirous of being so.'—Ib. p. 297.

To complete the family group we must take the following, in which the character of the queen is drawn with equal freedom. The painter was here employed on a favourite subject, and we cannot, therefore, suspect him of magnifying defects, or of infusing too dark colours. His love of antithesis may, perhaps, have led to the sacrifice of truth on some minor points, but on the whole the portrait is open to the suspicion of flattery rather than of caricature. A more miserable object was never sketched, and the other members of the royal household partook in various degrees of the family likeness:—

'Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides herself could have had patience to support, or resolution to adhere to. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it (*'consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus.'*—*Tacitus*;) she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was

calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled, as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.'—*Ib.* pp. 293—295.

Our special interest in all matters pertaining to the dissenting body, leads us to notice Lord Hervey's account of the treatment it experienced from the government of Sir Robert Walpole. In 1730, the design was entertained of applying to parliament for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and certainly, if ever any parties merited the favour of a monarch and his ministers, the dissenters of England had done so in an eminent degree. For forty years they had shown themselves the steady friends of the settlement of 1688, and had been amongst the earliest and most zealous advocates of the Hanoverian succession. Their services had hitherto been unrequited; and all they now asked for was, to be relieved from the operation of laws which had been passed for the repression of popery. They had, moreover, been faithful adherents to the Whig party, they constituted its electoral strength, had contributed largely to its long possession of office, and might very naturally now conclude, as Lord Hervey represents them as doing, that 'if they could not get rid of this stigmatising brand of reproach, that declared them unfit to be trusted with any employment in the executive part of the civil government, under a Whig parliament, they could never hope for relief at all, since the other set of men, who called themselves the church party, and whom they had always opposed, should they come into power, would not only from principle forbear to show the dissenters any favour, but would certainly, from resentment, go still further, and probably load them with some new oppression.' Such were the reasonings of dissenters; and as a new parliament was speedily to be convened, they deemed the present a fitting time to bring their claims before the legislature. The administration, however, deemed otherwise. They were willing to receive, but had no disposition to repay. Prodigious of private assurances, they were disinclined to encounter any difficulty, much less to hazard any danger, in order to verify their professions. Their gratitude was a lively sense of favours to be received, and they affected surprise, and even uttered reproach.

ful language on discovering that a juster sense prevailed amongst others. We have seen a similar policy in more recent times, but have happily learned to resent the injustice, and to take our cause into our own hands, instead of credulously relying on the hollow professions of political allies. There is little faith in statesmen. They sneer at men of principle as obstinate and intractable; and guide their career by the arts of a paltry expediency, rather than the rules of a high-minded and generous morality. It was so emphatically with the minister Walpole. Like his Whig successors in our own day, he was terrified by the slightest murmur within the precincts of the church. The ghost of priestism haunted him. He saw it wherever he went, and abandoned judgment, conscience, and gratitude, rather than hazard its wrath. The Whigs have ever been amongst the most timid of mortals in church matters. In special cases, when urged by political necessity, they have for an instant grappled with priestly arrogance; but the old habit of servility is soon resumed, and they have evinced more than the patience of saints, without a particle of their spirit. In 1732, it was resolved, if possible, to divert dissenters from their purpose. The administration did not wish to break with them. In other words, their aid was still wanted, more especially as a general election was at hand. The usual appliances were, therefore, resorted to; and as the case was more than usually important, royal influence was employed by the premier. Hoadley, bishop of Salisbury, was known to stand well with the dissenters, and it was therefore resolved, that the Queen should send for him, 'and make it her request that he would do all in his power to divert this impending storm.' The meeting took place at Kensington, and the Queen, 'with profusion of affability,' solicited the services of Hoadley. The main argument, of course, was the unfitness of the present time. 'A more convenient season' was all the government desired. The case of dissenters was entitled to consideration; their claim was just; the feeling of the administration was most cordial. Such was the language used; it has ever been so, with parties similarly circumstanced and equally destitute of principle; and if words only could determine the matter, dissenters had abundant reason to be satisfied. But words may be hypocritical, or if not wholly so, may be a concession extorted by timidity, and designed to cloak a settled purpose of inaction. It was so in the present case. The bishop saw through the policy of which he was to be the dupe, and, therefore, while professing his readiness to do all in his power to extricate the government from the difficulties of its position, he informed the Queen that 'he must plainly and honestly tell her Majesty, that whenever the repeal of them

(the Test and Corporation Acts) came to be proposed in parliament, he must always be for it, and forward, as much as in him lay, a step which he thought but common justice from this government, to its long-oppressed and long-faithful friends.' This was noble language from a bishop to a Queen, more especially when it was known that her influence was omnipotent in the promotions of the bench. The Premier followed up the application of his royal mistress, and with studied encomiums on the dissenting body, and warm professions of regard, he sought to secure the bishop's advocacy. The hollowness of the whole, however, was strikingly evident, as will be seen from the following:—

'As to himself,' says Walpole, 'in private and in confidence, he would not scruple to own to the Bishop that his heart was with them; but in this country, which was in reality a popular government that only bore the name of monarchy, and especially in this age where clamour and faction were so prevalent over reason and justice, he said, a minister sometimes must swim with the tide against his inclination, and that the current was too strong at present against this proposal of the Dissenters for any judicious minister to think of stemming it. He further added, that if he were wholly unconcerned as a minister, and only considered this thing as a friend to the Dissenters, he should certainly rather advise them to try it at the beginning of a new parliament than at the end of an old one, as people would be less afraid of the ferment in the country seven years before elections were again to come on, than one; and consequently those who were friends to the Dissenters would have the principal check to their showing themselves such, removed to so great a distance that it would be almost the same thing as being entirely taken away.

'The Bishop asked Sir Robert if, in making use of this argument to the Dissenters, he might give them hopes of finding more favour from the Court in case they would adjourn their pretensions till the opening of a new parliament; but Sir Robert avoided hampering himself by any promise of that kind by saying, that as such a promise could never be kept a secret, so its being known to be given for the future would have just the same ill effects as the performance of it in present; and, for that reason, whatever he thought might be done, he would not, nor dare not, say it should be done.

'The bishop plainly saw through this artifice, and at the same time perceived that his encouraging the Dissenters to proceed further in this affair at present would only ruin his own little remnant of interest at Court, without availing them, and therefore resolved plainly to represent to them what they had to expect, and advise them not to push a point which might force many who were thought their friends to desert them, and hurt many who would stand by them, and give their enemies advantage without a possibility of procuring any benefit to themselves.'—*Ib.* p. 154.

The dissenters refused to adopt the advice tendered. They were sanguine of success, and appointed deputations to repair to

London, in order to confer with their leading friends. This step proved their ruin, and 'enabled Sir Robert Walpole,' as our memoir-writer says, 'to defeat the project entirely.' A committee of London dissenters was appointed, and the result was very similar to what has been seen in more recent times. We give Lord Hervey's account with the more satisfaction, as we trust that dissenters, whether provincial or metropolitan, have become too wise and too honest to allow the repetition of so truculent and base a policy :—

'Out of the body of the London Dissenters a committee was to be chosen, to treat and confer with the ministers; and as the honest gentlemen who composed that committee were all monied men of the city and scriveners, who were absolutely dependent on Sir Robert, and chosen by his contrivance, they spoke only as he prompted, and acted only as he guided.

'However, to save appearances, everything was to be carried on with the utmost seeming formality; this packed committee was to meet the Lord Chancellor [King], Mr. Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord President of the Council [Wilmington], the two Secretaries of State [Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harrington], and Sir Robert Walpole, in order to ask and learn from these great men what the Presbyterians, in case they brought their petition now into parliament, had to hope from the Court, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons.

'Sir Robert Walpole at this meeting began with a dissertation on the subject on which they were convened, and repeated most of the things he had before said to the Bishop of Salisbury. The Speaker avoided giving his opinion on the thing itself, but was very strong and explicit on the inexpediency of bringing it now before the parliament, and the little probability, if it was brought there, of its success. My Lord President looked wise, was dull, took snuff, and said nothing. Lord Harrington took the same silent, passive part. The Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle had done better had they followed that example too; but both spoke very plentifully, and were both equally unintelligible, the one from having lost his understanding, and the other from never having had any.

'The result of this conference was reported by the committee to a general assembly of all the Dissenters in London, convened for that purpose; and upon that report this assembly came to the following resolutions :—

'First, That if a petition was to be now preferred to Parliament in their favour, that there was no prospect of success.

'Secondly, That the present was consequently an improper time for any application to Parliament of that kind.

'And, Thirdly, It was resolved to communicate the negotiations of the committee, and the resolutions of this assembly thereupon, to all the Dissenters in England.

'In this manner this storm that threatened the administration from

the Presbyterian party blew over. Sir Robert Walpole conducted the whole affair on his part with great skill, temper, and dexterity : but the Presbyterians, as well as many who were unconcerned, saw plainly that the Dissenters' cause was betrayed, and their interests sold, by their factors in London.'—*Ib.* p. 156.

Such was the treatment received at the hands of an administration which they had so long and so faithfully served, and none, therefore, will be surprised to learn, that when the dissenters, four years afterwards, brought this question before parliament, they were opposed with the utmost strength of the Walpole government. The general election was then passed, but the Whig ministry and their faction were as disinclined as ever to do an act of simple justice. 'Trust not in princes,' is the injunction of scripture, and the dissenters of England have found, to their cost, that the spirit of the precept is equally applicable to statesmen and political parties.

The conduct of the court was the more exceptionable, as the loyalty of dissenters was undoubted, while that of the church was very questionable. Lord Hervey supplies many illustrations of the latter. He tells us, for instance, that on the Excise Bill being relinquished, the joy of the people was unbounded, and that it 'was carried so far at Oxford, that for three nights together, round the bonfires made there, the healths of Ormond, Bolingbroke, and James the Third were publicly drank ; and so much treason talked, and so many disorders committed, by the students as well as the townsmen, that the Vice-Chancellor's authority, joined to that of the civil magistracy, was hardly sufficient to quell the tumults.'

On occasion also of the marriage of the princess royal, the university of Oxford is mentioned as one of the disaffected incorporated bodies, which 'took the opportunity to say the most impertinent things to the king, under the pretence of complimentary addresses, that ironical zeal and couched satire could put together.'

In the mean time the bishops did not sit on down. Church power, even then, was on the wane, and men, in consequence, ventured to utter thoughts which had long been repressed. They despised the sordidness, and began to laugh at the pretensions of churchmen. The king joined heartily in this feeling, and gave it utterance in the coarse style he loved :—

'The King,' says Lord Hervey, 'with his usual softness in speaking of any people he disliked, called the Bishops, whenever he mentioned them in private on this occasion, a parcel of black, canting, hypocritical rascals ; and said the government was likely to go on well if those scoundrels were to dictate to their prince how far he should or should

not comply with the disposition of his parliament; and to be giving themselves these impertinent airs in opposing everything that did not exactly suit with their silly opinions. And indeed church-power was so little relished at this time, and churchmen so little popular, that these cabals and combinations of the bishops to oppose and influence the transactions of parliament, and to irritate the passions of the inferior clergy, were generally exclaimed against and condemned.

'The Mortmain Bill and the Quakers' Bill were both passed in the House of Commons by great majorities, and everybody that spoke for them gave the bishops and the parsons very hard as well as very popular slaps; the young men all ran riot on these topics, and there were none to take the part of the poor church but a few old Tories and the Jacobites. Sir Robert Walpole, however, who hated extremes, and dreaded the consequences of all intemperance in parliament whatever, though he voted for these bills, endeavoured to quell and soften the zeal of those who voted with him; and rather followed in every step that was taken in them than promoted it.'—Vol. ii. p. 93.

Lord Hervey relates a conversation between the king and queen, which throws much light on the miserable state of the royal family, and reflects little credit on the temper or judgment of George II. There is, however, some truth, mixed with great bitterness, in the references which he made to Bishop Hoadley. The anomaly of a bishop, with large revenues and a temporal barony, claiming to be a successor of the apostles, and a minister of a spiritual kingdom, is too obvious to escape the notice even of the grossest minds. After the departure of Lady Suffolk from the court, the king used to spend the early part of the evening with his daughters, and about nine o'clock he repaired to the apartments of the queen. Lord Hervey was usually in attendance, and tells us:—

'One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting whilst the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's on the Sacrament, in which the bishop was very ill treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing of; adding, that, if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and disturbing the government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had pretended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait' (and then he acted the Bishop's lameness), 'or his nasty stinking breath?—phauh!—or his silly laugh,

when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth ? Or is it his great honesty that charms your lordship ?—his asking a thing of me for one man, and, when he came to have it in his power to bestow, refusing the Queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it ? Or do you admire his conscience that makes him now put out a book that, till he was bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest ? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago) ? or was it that he would not risk losing a shilling a-year more whilst there was anything better to be got than what he had ? My Lord, I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill ; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy and a very dull fellow and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the government that has showed them that favour ; and very modest in a canting hypocritical knave to be crying, '*The kingdom of Christ is not of this world,*' at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives £6,000 or £7,000 a year. But he is just the same thing in the church that he is in the government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favours from the crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power.'—Ib. pp. 45—48.

Lord Hervey, with the tact of an experienced courtier, endeavoured to divert the king's attention, by relating a visit he had just paid to a bishop of a very different stamp, who had accompanied him to Westminster Abbey, to show him a pair of old brass gates belonging to Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The king suddenly stopped him, saying :—

'My Lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to *Merlin's Cave*, to complete your nonsense there.' (This *Merlin's Cave* was a little building so christened, which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond.) The Queen smiled, and said *Merlin's Cave* was complete already ; and Lord Hervey, to remove the King's fears of this expense, said that it was a sort of work that if his Majesty would give all the money in his exchequer he could not have now. '*Appropos,*' said the Queen, 'I hear the Craftsman has abused *Merlin's Cave.*' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King : 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right.'

'This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation (I know not by what transition) fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country ; upon

which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money.' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do: to which his majesty replied, that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in the country. He knew it was not, but said it was. He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars, it would certainly be expected from her majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home, as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house, to see his new chairs and stools. Nor is it for *you*,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen coloured, and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she did before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his majesty's ill humour from her) said to the King, that, as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she sees a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter is, Sir, that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honours with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King, instead of answering Lord Hervey, then turned to the Queen, and, with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text.—*Ib.* pp. 49—51.

What a melancholy scene do these passages present, and yet we need not wonder at the facts they disclose. The infidelity of the king was openly countenanced by the queen. She retained in her service, and invited to her palace, those from whom she ought to have shrunk as the plague. The woman and the wife were sacrificed to the queen. Ambition was her ruling passion, and for its indulgence she bartered the purest and noblest sentiments of our nature. The minister of her

husband was permitted to insult her by urging, at length, and repeatedly, an active concurrence in that husband's infidelity; and, to crown the whole, and as if to destroy every vestige of respect and sympathy, the correspondence carried on with her husband, during his frequent absence, was minutely descriptive of the licentious intrigues in which he engaged. We pass over this subject, as well as the disputes, of the royal family, as too disgusting to be dwelt on. In the case of any other people, they would have left a permanently debasing influence; and even as it was, they did much to lower the morality of the nation. We are no admirers of the political character of George III., but his personal influence, as well as that of his queen, was immensely beneficial. They found the court an Augean stable, and left it a not altogether unfitting residence for female modesty and manly virtue.

The sympathies of George II. were anti-English. He was a German in taste as well as birth, and the great difficulty of Walpole was, to prevent his sacrificing the interests of this kingdom to those of Hanover. Deep as were the faults of Walpole, we owe him much on this account. He was an English minister, and he acted as such. It is true, that his own interests and those of his party were identified with this policy, and we cannot, therefore, cede him very high praise. Nevertheless, from whatever motive it arose, he sought to prevent his master from being involved in the complex web of continental politics, and for this we thank him. The king was at no pains to conceal his preference; and the queen, though vastly his superior in intellect, did not greatly differ from him on this point:—

'In truth,' says our author, 'he hated the English, looked upon them all as king-killers and republicans, grudged them their riches as well as their liberty, thought them all overpaid, and said to Lady Sundon one day as she was waiting at dinner, just after he returned from Germany, that he was forced to distribute his favours here very differently from the manner in which he bestowed them at Hanover; that there he rewarded people for doing their duty and serving him well, but that here he was obliged to enrich people for being rascals, and buy them not to cut his throat.

'The Queen did not always think in a different style of the English, though she kept her thoughts more to herself than the King, as being more prudent, more sensible, and more mistress of her passions; yet even she could not entirely disguise these sentiments to the observation of those who were perpetually about her, and put her upon subjects that betrayed her into revealing them.

'I have heard her at different times speak with great indignation against assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despute, the humble servant of the parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty, that was forced to go

to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court those who were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. And once added, that a good deal of that liberty that made them so insolent, if she could do it, should be much abridged; nor was it possible for the best prince in the world to be very solicitous to procure benefits for subjects that never cared to trust him. At other times she was more upon her guard.'—Ib. p. 30.

George II. was, in consequence, greatly unpopular, and the national feeling vented itself in various ways. His immorality disgusted the more sober part of the nation, his personal carriage extinguished all esteem and attachment, and his frequent visits and protracted residence at Hanover, were resented as an insult by his English subjects. The popular feeling was expressed in pasquinades and practical jokes, of which Lord Hervey gives the following specimen:—

'An old lean, lame, blind horse was turned into the streets, with a broken saddle on his back and a pillion behind it, and on the horse's forehead this inscription was fixed:—

'Let nobody stop me—I am the King's Hanover Equipage, going to fetch his Majesty and his — to England.'

'At the Royal Exchange, a paper with these words was stuck up:—

'It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring.'

'On St. James's gate this advertisement was pasted:—

'Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a Crown.'—Ib. p. 191.

We have marked several other passages for extract, but having already exceeded our limits, must refer our readers to the volumes themselves. No future historian will attempt to record the reign of George II. without availing himself of the information they supply. They are absolutely needful to a clear apprehension of the politics of this period, and will take their rank accordingly. We could specify a hundred cases in which the writer is hasty, prejudiced, or insincere; but, after all the deduction which truth requires, his *Memoirs* are by far the best, the fullest, and the most truthful narrative we have yet received, of one of the least attractive periods of our history.

Mr. Croker has discharged his task with great skill. The biographical notice of Lord Hervey, which he has prefixed, is a fitting Introduction to the '*Memoirs*,' and the numerous Notes interspersed, form an admirable specimen of what such illustrations should be.

ART. V.—*An Estimate of the Human Mind; A Philosophical Inquiry into the Legitimate Application and Extent of its Leading Faculties, as connected with the Principles and Obligations of the Christian Religion.* By John Davies, D.D. A new edition, with large additions. London. John W. Parker. 8vo. pp. 631.

JOHN FOSTER has indicated a sorely prevailing evil, in his complaint of the lack of 'what may be called *conclusive* writing and speaking.' Many of his readers must have recognized in that remark, the utterance of a feeling which they could not have expressed so happily, but which has often awakened their impatience. We read, or we listen, perhaps not without interest; but at the close of a passage, or a paragraph, a chapter or a discourse, we do not feel, as Foster says, that anything is *settled*, or *done*. We have yielded an assent, or a half assent, to each successive sentence: but at the close, we are where we were at the beginning, not perfectly certain whether the speaker or writer has attained his object, or what precisely his object was, and uncertain whether to throw the blame of our uncertainty, on him, or on ourselves.

We do not mean to say, nor do we suppose that Foster meant, that no train of thought can be thoroughly satisfactory to the hearer's or reader's mind, unless it be a train of reasoning, and 'conclusive' in the sense of 'demonstrative.' A train of thought may be highly satisfying, impressive, or instructive, that is bound together, not by logic, but by association. It may be explanatory or illustrative. It may appeal to the feelings, or kindle the imagination, or refresh the memory. The author who expresses plainly and forcibly a thought that had before been vague and undefined, or supplies us with a link between two propositions that had before lain disjointed, and apart, in our minds, as truly enriches us, as if he communicated a new truth or exploded a positive error. He who produces a vivid impression from a familiar object and strikes fresh sparks of feeling out of old thoughts, who new points a trite but useful truth with an apt metaphor, or sets a keen edge on our worn and blunted convictions, renders us a most important service. On the other hand, we can put up with a dull path, if it lead to a spot worth visiting; and the toil of a dry argument is well repaid by an enlarged prospect of truth, or the repose of more secure conviction. But a train of thought which is abstract without being logical, and contemplative without being imaginative,—neither riveted by argument, nor fired by fancy,—is apt to be a very tedious affair.

And of all subjects, metaphysics is that in which this inconclusive style of writing is, as Dogberry says, 'most tolerable and not to be endured.' It is bad enough in reference to religion; but we forgive a man on account of his good intentions, and hope that to some minds, not afflicted with logical acumen, he may be useful. But any one who publishes on metaphysics, challenges the severest ordeal. He is a bold man, and ought to be very sure of his ground, who deems himself qualified to offer anything really new, true, and valuable, on topics which have exercised to the utmost, the energies of the strongest and most piercing intellects; and of which, it requires more than average capacity, even to see the difficulties.

These remarks may seem an ungracious introduction to our criticism of the volume before us. Yet really it is not our fault that they suggest themselves. We have not the slightest personal knowledge of the author; but we can assure our readers that we opened his volume with all the respect due to a handsome octavo of six hundred and thirty pages, by a doctor of divinity, treating on the highest themes of human speculation, and bearing on its cover, the significant words, 'New Edition.' We hailed it as a fresh omen of the revival of metaphysics. If the opinion, which, after careful examination, we feel bound to give, be less favourable than we expected, it is not from any want of inclination to judge favourably. Indications appear, throughout the volume, of piety and good sense. On many points, the author's views are both sober and sound: and he shows himself acquainted not merely with the form, but with the reality of christianity. Many of the remarks, for example, in Book V, on the use and the abuse of the affections in religion, are very judicious, if not very original. Of the extent of the author's reading, the comparatively few references to metaphysical writers scarcely enable us to judge; though, from the manner in which he speaks of Locke and Brown, and the vague allusions to 'many authors,' and 'opinions frequently held,' we should not imagine it to be very wide. But he has evidently thought much on metaphysical questions. And we are informed in the preface, that 'some members of the council of the London University,' (University College) considered Dr. Davies qualified, several years ago, to become 'a candidate for the professorship of moral and political philosophy in that institution.' A genius for making discoveries in a science, however, or even a talent for expounding its principles, is no necessary adjunct to a taste for its cultivation. And with all deference to the unknown gentlemen thus mysteriously hinted at in the preface, and every wish to do justice to our author, he appears to us deficient in some of the most important qualities of a metaphysician.

The two tests of a metaphysical thinker, we take to be, his power of analysis, and his power of expressing thought. Analysis is the only weapon by which new conquests can be effected in this territory. Next to the power of effecting these, is the faculty of exhibiting, in luminous and compact form, truths already discovered. And the style of a writer will be found, we apprehend, a faithful index of what may be expected from him in either respect. Even the cumbrous nomenclature of a Kant, the cloudy phraseology of a Coleridge, may safely be taken as indicating some pervading deficiency either in the mind, or in the system, that could not express itself more perspicuously. Such thinkers as Locke, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Pascal, impress their own royal mintage on the ore of thought; and it is the form, often, as much as the value of the thought, that gives it currency.

In the former respect,—the power of analysis,—Dr. Davies is lamentably deficient. At the outset, his object is intimated to be, to consider the great scheme of christianity, as ‘bearing a relation, and as directly addressing itself, to one or other of the following faculties of man’s soul:—his reason—his will—his conscience—his imagination—or his affections.’ (Pref. p. iv.) Passing over, for the present, the vagueness of the very object of the work, as thus set forth, we would ask, why is the mind regarded as divided into these faculties, and no others? ‘Reason’ as we afterwards find (p. 62,) is used by our author to signify ‘that capacity of the mind, by which a judgment is formed on a cool and discriminating survey of the grounds of belief—that intellectual faculty, in the exercise of which, a conclusion is arrived at, after a careful and diligent examination of premises.’ In briefer terms, reason, according to our author, is the faculty of judgment and ratiocination. What then are we to say of that faculty—call it reason, understanding, intellect, what you will, by which *ideas*, such as those of love, truth, goodness, responsibility, of reason itself, and conscience, of eternity, and of God, are created? Does not christianity address itself to this faculty? What, again, shall we say of the *interpreting* faculty, (by whatever name it may be distinguished) whereby language and signs of all kinds become conductors of thought; which recognizes the spiritual under the disguise of the material and the typical, and to which all nature is a glorious language, replete with meaning, and eloquent of deity? Does not revelation address itself far more directly to this, than to the mere logical faculty which Dr. Davies calls reason? Under which of his divisions, moreover, shall we rank faith? Nowhere, if we remember correctly, has the author attempted either to analyse or to define

faith. Yet is it not among the 'leading faculties of the soul?' Or has 'the great scheme of christianity' no relation to it?

If we turn to those parts of the volume, in which these faculties are severally discussed, we find a deficiency of analytic penetration and precision, such as might be augured from the preface. Book II, for example, is occupied with 'an inquiry into the nature and extent of the faculty of volition, as connected with moral agency, and religious obligation.' By way of beginning at the beginning, Section I, treats of '*the choice of simple tendency, as displayed in material substances*;' and Section II, of '*sensitive preference, the next stage of the elective process*.' Thus at the very outset, the readers' mind is distracted and confused, by inquiries perfectly foreign from the matter in hand, and by those very analogies from material and animal nature, which a clear-headed metaphysician would most cautiously avoid. Whether the forces that govern the material universe, are of a spiritual nature, and whether animals are endowed with reason and will, are questions in themselves deeply interesting: but to mix them up with an inquiry into human volition, can produce nothing but confusion. Section IV, we may observe, is devoted to the establishment of the very original and abstruse position, that '*Life may be regarded as a first principle,—as a fundamental and indispensable requisite to a moral agent, to a being capable of exercising rational volition*.' (p. 166.) When at length we come to inquire what the '*nature and extent of the faculty*,' really are, we are told:—

'Volition, or willing, indeed, is *more* an act of mind yielding to this superior claim,' (viz. the result of 'a latent, if not a *palpable and open algebraic* process of calculating the plus and minus of enjoyment expected to be enjoyed from the respective candidates for preference and superior regard,') 'and recognizing its legitimate demand to attention and pursuit, *than any particular power or faculty* existing in the mind. It is that *determination of the judgment*, frequently accompanied with a *strong feeling of the heart*, which tells in clear and intelligible language, that such an object or such a line of conduct is that which, has most aptitude to give happiness, either with respect to loveliness or permanence, or perhaps to both.'

This account, miserably erroneous, and inadequate, as we believe, of the most wonderful faculty of our nature, 'that which makes us persons, not things,' is given without the slightest hint that it has been, or may be questioned. We wonder if the learned author ever met with a volume entitled '*Aids to Reflection*!' It is not our object, here, to discuss his view of volition. But we must say that it appears to us to lead inevitably to the

doctrine of philosophical necessity. Do not let our readers conclude, however, that it leads our author to that doctrine, of which he says, that it 'absolutely, and with a few slight evasions, avowedly confounds virtue and vice, sin and holiness, as developed in the character of man.' Dr. Davies appears to be of opinion, that we may adopt a principle without being at all bound to accept its logical consequences, if we don't like them. He tells us in his preface, 'extreme opinions on speculative questions, I have cautiously avoided, and have endeavoured to point out their danger.' A writer who adopts this as his maxim, instead of following out his convictions of truth, whithersoever they may tend, may not go very far wrong, even if he always makes a mistake at the first step; but in his care to avoid extremes, he is extremely likely to be sometimes extremely inconsequent, and generally extremely common-place.

Dr. Davies's account of Conscience is as little to our taste as that of Volition. Let our readers see what they can make of it. After some sensible, though excessively diffuse remarks on the influence of circumstances and society on the gradual development of the moral faculties, the author observes that, at first, the infant is influenced simply by what is agreeable to itself, or the reverse.

'As, however, its powers of observation and experience begin to expand, and the results of the exercise of benevolence and self-denial, which within certain limits are essential to any measure of happiness and security in a social state, are instilled into its mind, *it learns to think it right to extend its views* somewhat beyond its own present physical enjoyment, for otherwise, happiness could not upon any scale exist. From the delight which it *derives from pleasure of every kind, it, by degrees, comes to regard happiness or enjoyment as a positive good, and, therefore, inherently desirable.* Hence, every mode of conduct which experience has shown to be, on the whole, calculated to promote happiness, is viewed in the same light; when the idea of rectitude or justice has been once gained as a *relation inseparably connected with the benevolent constitution of nature*, that of duty necessarily springs out of it.'

Does the writer mean, that regarding every mode of conduct which is calculated to promote happiness, (*quære, whose happiness?*) as a positive good, and *therefore* inherently desirable, is the same thing with gaining the idea of rectitude? If he does not, we can see no connexion between the last two sentences just quoted, and no attempt to explain what conscience is. If he does, we must utterly dissent from such a theory, and protest against its being thus coolly assumed as an admitted truth. As to saying that the idea of duty 'necessarily springs out of' that of rectitude; that is just saying that we have ideas because

we necessarily have them ; a profound principle which doubtless will shed great light on mental philosophy.

If we pass on to Book IV, which treats of Imagination,—a faculty too carelessly treated by mental philosophers, and regarding which, there is really room for interesting and original remark, we are struck by the same absence of anything like penetrating or correct analysis. Instead, we have only confused description, and inflated declamation. A more complete example of an unsuccessful attempt at philosophical discrimination, could not easily be found, than that which the author makes at p. 373, to distinguish between fancy and imagination. Confounding, with characteristic want of exactness, the names with the faculties themselves, he tells us that, though '*with respect to their etymological origin*' they '*spring from sources very closely allied,*' yet they may be clearly distinguished ; not, however, as two faculties, but as *different exercises* of one faculty. After attempting, not to define, but to illustrate this difference, the author winds up by informing us that,—

'To institute another comparison, the operations of fancy are pictured by the wanton play of light and shade exhibited on a spot partly illumined by the penetrating rays of the sun, and partly darkened by the superincumbent foliage of a tree, as the wind rustles among its branches ; while those of imagination may be more aptly represented by the vivid corruscations of lightning.' (!)

After this, our readers will not wonder if we say that, instead of exhibiting the distinction between fancy and imagination, the author has only exhibited how little he understands the matter.

Vagueness of thought is, indeed, a pervading characteristic of the volume. Sharply defined ideas, tangible propositions, condensed arguments, methodical inductions, are rare. It would be uncivil, to intimate a doubt whether the author of so large and handsome a volume, had himself a definite and complete object in his mind's eye, in writing it. But we may be permitted to doubt whether he has succeeded in placing it clearly before his readers. All the terms employed in the long-winded title are of a vague, indeterminate character. What are we to understand by '*the leading faculties of the mind*?'—or what, by the *legitimate extent* of our faculties ? or by their extent *as connected* with religion ? In the preface, we are told that the christian scheme may be viewed as addressing itself to certain faculties ; but the work is occupied, not with christianity, but with the mind. We are told again, that '*the object of these dissertations opens a very important view of the philosophy of the human mind.*' But what view, or in what way opened, is not very clearly pointed out.

A general survey of the work discloses, in fact, no guiding principle running through the whole. The form of a systematic treatise, therefore, appears to us unhappily chosen. If the author could have condensed this huge octavo into a moderate duodecimo volume of distinct essays, he might have produced a less ambitious work, but a far more readable and useful one.

As it is, what is really valuable in the book is in danger of being overlooked in the cloud of words in which it is enveloped. The style is diffuse in the extreme: often running into a tumid grandiloquence, that reminds one of a schoolboy's prize essay. But for the title page, we should from the style have imagined the book to be from the pen of some youthful preacher, more accustomed to extemporaneous declamation than to severe thought, or to the study of the best authors. The introduction is an essay on just such a theme as is commonly selected to exercise the unfledged powers of juvenile rhetoricians:—'The Influence which the general pursuit of Knowledge appears calculated to exert on the Character of the Individual and the Welfare of Society.' On the first page, we have of course an allusion to Bacon; on the second, the weighty aphorism, that 'it is also true that life is short;' while the course of the essay is garnished, after the approved fashion of theme-writing, with such choice and scholar like quotations as, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' and even our old friend 'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,' etc., *translated* at full length in the text, and the original given in the margin. If fluency in expatiating on truisms be eloquence, and skill in diluting sense with words be a sign of genius, the learned author has established claims to both, seldom rivalled. Let our readers take one or two additional specimens. The author is discussing the abstruse position, that 'punishment is not inflicted where reason is incapable of exercising its control.' After illustrating his point from 'the child wreaking its little passing vengeance on the chair or table,' or, 'applying more calm chastisement to the picture, or the doll,' he proceeds in a more exalted strain:—

'But when we contemplate the inflated and frantic Xerxes at the head of the armies of the East, ordering the infliction of so many lashes upon the Hellepont as a rebel, who had the insufferable daring to disturb the arrangements of his master's mighty armament; we not only laugh at the folly and complete futility of such an act, but we are astonished at the effect of flattery and despotic power, in paralysing the faculties of the understanding so completely, and in strengthening the vindictive and malignant passions to a degree that is destructive of all sense and reason.' —p. 172.

Here follows a sentence, a page long, on the folly of tyrants

in inflicting indignities on the dead bodies of martyrs, etc., seeing, that '*in such cases punishment and suffering are completely out of the question.*' Lest this should be considered a dubious point however, the author adds, 'we are perfectly conscious that the *vitally susceptible alone can feel a pang, as well as experience a transport.*' The following is a choice specimen of the similes which abundantly adorn the work :—

'As the element of heat, by its effect upon the chemical fluid in which the character had been traced, brings out into distinct and legible forms, what before had lain concealed in the colourless uniformity of a blank ; so the *commingling glow of expanding faculties*, actuated and controlled by social and circumstantial influences, calls out and gradually *embodies into unavoidable recognition* those moral intimations and impressions, which however they may be occasionally perverted and misconstrued, are felt to be as true as nature itself, and as firm as the foundations of the universe.'—p. 317.

On the preceding page, the author tells us that he will not attempt to revive the doctrine of innate practical principles, '*which Locke was at so much pains to explode.*' But in the breath, he not only does the very thing which he says he will not do ; but in the following alarming string of comparisons, he sets forth the processes to which these innate principles may be subjected without being destroyed.

'They may be distorted, indeed, from their original bearing, they may be *corroded* by an *ungenial* atmosphere, they may be overwhelmed *beneath* the thick layers of *surrounding* corruption, they may be deluged by the overflowing tide of headlong and ungovernable passions ; but amidst all this *disorder of functions and dislocation of parts*, their *elements* will be found, if we may so speak, *among the lower strata* of the mental system, like a monumental pillar *buried in some destructive convulsion of nature* beneath a *mass of earth and rubbish*, and requiring only to be *cleared* and raised to light, in order to exhibit the same unalterable inscription.'

Whether this be 'fancy' or 'imagination,' we must leave our readers to decide. We have marked a number of other passages, not less astonishing. Even where the author hits upon a happy simile, he takes care to smother it with verbiage. Thus, when he would compare a greater or less proximity of causation to the difference between firing a train and dropping a spark into the barrel, he tells us, 'The difference is *no other than that of laying a train of greater or less complexity, and that of immediately and directly applying the igneous spark*, (did our readers ever see an *aqueous* spark ?) of which combustion, in either case, is the necessary and *inevitable* result.' But we forbear ; and content ourselves with seriously recommending that

if another edition of the work should ever be called for, the author should strike out on an average two words from every three, and at least half the similes, and then study how the remainder might be expressed in the most condensed form.

We wish we could have noticed in a different strain, a work which contains many sensible and some valuable remarks, and which displays throughout a pious and christian spirit. But we should be doing injustice to the metaphysical student, if we induced him to spend on such a work the hours that might be given to Aristotle or Locke. We should also deem ourselves wanting in a very serious duty, as reviewers, if we did not do our best to warn young writers against mistaking vagueness for abstruseness, fluency for fertility, or verbosity and bombast for eloquence and fine writing.

ART. VI.—*The very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs, and Atchievements of the Good Knight, without Fear and without Reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard.* Set forth in English, by Edward Cockburn Kindersley. London: Imprinted for Longman and Co.

WITH the fame of the gentle knight, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' Pierre du Terrail, Lord de Bayard, we have all been familiar from infancy, although a detailed account of his prowess is seldom to be met with. The quaintly titled, and quaintly 'imprinted' volume before us, supplies this deficiency from a very interesting source,—the Memoir published in 1527, three years after his death, and which is believed to have been written by his secretary, who designates himself simply as '*le loyal serviteur*.' Of this characteristic Memoir, Mr. Kindersley has given us a condensed translation, in which he has 'endeavoured to preserve,' and we think very successfully, 'something of the quaint simplicity of the old chronicle.'

The value, and occasional historical importance, of these small contemporary memoirs, are in the present day acknowledged; and as a picture of that unsettled transition period, the earlier part of the sixteenth century; and of the knightly character of one, who, in the decline of chivalry exhibited the qualities which belonged to its brightest period, as well as in those minute touches, which place the social life of the age before us, this work is well worthy of perusal. As a drawing-room book, however,

—which, from its expensive ‘getting-up’ we presume Mr. Kindersley intended,—we can scarcely admire it. The record of battles, sieges, and single combats, is too unrelieved by more pleasant matter, to render it a volume one would wish to take up, to beguile an unoccupied hour.

Our hero, Bayard, was descended, not only from an ancient, but emphatically a fighting family. His great great grandfather lost his life at the battle of Poitiers, his great grandfather was slain at Agincourt, ‘his grandfather was left on the field of Monthery, with six mortal wounds, not to speak of lesser ones; and at the battle of Guignegaste, his father was so severely wounded, that he was never afterwards able to leave his house, where he died at the age of eighty.’ It was, therefore, with great delight, that the old man found one, among his four sons, who was willing to follow the career of arms, and at little more than thirteen years of age, Pierre, under the protection of his uncle, the bishop, was placed at Chambery as page to the Duke of Savoy. His ‘witching horsemanship’ soon attracted the notice of the king of France, and he was transferred to his service, and soon after commenced his squirehood, by bearing a gallant part in a passage of arms against master Claude de Vaudray. Never was youth more beloved than he, ‘for if any of his companions lost his horse, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purse, every one shared it,’ while, ‘young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose, was to say his prayers.’ When King Charles VIII. conquered the kingdom of Naples, ‘and brought the pope to reason,’ Bayard accompanied him, and to us, one of the most curious parts of the Memoir, is that which details the wars of France with the Holy See, and the almost contemptuous manner in which Pope Julius is mentioned by the writer, albeit he professes himself a good catholic. Here is a characteristic extract:—

‘The Pope arrived by slow marches at a large village called Saint Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola. Thence he sent to the Countess of Mirandola, then a widow, to deliver up her town to him; but she, who was daughter of Jean Jacques of Trevulce, and had the courage of her father, was devoted to the French interests, and would rather have died. She returned for answer, that the town was her own, and that by God’s help she would defend it against all who attempted to take it from her. The Pope was very angry, and swore by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that he would have it by fair means or by force, and ordered his nephew, the Duke d’Urbino, his captain-general, to go and lay siege to it.

‘The good Knight, who never spared his money to have good intelligence from his spies, was informed by them that the Pope would leave Saint Felix the next day, with his cardinals, bishops and pro-

thonotaries, escorted by a hundred horse, to join his camp before Mirandola, and he immediately formed a plan for seizing the Pope and all his cardinals, which he communicated to the Duke and the lord de Montoison.

'From Saint Felix to Mirandola the distance was six good miles, and on the road were many fine palaces, which had been abandoned on account of the war. During the night, the good Knight placed himself in ambush in one of these, with a hundred picked men-at-arms, having requested the Duke and the lord de Montoison to pass the bridge in the morning with the rest of the cavalry, and wait for him about four or five miles from Ferrara, to receive him in case of any mishap or his being pursued.

'The Pope, who was an early riser, got into his litter at daybreak to go straight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts, to prepare his quarters. When the good Knight heard them approach, he quitted his ambush and charged them. They, terrified, turned about, and giving their horses the rein, fled full gallop, crying, Alarm! Alarm! But this would not have served, and the Pope, his cardinals, and bishops would have been taken, but for an accident very fortunate for the holy father, but most unlucky for the good Knight. It was this; that the Pope in his litter had not gone a cannon-shot from Saint Felix, when there fell such a snow-storm as had not been seen for a century, so thick that they could not see one another. The Cardinal of Pavia, who was then the Pope's prime minister, said to him; 'Holy father, it is impossible to cross the country whilst this lasts; it is necessary and your duty to return;' to which the Pope assented; and as ill luck would have it, as the fugitives were returning, and the good Knight spurring in pursuit, just as he arrived at Saint Felix, the Pope was entering the castle, who, hearing the cry, was so frightened, that he leaped from his litter without assistance, and himself helped to raise the drawbridge; which was done like a man who had his senses about him, for had he tarried the saying of a pater noster, he had been caught.'—pp. 124—127.

'The good knight was much chagrined at his failure,' naïvely remarks the writer, nor, although he tells us that 'the pope was all day in a fever from the fright he had had,' does he express any sorrow. The hold which the papacy had on men's minds, must have been greatly weakened, for a writer, acknowledging himself a member of the Roman church, thus to express himself. It was at the capture of Brescia, that the incident most generally told in illustration of Bayard's liberality took place. The narrative given here is extremely characteristic, and well told. He was carried, dangerously wounded, after the capture of the city, 'to the abode of a rich gentleman, whose wife remained with no other protection than our Lord's, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under some hay.'

'The lady of the house conducted him into a handsome chamber, and throwing herself on her knees before him, besought him to save the

honour and the lives of herself and her two young girls, who were just of marriageable years. The good Knight, who never entertained a wicked thought, replied, 'Madam, I know not whether I shall recover from my wound; but whilst I live, no insult shall be offered to you or your daughters; only keep them out of sight. And I assure you that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but shew you any courtesy in his power.' He then prayed her to send for a surgeon quickly, to dress his wound. She went herself with one of the archers to seek him, for he lived but two doors off. When he came he examined the wound, which was deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a most painful operation, he assured the good Knight that it was not dangerous. At the second dressing came the surgeon of the Duke de Nemours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him so skilfully, that in less than a month he was ready to mount on horseback. * * *

'The lady of the house, who always deemed herself, together with her husband and daughters, his prisoners, and that all her moveables were his, (for that had been the practice of the French in other houses, as she well knew,) considered that if he were disposed to treat them with rigour, he might mulct them in ten or twelve thousand crowns. She therefore determined to make him some handsome present, persuaded, from her knowledge of his character and gentle heart, that he would be graciously content therewith.

'The morning of the day of his departure, she entered his room with one of her servants carrying a small steel casket, and found him reposing in a chair, after having walked a good deal to exercise his leg. She threw herself on her knees, but he immediately raised her, and would not suffer her to speak a word till she was seated by him; and then she commenced thus: 'My lord, God has been gracious to me in sending you to this house at the taking of the town, to preserve the lives of my husband, myself, and my two daughters, together with their honour, which they hold more dear. And moreover, from none of your people have I experienced the slightest insult, but on the contrary all courtesy.'

* * * She then took the box from the servant, and opened it before the good Knight, who saw it was full of shining ducats. He, who never in his life cared for money, began to laugh, and asked her how many there were in the box. The poor woman, fearing he was angry at seeing so little, said 'My lord, there are but two thousand, five hundred ducats; but if you are not content, we will find more.' 'By my faith, madam,' replied he, 'were you to give me a hundred thousand crowns, you would not confer on me what I should prize so much as the good cheer I have enjoyed here, and the attentions you have shewn me; and I assure you, that wherever I may be, you will have, whilst God spares my life, a gentleman at your command. For your ducats, I thank you, but will none of them.' * * * When he saw her so resolute, he said, 'Well, Madam, I accept it for love of you; but seek me your two daughters, for I must bid them adieu.' The poor woman, who deemed herself in paradise at her present being accepted, went to find her daughters. They were handsome, good, and well educated, and had much beguiled the tediousness of the good Knight's illness, as they could

sing well, play the lute and spinette, and work cleverly with the needle. They were brought before the good Knight, who, while they had been arranging their dress, had divided the ducats into three parts; in two, a thousand each, and in the third, five hundred. When they arrived, they fell on their knees, but he forthwith raised them, and the eldest said, 'My lord, we two poor maidens, whom you have honoured by protecting us from all injury, are come to take leave of you, humbly thanking you for the favour you have shewn us, for which, having nothing else in our power, we shall never cease to pray God for you.'

'The good Knight, almost moved to tears at seeing so much sweetness and humility in these two lovely girls, replied, 'Young ladies, you are doing what I ought to do; which is to thank you for your good company, for which I am much bounden to you. You know that soldiers do not carry about handsome presents for ladies, and it grieves me much not to be so provided. Your lady mother here has given me two thousand, five hundred ducats, which you see on this table. I present each of you with a thousand as a wedding present; and in return I only ask you to be pleased to pray God for me.' He put the ducats in their aprons whether they would or no; and then addressing his hostess, he said, 'Madam, I will take these five hundred ducats for myself, to apportion them amongst the poor religious houses which have been pilaged; and request you to undertake the charge, as you will best know where the need is greatest. And so I take my leave of you.'—pp. 158—167.

There are many minute traits in this Memoir which are curious. We are told, for instance, that the French began to suffer for want of provisions, 'for the Venetians had cut off their supplies of bread, and wine, so they were forced to *subsist* on flesh, and cheese.' How unchanged are national tastes as to diet. But how changed are mealtimes. 'In the month of October,' says the writer, 'the king (Louis XII,) reluctantly espoused the Lady Mary, sister of the King of England; and after that the Queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which was in great state, and that many jousts and tournaments, which lasted six weeks, were over, the good king, who, for his wife's sake had changed his whole manner of living, (for whereas he was wont to dine at *eight o'clock*, he was obliged to dine at mid-day: and whereas he was wont to go to bed at six in the evening, he now often did not retire till midnight,) fell sick and died.' This queen was the beautiful sister of Henry VIII, whose strong attachment to Charles Brandon, and hurried marriage, forms so romantic an episode in the gloomy history of her brother's reign. Francis the first, 'the handsomest prince of his day,' succeeded, and Bayard soon rose high in his favour, even to the king requesting knighthood at his hands. This was after his victory over the Swiss.

'As by the rules of chivalry a knight only could confer knighthood.

the King, before making the others, sent for the lord de Bayard, and informed him, that he desired to be knighted by him as the knight of greatest renown for his feats of arms on foot and on horseback in divers battles, as Brescia, Padua, and Ravenna. 'Sire,' answered the good Knight, 'he who is crowned, consecrated, and anointed with the oil sent from heaven, and is king of so noble a kingdom, the eldest son of the Church, is a knight above all other knights.' 'Come, Bayard,' said the King, 'dispatch. Allege me not laws and canons; but obey my will and command, if you would be of the number of my good servants and subjects.' 'Certes, Sire,' replied he, 'I will do it not once, but a hundred times at your command.' He then took his sword, and laying it on the King's shoulder, said, 'Sire, may you be as renowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother; and God grant you may never turn your back in war.' Then in merry manner he held up his sword, and addressed it aloud: 'Most fortunate art thou to have this day conferred knighthood on so distinguished and puissant a king. Certes, my good sword, I shall keep thee as a sacred relic, honoured above all others; and will never use thee but against Turks, Saracens, or Moors;' and so he returned it to its scabbard.'—pp. 214, 215.

At length, after the recital of many deeds of kindness and prowess, we come to the chapter, 'how the good knight in a retreat which took place in Italy, was killed by an artillery shot,' and this is the closing scene.

'He continued to live for two or three hours; the enemy having stretched a handsome tent over him, and laid him on a camp-bed. A priest was brought, to whom he devoutly confessed himself in these very words; 'My God, I am well assured that Thou art always ready to have mercy and to forgive him who turns to Thee with all his heart, however great may have been his sins. Alas! my God, Creator, and Redeemer, I have grievously offended Thee during my life, for which I am heartily sorry. I know well that a thousand years of penance in the desert, on bread and water, were insufficient to gain me entrance into Thy kingdom of Paradise, unless Thou wert pleased of Thy great and infinite goodness to receive me; for no creature in this world can merit such high favor. My Father and Saviour! I beseech Thee not to look upon the faults I have committed, and that I may experience Thy great mercy rather than the rigour of Thy justice.' And with these words he yielded his soul to God.'—pp. 232, 233.

The reader we think must be struck with the peculiarly *protestant* character of this simple prayer. Thus died at the age of forty-eight, in the year 1524, 'the good knight without fear or reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard.'

Art. VII.—*Spiritual Heroes ; or, Sketches of the Puritans ; their Character, and Times.* By John Stoughton. London : Jackson and Walford.

HERO-WORSHIP is dying out. It has had its day, and is now giving place to a purer and nobler faith. During many centuries it has been dominant throughout the world. It has reigned everywhere, and found its votaries amongst all classes, the high and the low, the learned and the rude. From times immemorial it has been the universal faith of mankind ; and the few—alas, that their numbers were so small !—who dissented from its worship and exposed its folly, have been deemed the weakest and most contemptible of mortals. We speak, of course, of the actual, not the ideal, hero-worship ; that which has been, not that which might be ; a thing of fact and reality, not of poetry or hope. Carlyle tells us, and his words, properly understood, are correct, that ‘ hero-worship never dies, nor can die.’ There is a true, a noble, a divine veneration, as well as a false, perishable one, and the mischief is, that the glowing language of the poet-philosopher, which is true of the former only, is often applied to the latter. The gods whom men have worshipped have commonly been idols, mere creatures of the earth. The warrior who has triumphed in wholesale slaughter, the statesman who has successfully intrigued for power, the man who has adopted the passions of an age, and reduced them to system, and given them a permanent shape,—these have, for the most part, been the idols at whose shrine men have bowed, and on whom historians and poets, novelists, and even philosophers, have waited as officiating priests. The history of man has been a lamentable exhibition of credulity and folly. What is sterling and real has been passed over in contempt, while the ‘ garnitures and semblances ’ have awakened admiration and commanded worship. The ‘ realities and sincerities ’ of which Carlyle speaks, however worthy of veneration, have, with rare exceptions, been subjected to temporary eclipse. Failing in the present, they have looked to the future for their reward, and that future has often been long deferred and of slow approach.

The history of puritanism furnishes an illustration. Men may censure it as they please, but ‘ it was a genuine thing ; for nature has adopted it, and it has grown, and grows.’ We are only just beginning to realize its truthfulness. Men’s eyes are opening to its genuine traits. They see that its roughness, its austerity, its dogmatism, are but the casket in which a precious jewel was enclosed. A mighty revolution is taking place

in men's thoughts and judgments concerning it, and those who are wise will prepare themselves for a corresponding change in men's conduct. The one will inevitably follow the other. No earthly power can prevent it. A bright mirror has been unveiled, and, as men gaze upon it, they will see the forms of living truth, and be changed into the same image. For upwards of two centuries, puritanism has been described as a vile leprosy. It is now in a transition state, and, ere long, its radical element, associated with the milder and more tolerant spirit of the present age, will become the ruling power of our country.

With these views, we cordially welcome every contribution to puritan history. They hasten on the progress of the public mind, correct its misconceptions, remove its prejudices, and familiarise it with forms of truth from which it has been accustomed to recoil. This history cannot be too deeply pondered. As the author of the volume before us remarks, 'From the beginning, puritanism has been the soul of English protestantism, and therefore its history deserves to be diligently studied, and its spirit gratefully revered, by all who really value the cause of the Reformation.' The first title of this volume is not quite to our mind. We dislike the whole class to which it belongs; but this is matter of taste, on which authors will have, and are perhaps entitled to have, their preferences. Mr Stoughton's design is not to furnish a history of the puritans.

'He would venture only,' he tells us, 'on a few sketches of their character and times, chiefly with a view to illustrate their spiritual heroism. * * * In executing his task, he has attempted the *painting* rather than the *sculpture* of history, not confining himself to the exhibition of groups in bold relief, or in forms of statuary, but aiming to represent alike the men and the times in which they lived, combining them as in a picture—the former constituting the leading figures, the latter the background of the composition. Guizot speaks of the anatomy, the physiology, and the physiognomy of history—very important distinctions for the historian to remember. It is that branch of the pictorial art of history which represents the last of these, that the Author ventures to attempt. He would fain paint his heroes as living men, their souls beaming in their countenances, and vividly transfer to others the deep impressions which they have made upon his own mind.' —Preface, p. vi.

The object here avowed is most admirable; but we doubt whether the author, in adopting it, has fairly consulted the character of his own mind. His style is wanting in the brilliancy, and point, and condensation, which it requires. His intellect, also, is deficient in graphic power. He does not paint to the life. His canvass does not beam with intelligence. His

heroes do not look out upon us with the glow and freshness of the hour—the passions, or the purpose, which then moved their inner soul. His scenes are characterized by prettiness rather than power, and fail therefore to stir the depths of the heart. His sketches of individuals are also wanting in those minuter and more distinctive traits which give certainty to a likeness. We look in vain for the slight, rapid, and electric touches which specially mark the genius of an artist, and give expression to his portraits. Mr. Stoughton himself appears to have felt this deficiency, and, apprehensive that his readers might not otherwise identify his sketches, has supplied us with the names of several. Locke, Penn, South, and Howe, may be mentioned as instances. Such supplemental information, like the notes to some modern poems, reflects either on the author or his readers. They betoken feebleness and inadequacy of expression on his part, or a discreditable want of apprehension on theirs. Let us not be misunderstood in these remarks. They pertain only to the form, not to the substance, of this volume. The book is a good book, notwithstanding the deficiency, and will prove useful to a large class of readers. Critical justice requires us to point out what we deem a failure in the execution of the work, and, having done so, we proceed with much more pleasure to notice its excellencies. The value of the work is as an introduction to puritan and nonconformist history. In this character it sustains a very creditable position, and will answer a useful purpose. It is well adapted to attract young people to the study of our ecclesiastical records, and to convey to them a general conception of the character and sufferings of our forefathers. Such a book was needed, and the spirit in which this has been composed is at once truthful and catholic, free alike from bigotry and latitudinarianism. The author writes like a man who has thought out and who values his own convictions, but who never permits them to render him insensible to the excellencies of others, or to sanction the intolerance with which some have sought to enforce his views. The volume is divided into thirteen chapters, the titles of which will convey the best idea of its character. They are as follows:—‘The Islington Congregation.—The Three Martyrs.—Pilgrim Fathers.—The Church in Southwark.—The Brave Lord Brooke.—The Westminster Assembly.—Oxford under Owen.—East Anglian Churches.—Black Bartholomew.—The Plague Year.—Tolerance and Persecution.—The Three Death-beds.—The Three Graves.’

The first of these chapters relates to the time of Mary, when popery occupied the high places, and the morose temper and gloomy bigotry of the queen was successfully managed, for priestly purposes, by Gardiner and Bonner. It was a woful

time for England. Its manhood and its virtue were fiercely assailed in the name of the Holy Catholic Church, and for a time they appeared to quail. The exterior of popery was restored; and those who looked only on the surface,—the church processions, the splendid ritual, parliamentary statutes and convocation debates, the fires of Smithfield, and the quietude of the people, may be excused in supposing that popery was permanently restored. 'Religion,' said the Venetian ambassador in writing home, 'though apparently thriving in this country, is, I apprehend, in some degree the offspring of dissimulation. Generally speaking, your Serene Highness may rest assured, that with the English the example and authority of the sovereign is everything, and religion is only so far valued as it inculcates the duty due from the subject to the prince. They love as he loves; believe as he believes. They would be full as zealous followers of the Mahometan and Jewish religions, did the king prefer either.' Such was the language of an Italian respecting our country, and though we now smile at its folly, we must, in mere justice, admit that there was much in the then condition and recent history of our people to warrant it. Mr. Stoughton has collected some interesting traits of this period, when the faithful met 'in the woods of Islington to feed upon the truth,' for which, however, we must refer our readers to his volume. Fox has rendered the persecutions of this reign familiar to all classes, and we therefore prefer taking our extracts from the less known, and more distinctively puritan, portions of the work.

Persecution has not been confined to Catholic times, however much it may suit the purpose of some zealots so to represent it. It has been even recently practised in various Protestant countries, and is now raging in districts which were once deemed the refuge of freedom. In our own country, a Protestant hierarchy has steeped its hands in the blood of the saints. Its mode of procedure has been somewhat different from that of its predecessor, but the spirit of its policy has been equally intolerant. It has wanted the power of the papacy, and has been curbed by the more enlightened and merciful temper of the age; and hence the milder form which its persecutions have taken.

Mr. Stoughton's second chapter records the executions of Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, and we recommend its attentive perusal to those who eulogize—and there are such—the tolerant character of the Church of England. They were not the only martyrs of this reign. So early as 1583, Elias Thacker and John Copping had been executed at Bury St. Edmonds, for denying the spiritual supremacy of the queen; and vast numbers were from time to time incarcerated, many of whom died under their prison privations and sufferings. Barrow was apprehended

on the 19th of November, 1586, when engaged in an errand of mercy to some of his brethren, who were prisoners in the Clink. It was a Sabbath day, but Whitgift and the bishops, like their popish predecessors, thought they did God service by the extirpation of heretics, and Barrow was therefore immediately arraigned before the Archbishop.

'On the afternoon of that Sabbath,' says our author, 'when it might have been supposed that Whitgift, Bishop of London, would have found some holier employment, Barrowe was brought into the presence-chamber, where his lordship sat in state, and forthwith proceeded to examine him. The plan pursued in this Commission Court was not to try the accused on evidence, but to administer what was called the *ex-officio* oath, and then, by a train of inquisitorial questionings, to endeavour to make the individual criminate himself—a precious piece of criminal jurisprudence borrowed from the Church of Rome, and sanctified by the proceedings of Bonner and others under Queen Mary. Barrowe sturdily refused to be sworn, and gave the Bishop several very short and tart replies; upon which he was committed to the Gate-house, and on the 27th November following was brought before the High Commissioners at Lambeth, where, he informs us, 'he found a goodly synod of bishops, deans, and civilians, beside such an appearance of well-fed, silken priests as might have beseeemed the Vatican.' Again he refused to swear; again he was committed. On the 24th March, he was examined on his affirmation, without oath. It appears, from his replies, that he went further than the Puritans in his ecclesiastical views.'—p. 47.

Heylin and Collier represent Barrow and Greenwood as having been released, on a promise of renouncing their obnoxious opinions, but of this we have no sufficient evidence, nor does it accord with what we know of the men, or with the distinct declaration made by Barrow, to the 'doctors and deans' sent to confer with the prisoners after their conviction, that they 'had been well-nigh six years in their prisons.' If it were so, they were speedily recommitted, as they had been several years in prison when arraigned at the Old Bailey, on the 21st of March, 1592—3. They were indicted on the statute of 23 Elizabeth, for writing seditious pamphlets and books, to the slander of the queen and her government. This was the current phraseology of the day, and when rendered into plain English, simply meant that they denied the spiritual supremacy of the queen. They were of course convicted, and when sentenced to die, 'None of them,' we are informed by the then Attorney-General, 'showed any token of recognition, and of their offences, and prayer of mercy for the same, saving Bellot alone. The others pretended loyalty and obedience to her majesty, and endeavoured to draw all that they had maliciously written and published against her majesty's government, to the

bishops and ministers of the church only.' It would have been more for the honour of the government he served, if this legal functionary had disproved the averment of the prisoners. He was well inclined to do so, and had every advantage on his side. But truth is truth, whatever intolerant bishops may enact, or juries, not yet alive to a sense of their duties, decide. Henry VIII sent catholics and protestants alike, to execution, under a charge of treason, whose only offence was dissent from the royal creed, and his daughter Elizabeth imitated his hypocrisy while she trod in his intolerant steps. The puritans of whom we write were amongst the most loyal of the queen's subjects, but as they could not pronounce the bishops' shibboleth, they were cast out, as the 'refuse and offscouring of all things.' Bigotry thirsted for their blood, yet was willing to compound the death of their body for that of their soul. The day after their condemnation, Barrow and Greenwood were commanded to prepare for execution. Brought forth from their dungeon, they were about to be fastened to the cart which was to convey them to Tyburn, when a reprieve arrived, and the hope of life rose fresh in their hearts. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. They would not forswear their convictions, and the human tigers which pursued them, resolved, therefore, on their death. Let the following brief account of what followed, be taken as an illustration of the spirit of ecclesiastical domination under every form, whether protestant or popish.

'On the last day of March, 1593, very early in the morning, as spring was breathing its fresh breezes about the environs of London, the mournful procession of the death-cart, with the condemned and the attendant officers, passed under the archway of Newgate, and slowly ascended Oldburn Hill. It was not studded with buildings and crowded with bustle as it is at the present day, but from the windows in the picturesque gables, which then stood beside the road, there were not a few who looked on the sad procession, and pitied the fate of men so unjustly treated. As the train moved along, persons came out and joined it, to witness the end, if not to sympathize in the sufferings of the martyr pair. They enter St. George's-in-the-Fields, where the fresh grass springing up after the winter snows, and the budding leaves of the hedgerows, symbols of life and mementos of cheerful youth, bringing joy to the hearts of multitudes, are rather calculated to fill with melancholy feelings the breasts of the two condemned, were it not that Christian hope tells them of a rich and everlasting spring-time in the paradise of God, soon to open on their eyes. They reach the gallows-tree at Tyburn, where the vilest malefactors had paid the penalty of their offences, and patiently do they undergo, at the hands of the common hangman, the horrid ceremony of adjusting the ropes to their necks. A large crowd has by this time gathered, notwithstanding the precautions

to keep the tragedy as secret as possible. They are permitted, according to the common custom in such cases, to speak for a few moments, when they express their loyalty to the Queen, their submission to the civil government, and their sorrow for any hasty, irreverent expressions which in the heat of controversy may have escaped their lips. They declare their continued faith in the doctrines for which they are about to suffer, and entreat the people around them to embrace those principles only as they appear to be the teaching of the word of God. They then offer a prayer for her Majesty, the magistrates, and the people, not forgetting their bitterest enemies. A breathless silence pervades the crowd, as every eye is fixed on the men standing beneath the fearful beam, when a faint buzz is heard in the distance, a commotion follows on the outskirts of the dense mass, and a messenger, hurrying his way through the opening ranks, speedily approaches the place of death. The execution is stayed—he has brought a reprieve; the men, though ready to die, feel the life-blood, which had begun already to curdle in their veins, throbbing afresh. They are grateful for the royal mercy, and bless the name of Elizabeth; the multitude partake in the sentiment, and rend the air with acclamations. They return through the green fields and down Oldbourne-hill, accompanied by the people, whose rejoicings on their behalf awaken a sympathetic response on the part of others who line the streets and lanes, to witness this strange spectacle of men brought back from the gates of the grave. The sight harmonizes with the season, and the vernal sun seems to rejoice as he sheds his light on the returning procession. Barrowe, on re-entering his prison, sits down to write to a distinguished relative, describes the scene which has just taken place, and with earnestness implores her ladyship not to let any impediments hinder her from speaking to the Queen on his behalf, before she goes out of the city, lest he perish in her absence. Thus twice had these men passed through the bitterness of death without dying, and now rejoice, though with some clouds of apprehension, in the hope of brighter earthly scenes. But there is no hope for them on this side the grave. The reprieve of to-day, like the former one, is an utter delusion. It is a new method of ingenious torture. Innocent as they are, they must perish. The next morning they are dragged from their cells a third time, to gaze again on the apparatus of death, with which they have become now so strangely familiar, to be led forth to Tyburn, but on this occasion to return no more.”—pp. 58—61.

The case of Udal, though he did not die at Tyburn, furnishes an equally flagrant illustration of the enormities practised by protestant prelates. He was indicted under the same statute, for publishing ‘*The Demonstration of Discipline*,’ and by a forced construction of law, was convicted of treason. His persecutors, however, shrank from the odium which would have attached to his execution. They sought his life, but feared the re-action of the public mind. In the meantime, he sank, like hundreds of his brethren, under the accumulated miseries of his imprisonment. In the early part of 1593, ‘without any other sickness,’

says Fuller, in his own inimitable style, 'save broken-hearted with sorrow, he ended his days. Right glad were his friends, that his death prevented his *death*; and the wisest of his foes were well contented therewith, esteeming it better that his candle should *go* out, than that it should be *put out*, lest the snuff should be unsavory to the survivors, and his death be charged as a cruel act on the account of the procurers thereof!' The judgments of that day were no doubt so affected, but we see no difference, in point of spirit and criminality, between the martyrdoms of Smithfield and those of Newgate, the burnings of Mary's reign and the slower and more wearing processes, by which the victims of her sister were dismissed to the grave. In a future edition, we suggest to Mr. Stoughton, that the case of Udal will form an appropriate illustration of a large class of martyrdoms.

The Pilgrim Fathers form the subject of an interesting chapter. We can only take the following brief extract, from the beautiful address of Robinson to those members of his charge who were about to emigrate to the New World. His words deserve to be engraven on brass. They are amongst the noblest that were ever uttered,—a legacy infinitely more precious than wealth or regal power. May the day never come, when the divine temper they inculcate shall be wanting amongst the congregationalists of Britain.

'Brethren,' said the man of God, amidst a stillness which was broken only by the sobs of his hearers, 'we are now ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether ever I shall live to see your faces again. But whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, to follow me no farther than I have followed Christ. If God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry, for I am very confident the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word.

'Miserably do I bewail the state and condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and would go no farther than the instruments of their reformation; as, for example, the Lutherans, they could not go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will he has further imparted by Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. So, also, you see the Calvinists, they stick where he left them—a misery much to be lamented; for though they were precious shining lights in their times, yet God did not reveal his whole will to them; and were they now living, doubtless they would be willing to embrace further light as that which they did not receive.'—pp. 95, 96.

We are surprised at Mr. Stoughton having passed over the barbarous persecutions directed by Laud against the puritans of his day, as they supply materials of unrivalled interest, and are susceptible of a far more effective exhibition than some things with which his pages are loaded. There is a romance, painful,

yet inexpressibly attractive, in some of the scenes then enacted ; a charm of the highest order ; a moral never surpassed. The scene at Westminster, for instance, on that memorable 30th of June, 1637, when Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne, members of the three learned professions, were brought forth to be barbarously mutilated, the first two by the loss of their ears, and the last by having the stumps of his torn out, and his cheeks branded by a red-hot iron. It requires an artist of the first order, to do justice to what the people of England then saw — the heroism and tenderness which mingled in that scene. The wife of Dr. Bastwick rushed to his side, and, with a feeling which betokened the agony of her soul, kissed the ears that were about to be mangled. Yet her nobility was equal to her love, for when entreated by her husband not to be dismayed, she heroically replied, ' Farewell, my dearest ; be of good comfort : I am nothing dismayed.' The wife of Burton acted a similar part. He looked anxiously upon her, we are told in a pamphlet of the time, ' to see how she did take it. She seemed to him to be something sad ; to whom he thus spake, ' Wife, why art thou so sad ? ' To whom she made answer, ' Sweet heart, I am not sad.' ' No,' said he, ' see thou be not ; for I would not have thee to dishonour the day, or to darken the glory of it, by shedding one tear, or fetching one sigh. For behold thou for thy comfort my triumphant chariot (the pillory), on the which I must ride for the honour of my Lord and Master. And never was my wedding day so welcome and joyful a day as this day is.' Prynne's conduct was equally heroic, though his sufferings were still more severe. ' Now, blessed be God,' he exclaimed, on descending from the pillory, ' I have conquered and triumphed over the prelates' malice ; and feel myself so strong, that I could encounter them all together at this very present.' Such are some of the materials which this period of our history furnishes, and we commend them to Mr. Stoughton, as the subject of a distinct chapter, in case of a second edition of his work being called for.

We must close our extracts with the following sketch of ' the five dissenting brethren,' to whom posterity owes so much for their able advocacy, in the Westminster Assembly, of religious toleration. It is well for mankind that they were there, a break-water to the tide of presbyterian intolerance, which set in so fearfully. The puritans were slow to learn the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience ; and that section of them which adopted the platform of Geneva, was amongst the least inclined to do so. Their numbers greatly preponderated in the Westminster Assembly, and, had their views been carried out, England would have gained little by the overthrow of episcopal domination. Happily they were not so.

The independents kept them in check, while such statesmen as Vane and Cromwell watched their proceedings with more than parental solicitude. Too much cannot be said in reprobation of the ecclesiastical policy of the Assembly, though we hold in utter contempt, the descriptions which Clarendon and other royalist writers have given of the personal character and ministerial qualifications of its members.

‘The five dissenting brethren,’ as they were called,’ says our author, ‘were distinguished and active members of the Assembly. They were the steady advocates of Independency, and numbered about five or seven beside themselves, of the same sentiments. They were men who had taken up the cause for which Barrowe and his associates suffered, and the pilgrim fathers were exiled; for which Robinson preached, and Lord Brooke pleaded; and in whose service, with humble zeal, the little Church in Southwark had lifted up its banner.

‘Jeremiah Burroughs—educated at Cambridge—forced to quit the University on account of his Nonconformist opinions—driven to Rotterdam, whence he returned after the opening of the Long Parliament—a man of candour, modesty, and moderation—one whose devotional works breathe a spirit of enlightend and persuaive piety, and whose gentle spirit, with all the firmness that sustained it, could not bear the rough beating of the times, so that he is said to have died heart-broken at the age of forty-seven—was one of Nye’s companions in the Westminster Convocation; and, in the debates that were carried on, this excellent man enlightened the brethren by his clear intelligence, and disarmed, if he did not subdue, opponents by his loving spirit. If Nye was the Luther, Burroughs was the Melancthon of the party. Nye was bold as a lion, Burroughs gentle as a dove. The energy of the one was like the hurricane, sweeping all before it; the influence of the other was like the gentle falling of the snow-flake, or the spring shower. One was like John the Baptist; the other resembled the beloved disciple. Men of both classes were needed, the ‘sturdy woodcutter,’ as Luther called himself, and ‘the gentle husbandman, sowing and watering,’ as he styled Melancthon. William Bridge, once the minister of the old parish church of St. George’s, Tombland, Norwich, then a refugee in Holland, but now one of the ministers of Great Yarmouth, a man who had a library well filled with fathers, schoolmen, critics, and other authors of worth, and was wont to rise at four o’clock, both winter and summer, to read them, may be remembered next among these worthies. Having himself suffered in the cause of truth and liberty, he stimulated others to the display of like heroism, exhorting his good people at Yarmouth in the following strain:—

‘Certainly, if God’s charge be your charge, your charge shall be his charge, and being so, you have his bond that they shall never want their daily bread. Wherefore, think on all these things; think on them for the present, and in the future, if such a condition fall: and the Lord give us understanding in all things.’ These were sentiments calculated to form heroic sufferers, and heroic soldiers; and they did both. Bridge was a firm Independent, yet no boisterous schismatic. He held the truth in love; and, when his own party had attained to power,

befriended those who were of different opinions. We shall catch further glimpses of this great man, hereafter. Sydrach Sympson, according to Neale, a meek and quiet divine, educated at Cambridge, but driven out of the church by Archbishop Laud, a man of great learning, and equal piety and moderation, though silenced at one time by the Assembly, because he differed from them on some matters of discipline, was a companion and fellow-labourer of the Independent band. Last, but not least, was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, a divine of much celebrity, respecting whom it was recorded in the common register of the University of Cambridge, where he studied, 'in scriptis in re theologica quamplurimus orbi notus.' His opinions on the five points were of the high Calvinistic school, but he did not fail to inculcate the practical lessons of Christianity, and was opposed to Antinomianism equally in theory and practice. Such were the men who fought the early battles of Independency.'—pp. 163—165.

We part from Mr. Stoughton with sincere respect. He has furnished a volume which all may read with interest, and from which most may gather both information and instruction. To our young people, his labours will prove especially useful, and to all such, we cordially recommend them.

ART. VIII.—*Electoral Districts.* By Alexander Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: C. Gilpin.

Speech of Mr. Cobden, M.P., in the Debate on Mr. Hume's Motion, July 6th, 1848.

It is in the recollection of all, that when the scheme of the Reform Bill was first announced in the House of Commons, a leading politician of the day declared that 'it took away his breath.' The significance of the expression has lost somewhat of its force, since it has become evident, that 'the bill' has failed to neutralize that preponderating influence of the landed and aristocratic class in the House of Commons, which it was expected to reduce to its equitable proportion. To those who had so long struggled for an infusion of the more popular or democratic element into that House, the extinction of so many small boroughs by Schedule A., and the excision of one member each from the boroughs enumerated in Schedule B., and the transference of the representation to such places as Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, etc., seemed a great stride; and almost by acclamation, those who had contended for Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Annual Parliaments, hailed the measure, if not as a realization of their theory, at least, as a practical means of good government. The experience of fifteen years has demonstrated that the House of Commons, under the

Reform Bill, is still, as before that measure was passed, essentially aristocratic in its composition, and the tendencies of its legislation. We are not unmindful, whilst we pen this, of what the reformed House has done. It has opened the China and East India trade, it has abolished slavery in the colonies, it has freed the municipal corporations, it has repealed the Corn and Provision laws, it has substituted to a large extent taxes upon property and income, for impolitic taxes on the raw materials of manufacture; and it is about, as we would fain believe, to give the *coup de grace* to the Navigation Laws. Yet must it be noted, that the most important of these measures, the Abolition of Slavery and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, were not spontaneous acts of the people's representatives. They were extorted from the House of Commons, only after costly and prolonged agitations. The first too had its price, in the apportionment of which the members of both houses had, directly or indirectly, no small concern; whilst the carrying of the latter has left, as the strongest section in parliament, that which clings to a protective policy in its most extreme form, and which, with a pertinacity of resistance, and an acrimony of debate, unknown since the discussions on the reform measure, now seeks to re-enact protection for the West India planter, if it does not indeed aim to re-enact slavery and the slave-trade. The fact that the agitations alluded to were absolutely unavoidable, on the supposition that the ends contemplated were really necessary to the nation's weal, of itself, is decisive of the failure of the Reform Bill to produce a close harmony betwixt the people and the House of Commons. But that failure becomes all the more palpable, when it is remembered, that the voices which out of doors, in public meetings and otherwise, compelled the House to fulfil their wishes,—were precisely the voices of those who either were altogether unrepresented in parliament, or whose share in that representation was utterly disproportioned to their number. Is it needful to state, that the agitation against the Corn Laws had its birth-place in a county which contains as many £10 electors, as the eight counties of Kent, Devon, Norfolk, Wilts, Suffolk, Dorset, Lincoln, and Northampton; and that whilst that one county sent twenty-two voices to parliament, to denounce protection as an injustice and a crime, those eight counties sent eighty-five, to defend the one and to perpetuate the other? It is asserted that the present demand for organic change, owes no small share of its vitality to that restlessness of spirit, which a preceding agitation has generated; nay, it is coarsely hinted that men who took part in the league agitation, find the sober business of life distasteful, and are the real movers in the agitation for parliamentary reform. It needs no oracle to tell us, that never pleasant *pay* may be to the agents of such an organiza-

tion as 'the League,' the *payees* found it anything but an agreeable matter to them, save only when the contributions took the form of a tribute to their great leader; nor should it have escaped the sagacity of the potent writer, who has given utterance to this slander, that it is just possible the 41,041 £10 electors of Lancashire may have reflected that, if they had sent eighty-five representatives to the Commons' House, as did the 41,581 electors of the privileged counties we have named, the corn-laws might have been earlier repealed, and their moneysaved into the bargain. The practical people of this country, and especially the people of Lancashire and 'the north' in general, have an instinctive perception, that the process of roasting a pig by burning one's house down, is very expensive, as well as very absurd and ridiculous; and in virtue of that instinct, they have long since decided that it will be better to get the means for all reforms, once and for ever, by a change in the composition of the Commons' House, which shall give them their just status there, than to have a separate and distinct agitation to get up whenever they deem it necessary for the public good, that their opinions and wishes should be known in parliament. The pertinacious resistance to any change in the protective policy of the legislature led, in fact, to a considerable secession from the ranks of the League in 1841, and for a time, the conviction that repeal was an impossibility, so long as the Commons' House remained unreformed, paralysed its operation, and brought out in active and even virulent opposition to it, the Chartist body. And, though it is not denied, that the leaders of the League held on their course, in the confident belief that when the truth of their principles came to be generally understood by the middle classes, throughout the more popular constituencies of the nation, even an unreformed House of Commons would give way;—they would be greatly deficient in political sagacity, if they did not see 'a more excellent way' for the accomplishment of similar legislative changes, by bringing the legislature into harmony with the national mind. There is no statesman whose opinion is worth anything, who now denies the absolute necessity, and the critical timeliness of the Free Trade measure of 1846. But free trade would be a theory still, and not a *fact*, but for the League. The League, in the vastness of its organization, its protracted toil, and its almost superhuman energy, may be taken as the measure of a resisting force somewhere; and though it need not be denied that one element of resistance was the ignorance of the people out of doors, the mass of the opposing force was in the ignorance, the pride, the selfishness, and the class prejudices of a majority in the Commons; composed in the main of Tories, but including no small number of Whigs. And yet both Whig and Tory free trade leaders of the House of Commons, *now* resist the

only means whereby such organizations as the League may be rendered unnecessary ; and in the same breath, condemn agitation as a political evil, and class agitators with disturbers of the public peace, and pestilent demagogues ! The best answer to this accusation, is the fact, that the League agitators are the proposers of a reform in the representation, which to a large extent, would obviate the need of agitation ; or at the least, would render it so palpably factious, that none but the very turbulent—the men who only live in and by confusion—would take part in it.

It would, however, be a partial explanation of the movement now taking place in favour of a large reform of the House of Commons, were it resolved into a mere question of the economy and better adaptation of it, as a means of legislative change. The movement has its origin in far weightier considerations than those of mere utility and fitness. The most important of these considerations are, first,—That the admission of the operative classes to the right of the franchise, is indispensable to the permanence and stability of our institutions ; and second, That on several vital questions of social and political economy, the middle classes differ widely from the legislative classes, and are precluded, by the unequal distribution of the representation, from giving effect to their views in their House of Commons. The middle classes feel strongly on both these points ; and the assertion is not lightly made that, long ere the Revolution of February 23rd broke out, and, of course, long before the ‘Members League’ was announced, the Liberal party in most of the large constituencies of the empire had arrived, not only at the conclusions now stated, but had contemplated and weighed the means by which they could obviate the evils which they indicate. It would be difficult to name a popular constituency which did not pledge the candidate for its suffrage, at the last election, to household suffrage *at the least* ; and not one which did not record its condemnation of the centralizing tendency of the national legislation, either by returning members pledged to resist that tendency, or, by a formidable minority in support of members so pledged ; that minority, being only such, because of the unprincipled coalition of a small section of so-called Liberals, with the Tory party of the constituency.

It is beside the purpose of this article, more distinctly to specify the points of difference betwixt the middle classes and the legislative and administrative classes. It must suffice to say, that the differences embrace greater and weightier questions than the incidence or the amount of a tax, or the scale of the national defences. The whole question of the end and scope of civil government has been raised ; and on this fundamental question—a large section of the middle classes, com-

prising the most earnest, enlightened, and religious portion, are in direct antagonism with the ruling and legislating class; whilst on the grave questions of colonial and external policy, the entire middle class is arriving at conclusions which will, ere long, be embodied in vigorous action against the accredited policy of the Foreign and Colonial Offices. Never, since 1640, were larger questions before the public mind, nor can the solution of them be deferred. The contest on both these great branches of controversy is unavoidable. The legislature is not *resistant* simply on the first point of difference—it is *aggressive*; and as to the latter, the increasing burden of our colonial government, and the imminent peril to the experiment of free trade, which persistence in our external polity involves, are continually forcing both subjects on the attention of the commercial classes; and they lack neither the intelligence nor the power, to make their opinions felt in the legislature. At present, however, the middle classes are at serious disadvantage, just in proportion as they are inadequately represented in the Commons' House. They know it is *there* the battle of their principles must be fought: and alike, because it is their right,—and because of the great end which the attainment of the right will subserve, it may be set down as a postulate, that they are committed to a vigorous,—perhaps a protracted—but ultimately, a successful struggle for an efficient reform of the Commons' House:—including a large extension of the franchise, and an equitable distribution of the representation. It is our immediate object to develop the rationale of the latter, by a full exposure of the anomalies, the inequalities, and the gross injustice, of the present representative system.

The clever pamphlet of Mr. Mackay has already developed and placed in strong relief, these anomalies and inequalities, chiefly as respects the ratio of representation to population. Incidentally he has touched on them, as shown by the ratio of representation to property. Both because a close and remarkable coincidence can be shown betwixt a scale of representation based on population, and one based on property; and because the opponents of *re-distribution* cannot, consistently, and with any face, meet the argument, *as based on property*, with the common places which satisfy them, and too many in the country, of whom better things might have been expected, when that argument *rests on population alone*, the former view of the question will be exclusively presented now, except as for the purpose of illustration, broad general results on either plan, may be compared. There is the more reason, too, for this exclusive attention to the property side of the controversy, because of the profound ignorance of the great majority even of the educated classes,

whether in or out of parliament, on the relative wealth of the agricultural and manufacturing sections of the nation. In fact, the documents on which even a proximately correct judgment can be formed, are of very recent date; and the general mind has been so long possessed with a notion of the paramount importance of agriculture, in the scale of national production, that the true significance of those documents is understood by few. The magnificent *visions* of M'Queen,* dedicated to the Duke of Wellington, and not unoften quoted in parliament by men who, if they had looked even most cursorily into their own *blue books*, would have seen the utter absurdity and statistical transcendentalism of their authority, have, indeed, had their day; but his successor, Mr. Spackman, is only a degree more *sober* and *real* than M'Queen, and he is far more dangerous, because his railway statistics have given him some standing as an authority. It can be no matter of surprise, that the representatives of the protectionist class should treat with such undisguised contempt and arrogant insolence, the representatives of the manufacturing classes; when, in addition to the prestige of aristocracy, they feel the proud consciousness of representing a property, in land, of £2,316,922,940 (a sum, the more magnificent and sublime, because to most of them it would be unreadable; and if it conveyed any distinct idea, that idea would be *infinitude*) against the miserable pittance of £201,000,000, represented by the despised *statists* of Manchester and Glasgow! Even supposing that Mr. Spackman's more moderate estimate had supplanted M'Queen's absurdity, how contemptible must these men appear to the Bentincks and D'Israelis, whilst they contemplate the glowing picture of agriculture, as giving employment to three quarters of a million of able-bodied persons, on whom eighteen and three-quarter millions more are dependent; making a total of twenty-two out of twenty-seven millions, dependent on agriculture: that agriculture, too, which, in Mr. Spackman's grandiloquent phraseology, 'pays three-fourths of the entire taxation of the country, feeds and supports the poor, maintains the church, is the great bulwark of the throne, and embodies in it *all* the elements of national strength, wealth, and prosperity.' It is a pity to disturb so bright a vision, but truth compels, and we must.

The occupations-return of the Census Commissioners, and more especially the preface to that return, in which it was shown, that in Great Britain, 2,039,409 males, above twenty years of age, are engaged in trades, manufactures, and commerce, whilst 1,215,264 only are engaged in agriculture, was as 'vinegar to the teeth,' to these worshippers of agriculture; but the return of real property chargeable to the income

* Statistics of the British Empire, 1836.

tax, obtained in 1843, to which our readers' attention is particularly directed, revealed quantities and ratios which are even as 'smoke to the eyes.' Mr. Spackman, indeed, has laboured hard in his recent work,* to invalidate the classification of the Census Commissioners, and to replace his idol, agriculture, on the pedestal from which they had, with rude and sacrilegious hands, cast it down; but he very wisely eschewed the return under the income tax of 1843, though he enumerates it as one of the documents consulted by him. It will hardly be credited, that, whilst that document exhibits the rental of land at less than 50 per cent. of the entire rental of real property in Great Britain, chargeable to the income tax, Mr. Spackman should represent that ratio as 68 per cent., on the authority of a return made in 1815! But we must give the substance of the former document without further preface. It is entitled—

'Abstract of a return, showing the *total annual value* of real property in Great Britain, assessed to the Property and Income Tax, for the year commencing April 5, 1842, and ending April 5, 1843, distinguishing that on lands, houses, etc.

The following is a summary of heads; the details under each, showing the amount for each county, separately:—

Great Britain

Land	..	..	..	£45,753,615	18	10
Houses	..	..	..	38,475,738	13	0
Tithes	..	..	..	1,960,330	18	10
Manors	..	..	..	152,216	11	3
Fines	..	..	..	320,042	11	10
Quarries	..	..	..	240,483	9	6
Mines	..	..	..	2,081,387	1	5
Iron Works	..	..	..	559,435	5	6
Fisheries	..	..	..	58,914	13	5
Canals	..	..	..	1,307,093	7	2
Railways	..	..	..	2,598,942	19	6
Other Property	..	..	..	1,776,296	6	8
				£95,284,497	17	4

Adding to the rental of lands, the rental of tithes, manors, and fines, we have an aggregate of a little more than an half of the whole; but taking the same items for England alone, to which our investigation will be directed, we have a total of £40,123,314. 16s. 4d. as the rental of lands, tithes, etc. etc., and £42,213,701 as the rental of dwelling-houses, quarries, iron works, mines, railways, etc. It is not an unfair supposition, that these sums indicate respectively—the first, the annual income of the landed capitalists, and the second, the annual income of the manufacturing and commercial classes, so far as

* An Analysis of the Occupations of the People, by W. F. Spackman.

that consists of receipts from real property. It is, indeed, quite true, that the landowners are also owners of houses, but so are the commercial and manufacturing classes, of land. We think these may be equal quantities. This is, of course, conjecture,—not so, that out of thirty-five millions, the nett rental of dwelling-houses in England alone, Middlesex and Surrey have £11,592,202 1s. 3d., and the five counties of Lancashire, York, Chester, Warwick, and Stafford, £10,206,273 8s. 5d. more than three-fifths of the whole, showing that the seats of manufactures and commerce, hold the principal part of the real property in houses, etc. It is not essential to the argument we shall urge for a redistribution of the representation, that we should make this positively clear and certain, that argument resting on the simple principle of apportioning the representation in the ratio of the rental of real property, without regard to the incidence of ownership.

We will now show how this principle would work, as regards the relative number of representatives for the manufacturing and agricultural counties respectively. The most natural division seems the following:—metropolitan, mining, manufacturing, and agricultural counties. Maintaining the county representation intact, or distinct from the borough, and not disturbing the number of representatives of each class, we have the following table, showing the rental of land, tithes, manors, and fines, the present number of county members, and the number of members proportionate to rental, for each of the four divisions named; together with the excess or deficiency of the present number of members:—

	Rental of Lands, Tithes, Manors, etc.	Mem- bers.	Members Proportionate to Rental.*	Excess.	Defi- ciency.
1. The Metropolitan Coun- ties, Middlesex and Surrey	£. s. d. 942,917 7 4	6	3.36	2.64	
2. Three Mining Counties, viz. Durham, Corn- wall, and Monmouth.	1,792,937 18 1	10	6.38	3.62	
3. Five Manufacturing Counties, viz., Lan- cashire, Yorkshire (W. R.) Warwick, Stafford, and Chester	7,489,083 12 7	18	26.79		8.79
4. Thirty Agricultural Counties	29,898,375 18 4	109	106.64	2.36	
	40,123,314 16 4	143	143.17	8.62	8.79

* The proportions are given in all the tables in centesimal parts, and are as close as that scale allows.

It would appear by this table that the actual county representation of England, bears a close relationship to the true ratio, property being taken as the basis. There would be a slight gain to the manufacturing counties, of which the West Riding of York would take 8 as its share, and Lancashire 2; the counties of Warwick and Cheshire losing the difference betwixt 8.79 and 10; and Staffordshire being entitled to four members, its present quota.

Turning now to the borough representation, the following statement will exhibit the results of an apportionment of representation, according to rental. Table showing the rental of houses, quarries, mines, iron works, railways, etc., in four divisions of the counties of England, the present number of members, the number to which each is entitled proportionate to rental, and the excess or deficiency of the present scale of representation; together with the number of members to which the present parliamentary boroughs are entitled, the excess or deficiency of such representation, and the number of members for which new constituencies would have to be provided:—

COUNTIES.	Rental of Dwelling Houses, Quarries, Mines, Iron Works, Railways, etc.		Present Number of Members.	Number of Members Proportionate to Rental.	Excess.	Deficiency.	Number of Members to which the present Boroughs are entitled.	Excess of Members for present Boroughs.	Deficiency of Members for present Boroughs.	Members for which New Constituencies would have to be provided.
	£.	s. d.								
2 Metropolitan Counties ...	13,342,001	4 1	19	102.40	...	83.40	81.92	...	61.92	20.48
3 Mining Counties	1,820,470	19 3	17	13.96	3.4	...	4.10	12.90	...	9.86
5 Manufacturing Counties...	11,959,810	18 11	63	91.81	...	28.81	54.52	8.48	...	37.29
30 Agricultural Counties	15,091,418	16 2	225	115.62	109.38	...	65.57	158.43	...	50.05
	42,213,701	18 5	324	323.79	112.42	112.21	206.11	179.81	61.92	117.68

Before commenting on the many startling results exhibited in the foregoing table, we would enunciate a principle, which appears to admit of no contradiction. Leaving out of sight, for the present, all considerations as to the qualifications of the parties who vote, we submit, that the number of members chosen by each section of voters should be in the ratio, either of the number of such voters, the population which they represent, or the rental of real property, for their respective districts. It is a matter of comparative indifference to our argument, which standard is taken; we shall be able to show that the results of all three methods are closely accordant; but we presume no sane man

would think of denying the correctness of one of these modes of determining the ratio of representation, if the whole matter were now to be determined *de novo*. We shall deal with the arguments in defence of the existing anomalies and inequalities of the representation, in the sequel. We now turn to the table.

It is apparent at a glance, that the thirty agricultural counties, in addition to their undisputable and unapproachable majority of seventy-five county members, over the three other sections (and which, under the system of re-distribution contemplated, would still be seventy-two,) have a preponderance of 109 members, to which they are not entitled; and which number is within three of the number of which the metropolitan and manufacturing boroughs are unjustly deprived, under the present absurd system. But this is not all. The boroughs which actually return the 225 members, are not entitled to return more than sixty-five members; so that they have 153 members more than their share. *Nor even is this all.* Forty-two of these boroughs (returning sixty-nine members, a number which more than neutralizes the united voice of the five manufacturing counties,) are, more or less, under the influence of the landlord and aristocratic classes. There remain 156 members, which the united voice of the metropolitan and the mining counties, say thirty-six votes, leaves still a majority of 126 borough members. Now, if to this majority be added the majority of seventy-five county members, it is clear that the thirty agricultural counties have a majority of 201 votes. Let us see how they would stand under the proposed adjustment:—

Thirty agricultural counties,—county members	109	
„	borough ditto	115
		224
Ten other counties,—county members	..	34
„	borough ditto	.. 209
		243
Less members for agricultural counties		224
Majority		19

The agricultural counties would be in a minority of nineteen, in place of a majority of 201! Aye, but of what complexion would the new members for the manufacturing and metropolitan counties be? That is the rub! Be it so. We will answer the question, and show, we hope, that the idea of adding

strength by such a change, to the landed interest, is a chimera and a bugbear, which ought to be at once dismissed from the mind of every honest and intelligent reformer.

The sources of such accession of strength are plainly twofold. 1.—That out of the 115 borough members, to which the thirty agricultural counties would be entitled, they would have a larger proportion of landlord nominees and Conservatives, than in the present number of 225; and 2.—That they would gain a proportion of the new votes, to which the manufacturing districts would be entitled, *greater* than the number of Tory votes, in the 109, which would be expurgated in the agricultural counties.

Carefully analysing 'Dodd's Parliamentary Companion,' we have the following classification of the 215 members returned by the agricultural counties:

		Present Number of Members	Conser- vative.	Liberal.	Number of Members pro- portionate to Rental.
Counties in which the Conservatives have a majority	10	85	59	26	33 12
Counties which are neutral	6	36	18	18	16 79
Counties in which the Liberals have a ma- jority	14	104	31	73	65 71
		30	215	108	117
					115 62

It needs only a glance at these figures, to perceive that the counties in which Conservatism has its strongholds, will suffer the greatest reduction of members; eighty-five being diminished to thirty-three,—little short of two-thirds. On the other hand, the counties which return a majority of Liberals, would only suffer a reduction of thirty-eight on 104,—or little more than one-third. Supposing, that after the adjustment of numbers according to the rental of real property, the ratios of Conservative and Liberal members remain the same, the following table will exhibit the result:

	Members.	Conservatives.	Liberals.
Ten counties ..	33 12	23	10 12
Six ditto ..	16 79	8 40	8 39
Fourteen ditto ..	65 71	20	45 71
	115 62	51 40	64 22

At present, the Liberal majority in these thirty counties is nine. On the adjusted scale it would be thirteen. We incline to the opinion, that the gain would be greater than this,

because the pocket borough influence would be almost annihilated, by merging the pocket boroughs in districts sufficiently large to give the right of returning one or more members. The scale for one member being £130,289.; and the pocket boroughs scarcely averaging more than £20,000. rental, it is evident that the influence of one family, or landlord, would, in the great majority of cases, be entirely destroyed. In all probability, rival Conservative and Liberal claims would be set up, where the one or the other now reigns in undisputed sovereignty; and whenever men are so far delivered from the torpedo-influence of a system which leaves them no mental exercise, as to the matter of voting, further than to get an intelligent idea from their patron's steward, who it is their patron wishes or directs them to vote for, we have some hope that truth will prevail; and when that prevails, there will not be the dead lock of Toryism,—there will be progress, in some form or other. We cannot, then, see how landlordism, or Conservatism, is to gain in the thirty agricultural counties. Let us now enquire what probability there is that it would gain in the metropolitan, the mining, and the manufacturing counties; which, for convenience, we shall class together in one group. These counties return ninety-nine borough members, of whom thirty-two are Conservative, and sixty-seven, Liberals. They would have 208 members under the proposed system; and if the proportions of Liberals and Conservatives remained the same, there would be 141 of the former, and sixty-seven of the latter; leaving a Liberal majority of seventy-four. The whole gain of the Liberal party would then stand thus:—

Gain in thirty agricultural counties	4
Gain in ten other counties	39
Total gain	43

This gain must not be confounded with that shown on p. 238, which, it may not be amiss to repeat, simply shows the gain in mere *numbers*. The figures above (forty-three) show the *political* results of the adjustment, as distinct from the *numerical*. Now, we have taken the proportions of 141 Liberal, to sixty-seven Conservative members, for the ten counties, on a supposition the *least* favourable to the former: that is, we have taken the *aggregate* ratio of sixty-seven to thirty-two; whereas, taking the sections of counties in detail, and calculating the results separately, the proportions would stand thus,—one hundred and fifty-five, and fifty-three, in place of one hundred and forty-one, and sixty-seven. Thus calculated, the Liberal gain would be seventy-one, in place of forty-three. We are quite willing, how-

ever, for the sake of strengthening the argument, to take the least favourable supposition, because it will best meet the objection made in several quarters,—that the landed interest would gain by the apportionment of members, to the ratio of population, *or property*; for, although the objection is taken to an apportionment according to population, it will presently be demonstrated, that whether population or property be the basis, the results are all but identical.

It will be urged, we know, that the new members given to the manufacturing counties of York (W. Riding), Lancaster, Warwick, Stafford, and Chester, will, in the main, be returned by the *agricultural districts of those counties*. But on a very minute examination of this assertion, we find it to be without foundation. In fact, the large towns would take one-half of the new members, and the districts which now have no voice, except as they share in the county representation, would get the other; and we conceive it to be quite certain, seeing that those unrepresented districts are so thickly studded with considerable towns and villages,—such as Dewsbury, Barnsley, Keighley, Otley, and Holmfirth, in the West Riding of York; and Burnley, Haslingden, and Darwen, in Lancashire;—that, at the least, the votes would be equal.

As to the metropolitan counties, of which the borough representatives are as three Conservatives to sixteen Liberals, if the same ratio were obtained in the apportionment of the eighty-three new members, there would be sixteen Conservative and eighty-six Liberal members; but, as already observed, we have taken an aggregate ratio of thirty-two to sixty-seven, for the ten metropolitan, mining, and manufacturing counties, the result of which is, thirty-three Conservative to sixty-nine Liberal members for the metropolitan section; a proportion which seems to us a very probable one.

The preceding statements and calculations may, with advantage, be put in the form of six distinct and short propositions:—

- 1.—That thirty agricultural counties of England return 225 borough members to Parliament, and ten other counties return ninety-nine members, leaving a majority of 126 members in favour of the former section.
- 2.—That if the representation of England were adjusted, according to the scale of rental, the thirty agricultural counties would return one-hundred and fifteen members, and the ten other counties two hundred and nine members; leaving a majority of ninety-four members in favour of the latter.
- 3.—That in the present borough representation, the Liberal party have a majority of nine in the thirty agricultural counties, and a majority of thirty-five in the other counties, making an aggregate majority of forty-four Liberals.

- 4.—That if the members respectively returned for the two great sections of counties, after the re-distribution according to rental, should be in the same ratio as to political opinion, the numbers would stand, one hundred and eighteen Conservatives, and two hundred and five Liberals, leaving a majority of eighty-seven, in favour of the latter.
- 5.—That the majority of Liberals on the present system being forty-four, the gain of re-distribution would be forty-three.
- 6.—That re-distribution would not affect the ratio of Liberal and Conservative county members, in any appreciable degree.

We have stated that the results of a re-distribution of the representation, whether in the ratio of rental, electors, dwelling-houses, males above twenty years of age, or of population, would not augment the strength of the landed and aristocratic party in the House of Commons. We now give a table which exhibits the results on each of these modes of re-distribution.

Counties.	In the ratio of property Members.	In the ratio of electors Members.	In the ratio of houses Members.	In the ratio of males above 20 yrs of age Members.	In the ratio of popula- tion. Members.
30 Agricultural	222	214	260	246	247
3 Mining	20	21	23	24	24
2 Metropolitan	106	112	52	70	67
5 Manufacturing	119	120	132	127	129
40 Total.	Total 467	467	467	467	467

The most formidable objection to re-distribution is that which is directed against it as based on population, or on universal suffrage. The preceding table shows that, on either of these principles, the total gain of the agricultural counties would be twenty-five votes, as compared with a re-distribution according to rental. But the gain is not necessarily a landlord or Conservative gain. It would only be a gain, measured by the different ratios of Liberal and Conservative members in the agricultural and manufacturing districts, respectively. In round numbers, these would be as seventy-five to fifty, in the former, and as one hundred and forty to seventy, in the latter, *after re-distribution*. Twenty-five votes, therefore, would give fifteen Liberal, and ten Conservative, votes, in the former case, and sixteen Liberal, and eight Conservative, votes, in the latter. The gain would be *one* vote to the agricultural counties.

The discrepancies in the ratios of the table are marked, but they admit of an easy solution. The ratios of rental and of electors are closely accordant, and for an obvious reason,—the present electors are the propertied classes, to use a current phrase. The ratios of inhabited houses are greatly discrepant,

because houses in agricultural districts are not in the same juxta-position to vast masses of real property, as in the great seats of trade and manufactures. For a similar reason, the population is in a less ratio to property in the metropolitan and manufacturing counties. If, however, the whole of Great Britain were taken into the calculation, the relative numbers of members returned for the agricultural and the manufacturing counties would be less favourable to the former, than as shown for England alone; and, dividing the members for each section (as to politics) according to the present scale, the result would be more favourable to the Liberal interest.

We avoid all discussion on the question of equal electoral districts. The true rationale of representation supposes *all* classes to have a voice. A system which gives a mere *majority* the entire representation would be a representation of one class, and that class not the landed. We think it idle to say the land is represented by the House of Lords. It is in the Commons that all great questions affecting the *whole people* are decided; and that House ought to speak the voice of all the lieges. The county representation is one we have no wish to disturb. It has the *prestige* of antiquity, and a manifest utility.

In whatever aspect, then, re-distribution is viewed, it is demonstrated that the landed interest would not gain by it, so far as respects England. Still less would it gain when applied to Wales and Scotland, if the representation of those portions of the empire be adjusted on the same principle as that of England, namely, each division retaining its present number of members, and those members being apportioned, *pro ratione*, to the rental of land and other real property. It would extend this article beyond due bounds to give the details; it must suffice to state, that whilst in Wales the re-distribution would not affect the relative strength of parties at all,—in Scotland, it would greatly increase the borough representation, which, it is almost unnecessary to say, is more liberal than the borough representation of England. But then there is Ireland! We do not deny the difficulty, if either population, or males above twenty years of age, be taken as the standard of re-distribution. Or any one of the other standards of distribution,—rental, ten pound householders, or inhabited houses (distinguishing houses from mud-hovels),—Ireland would have less than its present share of members in the imperial legislature. Rental, separately, would only give it seventy-four members in place of 103. The difficulty vanishes at once, if the existing proportion of members for the four primary divisions of the two islands be retained. And the difficulty, such as it is, of arbitrarily maintaining those proportions unchanged, whilst the proportions for

the secondary divisions of each (the counties and boroughs) are re-arranged, either on the basis of population or of property, is not *peculiar* to those who contend for such re-arrangement. It is a difficulty which must attach to all and every form of further change in the representation. The only parties whom this difficulty does not affect, are those who deny the necessity for any further change. With them we hold no controversy; they will have to be driven from their position, by an unmistakeable expression of the national will. We address ourselves exclusively to those who admit the anomalies of the present system; and if we can show to them, that a further change in the representation is unavoidable, ere many years have elapsed, we commend to their consideration the policy and the candour of no longer throwing contempt on the question of re-distribution, by pointing to a difficulty in its application, with which they will have to deal, not less than those whom they would fain put out of court.

We shall not bestow any further notice on the cuckoo objection, that this is not the time to agitate the question of electoral reform, than to say; that it is always *the time* to discuss a subject which must, in the nature of things, force itself with increasing power, year by year, on the attention of parliament, and which will have, ere long, to be legislated about in earnest. To shirk discussion now, is to make sure of hasty and crude legislation, when the time for action comes. Nor shall we do more than notice the transparent absurdity of urging the impotence of a legislative majority of land-owners and Conservatives against the power of public opinion, as a reason against re-distribution, by those parties who, in the same breath, object to re-distribution, because it will give greater strength to that legislative majority. If public opinion is omnipotent now, it will be so when the representation is fairly adjusted; they cannot use an argument both ways at once.

Our reasons for believing that parliamentary reform cannot long be deferred, are soon told. There are two classes aggrieved by the present system: the operative classes, and the ten-pound householders of the manufacturing and metropolitan counties. Chartism is only one of the forms in which the former classes manifest their dissatisfaction with their political condition; and therefore the conclusion, that because Chartism, in the persons of some exceedingly foolish or wicked men, having come into contact with the law, has been humbled in the dust, the cry for the suffrage is extinct,—is a most illogical one, and as dangerous as it is illogical. The demand for political power amongst the mass of the people, is at once the expression of their uneasiness and suffering, and the evidence of an intense desire for its attainment, amounting to a passion.

Those who, in the seething cauldron of political strife, have observed the workings of ambition, and the life and death struggle for power; and who have seen in the lower struggle for wealth and station, how intensely men's energies and passions can be concentrated on the one object for which brain and sinew are taxed and strained, — may have some conception how fixed, earnest, and indomitable is the will which has marked the suffrage as its goal and reward. The return of prosperity may for a time draw off the attention of the people from this object, but it will only be to return to it with a more fixed and dogged purpose, on the recurrence of another period of calamity and suffering.

The other aggrieved party has a perpetual grievance to think upon, and nurse its wrath about. The authors, and immediate instruments of the grievance, will not suffer it to be out of sight or mind. The privileged representatives of the agricultural counties and boroughs do not fail to use the 'giant strength' they possess, and they neither do it 'wisely nor well.' They not only make their power felt by their votes, but, like Fluellen, they taunt whilst they strike. That a D'Israeli should do this—he of whom 'Punch' said, happily, that 'if the venom were taken out of his speeches, they would lose all which caused them to be felt,'—is hardly to be wondered at. But since a Premier can gibe those who, in the Commons' House, stand up as the representatives of the people, properly so called, and that, too, at a moment when the country gentlemen were showing how grateful to their noble and aristocratic natures was the coarse invective of one whom they hate, if levelled at those whom they both *hate and fear*,—neither he nor they need be surprised, if there is a purpose formed, which, through contumely and sarcasm, the cold support of quondam reformers, or worse, their carping criticisms, will be followed up until it is accomplished. Let us not be misunderstood. It is no *sentimental grievance* of which the ten-pound householders of the manufacturing counties complain; though they are quite free to acknowledge, that the gibe and the jeer at their representatives, and the miserable imputation on themselves, as the embodiment of a pitiful and sordid selfishness, do not make them feel the less, the political unfairness of their position in the legislature. Their desire to have their just share in the representation has no selfish object; though it may happen, that in the general benefit which they covet that share in order to promote, they may participate.

The middle classes have strong convictions, and strong purposes based on those convictions, which they can only give full effect to in Parliament. One of the tables we have given

shows that, even under the present scale of the franchise (the ten pound qualification), there is a mass of 108,108 householders, representing a rental of £15,243,813, who have no voice in the borough representation of England, alone. We ask if it is at all likely that such a body will rest content with its present condition of political nihility and powerlessness? The demand for enfranchisement, in the form of a re-distribution of the representation, is the natural consequence of that mental activity and that strong feeling on great questions of national polity, which so pre-eminently distinguish the present period; and whether that demand be met by the cold refusal of co-operation, from those who have hitherto aided in the cause of progressive reform, or the scornful resistance of such as hold an unjust share of legislative power, *it will have its end and aim!* As Mr. Mackay well puts it, 'The nation will have the *substance* of representation,' or, as Mr. Cobden, in his peculiar and apt phraseology, has it, 'The nation will have the reality and not the sham of representation.' The attempt to baulk its purpose is as useless as Mrs. Partington's contest with the tide; nay, its uselessness and impotence is better described by a simile we lately met with, it is just like 'baling out the ocean with a pitchfork.' The impotence of the resistance, too, will be the more apparent and palpable with each succeeding year. Great as are the anomalies and inequalities of the representation, they are every day becoming greater. The ratios of increase in the agricultural and the manufacturing counties are widely discrepant. Since 1801, the agricultural counties have increased 60 per cent. in population; whilst the manufacturing have increased 120. Nor are the ratios of increase in wealth less in contrast. Comparing the rental of real property assessed to the income-tax in 1815 and in 1843, the ratio of increase in the agricultural counties is 42, and in the manufacturing, 102. Supposing the rates of increase to continue unchanged until 1871, the ratio of representation, determined either by property or population, will be as 10—representatives for the thirty agricultural counties—to 6—representatives for the manufacturing. On the present scale, the respective ratios are as 13 to 3. The resistance to a wrong is not usually lessened in energy by the increase of that wrong; and a wrong which is, as we have shown, so accurately measured now, is not likely to be met with a diminished vigour of resistance, when its dimensions are seen to augment in a rapidly increasing ratio. A little wrong may be submitted to, as a less evil than agitation; but a great one, whilst it provokes a more burning resentment, and is therefore the more likely to be resisted, is in a fair way of being redressed when the strength of the aggrieved object of it is day by day augmenting. The

middle classes are in this position, and they know it. They know, too, that when the demand for the suffrage next comes from the operative classes, the two objects of an extended suffrage and an equal distribution of representative power will go together, and they will 'bide their time.'

Brief Notices.

The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom; being an Account of their Respective Origin, History, Objects, and Constitution: with full Details respecting Membership, Fees, published Works, and Transactions, Notices of their Periods and Places of Meeting, etc. And a General Introduction, and a Classified Index, compiled from Official Documents. By the Rev. A. Hume, LL.D., F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 307. London: Longman and Co.

THE title of this volume fully explains its objects, and the learned are greatly indebted to Dr. Hume for the labour expended on its preparation. The history and constitution of those societies, whether scientific or literary, which are formed for the advancement of various branches of human knowledge, are legitimate subjects of curiosity. All intelligent men desire to know something respecting them, and yet it has been hitherto difficult to obtain authentic information. 'So far as I know,' says Dr. Hume, 'there has never been, hitherto, any means of obtaining that knowledge, except through the documents privately printed; for which, even among the learned, not one man in a hundred knows how or where to apply.' Those only who have made the effort, have any adequate conception of the difficulties connected with such inquiries, or of the value of such a manual as Dr. Hume has supplied. He has been at considerable pains to verify his statements, and with this view has wisely availed himself of original documents, and in all cases where it was practicable, has submitted his account to the correction of official personages. His introductory remarks supply many useful suggestions, and we shall be glad to find that his labour is duly appreciated by those for whose benefit it is designed. To his list of Printing Clubs should have been added *the Hansard Knolly's Society*, the first volume of which appeared in the early part of 1846. It is entitled, *Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution, 1614—1661*, and is one of the most valuable publications of our day. *The Ecclesiastical History Society* is a subsequent organization, and is entitled to be noticed in a future edition.

A Bridal Gift. By the Editor of 'A Parting Gift to a Christian Friend.' Seventh Edition. Liverpool: D. Marples. London: Hamilton and Co.

THIS is one of the most beautiful gems which the English press has produced. It is 'got up' with exquisite taste; and is altogether a perfect specimen of typography and of elegant embellishment. It is impossible to speak too highly of the skill with which Mr. Marples has executed his work, and we trust that the public will do credit to their own discernment, by affording him the benefit of a liberal patronage. Six editions of the work in a less expensive form, consisting of upwards of eleven thousand copies, have already been disposed of, and we do not doubt that this enlarged and embellished edition will find an equally cordial reception. The literary contents of the volume are in happy keeping with its other features. 'The work is intended as an elegant little present to those who have recently entered on the state of 'holy matrimony.' It has been judged that, at such a moment, when the congratulations of friendship are usually warm and heart-felt, many would gladly avail themselves of a *Manual*, as the vehicle through which they may express their kindly feelings towards the newly-wedded pair.' We commend alike the object and the manner of its execution, and shall be glad to introduce this most tasteful and beautiful little volume into the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of all our readers.

Bibliotheca Londinensis: a Classified Index to the Literature of Great Britain, during Thirty Years. Arranged from and serving as a Key to the London Catalogue of Books, 1814—1846, which contains the Title, Size, Price, and Publishers' Name of each Work. 8vo. London: Thomas Hodgson.

IMMENSE labour must have been expended on this volume, which contains a classified list of all the works announced in the 'London Catalogue,' from 1814 to 1846 inclusive. The want of such an index has long been felt. Learned men engaged in a particular course of study, and authors working in the several departments of history, literature, or science, have earnestly coveted it, but have scarcely ventured to expect that their desire would be gratified. Every person engaged in such matters, must be aware of the trouble and perplexity which attend a reference to many catalogues, each, it may be, extending over a brief period only. In the present volume all this is saved, and an ease and facility of reference are obtained which those only can duly estimate who have submitted to the drudgery, and felt the insecurity of the older method. It has, therefore, our hearty good wishes, and we strongly recommend it to all bookish men. 'To every one connected with literature, it will save much valuable time, in searching after all the works written by different authors on the same subject; whilst to those who buy books, it shews at one glance the selections they can make, without being subject, from an imperfect memory, to purchase what is subsequently found useless.'

The Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease. By Thomas Bull, M.D. Third Edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged. London: Longman and Co.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of parents that they have the power, in a large measure, of securing a sound mind in a sound body to their children, and that they are responsible for its use. But let it not be supposed that it can be duly used without much care and effort. A considerable share of information, constant watchfulness, decision and courage to resist their own feelings, and disregard the opinions of the world, are indispensable. But whatever the qualifications needed, they alone can be looked to for them.

It is, therefore, with great pleasure, that we contemplate the circulation of works designed to impart the knowledge of the proper management of children, and to stir up parents to its study and application. Such works, if judiciously prepared, are invaluable. Among them we assign a high place to the volume before us. It is, in our judgment, singularly fitted to the end proposed. It possesses all the qualities that such a volume should possess. It is comprehensive in its topics; particular in its directions; simple and easy in its style; and, though last, certainly not least, it bears unmistakable marks of sound science and sound sense. Without intending to make every parent his own doctor, it will, if heeded, go far to prevent the necessity for professional interference, as well as to secure it when necessary at the right time; while its chief value consists in its supply of those wise maxims and advices which, when attended to, effectually guard against most diseases and disorders altogether.

Writings and Disputations of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Martyr, 1556, relative to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Royal 8vo.

Miscellaneous Writings and Letters of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop, etc. Royal 8vo.

Edited for *The Parker Society* by the Rev. John Edmund Cox, M.A., F.S.A.

THE Parker Society has done good service to sound theology and English ecclesiastical history, and we purpose, ere long, taking occasion to enter somewhat fully into the consideration of its labours and its claims. In the meantime we commend, to all such of our readers as are interested in the history and theology of the English Reformation, the volumes now before us. Cranmer rendered great service to the disenthralment of religion. We are far from regarding him as the master-spirit of the movement. There was too much weakness in his character for this. He wanted the heroic fortitude, assuming frequently a hard and repulsive aspect, which was exhibited by Luther, Calvin, and Knox. Yet we must not underrate him, nor disparage his labours. He did noble things, and the heroism which shone forth from the martyr, atoned for much of the suppleness of the

courtier, and the timidity which prompted his recantation. His writings were numerous, and exercised a powerful influence. Apart from their controversial merits, which are considerable, their circulation was necessarily aided by his position and connexions. They form a material part of the literature of the Reformation, and should be closely studied by those who would rightly appreciate the views and conduct of the men of that day. The subjects treated of by Cranmer were of the highest order, of which the first of the volumes before us, is a sample. The nature of the Lord's Supper entered into the very essence of the papal controversy, and Cranmer sifted it with all the acuteness and learning of an able and erudite man. We thank the editor for the pains with which he has discharged his labour, and especially recommend our ministerial readers to possess themselves of a copy of these volumes, and deeply to ponder their contents. In the times that are coming, a knowledge of the literature of protestantism is absolutely needful.

The History of British India, from 1805 to 1835. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S. 8vo. Vol. III. London: James Madden.

THIS volume completes Professor Wilson's continuation of Mill's India, and leaves little to be desired by those who are solicitous to acquaint themselves with the rise of British power in the East, and the character of the institutions by which that power is upheld. The volume extends from the close of the administration of the Marquis of Hastings in 1823, to the termination of the commercial existence of the East India Company, and embraces some of the most important and interesting points which our Indian legislation has mooted. The work is written with great calmness and impartiality; the style is inartificial and lucid; the pains-taking is obvious without proving burdensome; and the general train of reflection is both solid and conclusive. It is a worthy sequel to one of the noblest historical compositions of our age, and will long hold an honourable place amongst our standard works.

The Wisdom of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler. By Samuel Johnson, L L D. London: Longman and Co.

FEW things would be more impertinent than to panegyryze the writings of Dr. Johnson. We shall do nothing of the kind, but contenting ourselves with such a description of this small volume as will acquaint our readers with its character, shall simply recommend their adopting it as a pocket companion in their summer journeyings. A brief extract from the Editor's preface will best explain the nature of the work. Referring to the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, he says:—'The voluminous editions of these works, coupled with the dry, ponderous compositions to which the philosophical and more instructive essays are attached, have prevented their being so highly appreciated as they ought to be, and may be said to have sunk them,

for want of a convenient form of publication, into almost entire neglect. The following collection has, therefore, been published, under the hope that the solid sense and deep practical wisdom which it contains, being now disencumbered of a large amount of critical and other matter, uninteresting to the general reader, and brought within the compass of a pocket volume, of moderate price, may prove alike serviceable and attractive to the public.' In this hope we unite, and cordially recommend the Editor's labours to the patronage of our readers.

The Millennium in its Three Hundredth Century. Written in the year 1847 of the Satanic State of the Fallen World. By Omicron, author of 'Elements of Truth,' 'Paulus,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' etc. London: L. Houghton and Co.

THIS is one of the books that defy all description. It is fortunate for the author that he believes that 'praise, no creature can possibly deserve in any degree.' He has put his 'humble lucubrations' into the form of a drama, of which the *scene* is the English court, and the *characters* are—'King of England,' 'The Queen,' 'First Son,' 'Second Son,' etc. Perhaps one short specimen, with the author's own italics and capitals, will best enable our readers to judge of the performance :—

' KING.

That thy high Privilege is to live to see
 'Fruits of THE SPIRIT'—Messiah's Ministry,
 Millennial VIRTUE—FELLOWSHIP, and LOVE;
 HEAVEN'S WILL on Earth obeyed, AS 't is above.
 The happy influences of THE HEAVENLY DOVE!
 With THAT blest COMFORTER, *divine communion*;
 And with each other, PERFECT CORDIAL UNION.
 Sweet INTERCHANGE of INTERESTS COMPLETE;
 Each heart in ALL to ONE GRAND CENTRE MEET:
 ONE mind, THE MIND of CHRIST the WHOLE inspires
 With the SAME objects, sympathies, desires—
 Thus by ONE SPIRIT *sanctified and skilled*
 The law of Christ by us is all fulfilled.
 The angelic proclamation of the skies
 Couched in few words where true religion lies.'—p. 41.

The Forgiveness of Sin, and the Possibility of attaining a Personal Assurance of it. By the Rev. T. East, Birmingham. 1847. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

THE subject treated in this volume occupies a place of great importance to the holiness, joy, and usefulness of Christians, and one upon which many erroneous opinions are prevalent. A treatise which should discuss it plainly, wisely, and faithfully, was much wanted, and Mr. East has supplied it. He has presented scriptural truth in a clear and forcible form, ever keeping in view the great ends of practical godliness.

A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker, minister of the second church in Roxbury, Mass. London: John Chapman.

THIS discourse treats of the *religious sentiment and its manifestations*, and its relation to *God, to Jesus of Nazareth*, to the *greatest of books*, and to the *greatest of human institutions*.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the work in a few lines; and most of those who are likely to take an interest in its discussions may be supposed to have already met with it. Plain and sober readers need expect nothing from it. It is not a book for the million, except that many of the mass will, doubtless, retail its bold sayings, often without understanding, and more often without being able to defend them. Indeed, it is just the book for the day in this respect, for we have met with no work, of late, containing so much matter adapted to the reckless taste of the times in a form so fit for the use of third-rate declaimers on, or rather against, religion.

That Mr. Parker is a man of great intellectual vigour, and of extensive reading, will not be questioned by any who judge of him from his writings; that he occasionally breathes forth true and noble sentiments, we readily admit; but as a discourses on *religion*, as an expounder of its principles, and interpreter of its phenomena, we should wrong our most cherished convictions, in appearing to regard him as not desperately erroneous. He has put together a vast variety of materials, without respect to consistency, though the bearing of his theory, or rather theories, as a whole, is, in our view, essentially fatal to the very first principles of religion, while the oracular tone of his decisions, and the burning energy of his passion, are well calculated to confound the timid and ignorant, and to kindle a sympathy with his views in such as are easily excited.

The circulation of works of this kind imposes a solemn task on those who cannot contemplate without dismay, the deadly assaults on religion that are being continually made in its own name, and, in some sense, by its own means. May they be found wise and faithful!

Discourses Delivered at the Recognition of the Rev. George Thomson, as Co-pastor with the Rev. H. S. Burder, D.D., Hackney. London: Jackson and Walford. 1848.

A MORE than usually excellent specimen of a class of publications, seldom of general or permanent interest. The address to the new minister, by the Rev. Algernon Wells, we have read with especial pleasure.

The Beloved Disciple. Reflections on the History of St. John. By Mrs. J. B. Webb. London: Hatchard and Son. 1848

MUCH Christian feeling, great earnestness, and a certain delicate, womanly tenderness and pathos, characterize this volume, which we recommend, as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the beloved disciple.

Additional Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, late minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee; consisting of various Sermons and Lectures delivered by him in the course of his Ministry. Second Thousand. 1847. London: John Johnstone.

MR. M'CHEYNE was one of the lovely Christians and successful Christian ministers of modern times. The grace of God shone in him with remarkable lustre. A high degree of spirituality and devotedness to his work, gave a charm to his character, and living efficacy to his labours. If the piety and zeal could be extracted from the productions of his pen, they would not appear remarkable; but as it is, they cannot but be precious to the devout of every name.

The present volume contains sixty-four sermons and seventeen lectures, 'printed from the author's M.S. notes, written as preparations for the pulpit, but not intended for publication, or revised by him with that view.' They are short, simple, and practical.

English Life, Social and Domestic, in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, considered in reference to our position as a Community of Professing Christians. By the author of 'Reverses.' London: B. Fellowes. 1847.

THIS belongs to a class of works which is increasing daily, and it possesses the character which is common to most of them. In so large a field of discussion, we cannot be expected to agree with all the opinions advanced, nor do we; but there is a clear intelligence pervading the work, which gives value to its counsels. Many may profit by them, in relation to some of the most delicate and difficult questions of parental superintendence and social intercourse.

Ecclesiæ Dei: A Vision of the Church. With Preface, Notes, and Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1848.

A VOLUME of lamentations over the departed glories of old church furniture and music, mixed up with some attempts at satirizing non-tractarian bishops, so heavy that one scarcely knows whether the wit or the weeping is the more doleful. It has nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary run of Puseyite poetry, excepting, perhaps, that the author has rather less *taste* than his brethren.

The Sacred History of the World Attempted to be Philosophically Considered in a Series of Letters to a Son By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. Eighth Edition. Vols. II. and III. London: Longman and Co.

THE first volume of this edition was noticed in our June number, and we need, therefore, now do little more than record our pleasure at its early completion. Of the work, itself, it is superfluous to speak, and the Index, extending to twenty-two pages, which the editor has added, will render it much more available for purposes of reference.

Rawdon House; or, Hints on the Formation of Character at School.
By Mrs. Ellis. London: Jackson.

THIS little pamphlet,—an account of the methods adopted in the school conducted by its authoress,—scarcely comes within the range of a review. It contains, however, many useful hints on the formation of character at school.

Helps to Hereford History. Civil and Legendary, etc. By J. Dacres Devlin. London: John R. Smith. 1848.

THERE are few better ways of gaining a knowledge of the condition of the people in past centuries, than the republication of such old records as we have in this little volume, when the editor has in him any power of making dry bones live. The present author has executed his task very creditably, and, when it is remembered that he is a working man, a labourer at the trade whose old records he has here printed, he commands all honour, and we trust will meet with ample success in any future literary labours.

Music and Education. By Dr. Mainzer. London: Longman and Co.

IN a German's eyes a book is nothing if it is not learned, so Dr. Mainzer has given us first an elaborate history of music, where Greeks and Celts, Egyptian Platonists and Caldee Monks, are showered down on the reader. This is *more Germanico*. The remainder, the larger and more interesting part of the volume is, a very eloquent and effective plea for the general introduction of music as a branch of education, in which its moral and aesthetical influences are admirably discussed by an enthusiastic musician, and man of taste and talent. We should be glad to know that this volume was extensively read and its suggestions acted on, by all under whose care children are placed.

Popery Delineated, in a Brief Examination and Confutation of the Unscriptural and Anti-Scriptural Doctrines and Practices maintained and inculcated by the Modern Church of Rome, in the Unrescinded Decrees of her Councils and Canon Law, and in her Authorized and Acknowledged Formularies of Faith and Worship. Second Edition. London: Painter. 1848.

IF any of our readers would like to venture on a volume heralded by such a title-page, we can assure them that they will find in this one a really valuable collection of documentary evidence on the points of which it treats, and that the business of research and compilation has been done with the same conscientious scrupulosity to give a full, true, and particular account, which is evinced in the portentous length of the title-page.

The Gospel of Christ, the Power of God unto Salvation ; exemplified in the Preaching and Writings of the Apostle Paul. By the Rev. W. A. Newman, Sen. Wolverhampton: Simpson. 1848.

THIS series of Sermons contains much pointed appeal to men of all classes, but is neither better nor worse than the average of such publications. Valuable no doubt to the author's congregation, as a memorial of one who has evidently been a faithful minister, it has no peculiar claims on the attention of a wider circle of readers. It is a respectable volume of sermons, and nothing more.

The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse. By Henry George Robinson. Book II. London: Longman & Co. 1846.

THIS volume shows its author to be possessed of considerable power of versifying. The translation, though usually very literal, is also very elegant and lively, and in some cases exceedingly happy. Considering the difficulties, the author has done well, admirably, but, although not disposed to find fault with any one for doing what he is fit for, we cannot help asking, as we would a man making tiny tea-spoons to put in a cherry stone—considering the difficulties, is it worth doing at all?

A Progress of Piety, whose Jesses lead into the Harbour of Heavenly Heart's Ease. By John Norden. Parker Society. 1847.

'IT is a satisfaction to the Council of the Parker Society, to introduce this volume to an extended circulation as a sample of the practical and devotional theology of the Elizabethan age.' Making allowance for the quaintness, which was the disease of the age, these meditations and prayers are just such as are valued in the present day, as manuals of devotion. They are divided into eight portions, or, in the author's language, Jesses ('pauses—properly, the strap fastening a hawk's leg,') each consisting of meditation, prayer, and a hymn, and are marked throughout by a rich vein of devotional feeling.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and of Physical and Political Geography. Part II.

Views in the Eastern Archipelago, Borneo, Sarawak, etc., from Drawings made on the spot, by Captain Drinkwater Bethune, R.N.C.B., Commander S. C. Heath, R.N., and others. The descriptive letter-press by James Augustus St. John, Esq., author of 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks.'

Life in Russia; or, the Discipline of Despotism. By Edward P. Thompson, Esq.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XVIII.

The Pictorial Bible. Part XIV.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. No. III.

The Wisdom of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler. By Samuel Johnston, LL.D.

The People's Dictionary. Part XXXV.

Madame de Malgnet; a Tale of 1820. 3 vols.

The Christian Citizen; his Duty to the Government and his Fellow-Subjects. A Lecture by Spencer Murch.

The Prodigal Son.

Memoirs of the Rev. Wm. Bramwell. By Members of his Family.

The Prophecies of Isaiah, Earlier and Later. By Joseph Addison Alexander. Reprinted under the Editorial Superintendence of John Eadie, LL.D.

Peter Jones, an Autobiography. Stage the First.

Lectures Illustrating the Contrast between True Christianity and various other Systems. By Wm. B. Sprague, D.D., New York.

The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated, including a Biographical Memoir of Lieut.-Col. Isaac Barré, M.P. By John Britton, F.S.A.

The Seventh Vial, being an Exposition of the Apocalypse, and in particular of the Pouring Out of the Seventh Vial, with Special Reference to the present Revolutions in Europe.

Essays on Human Happiness. By Dr. Henry Duhring.

The Unveiling of the Everlasting Gospel, with the Scripture Philosophy of Happiness, Holiness, and Spiritual Power, specially Addressed to the Ministers and Church of God at the Present Crisis.

The History of Rome, from the Earliest Times, to the Fall of the Empire, for Schools and Families

Schools of Ancient Philosophy. Religious Tract Society. Monthly Series.

The Atmosphere and Atmospherical Phenomena. Monthly Series.

Bibliotheca Londinensis, a Classified Index of the Literature of Great Britain during Thirty Years, arranged from and serving as a Key to the London Catalogue of Books, 1814—46, which contains the size, price, and publisher's name of each work.

Spiritual Worth; its Departure Lamented. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Wm. Smith, Esq., Preached in Stockwell New Chapel, 30th January, 1848. By David Thomas.

Testimony to the Truth, or the Autobiography of an Atheist.

The Spirit of Holiness and Sanctification through the Truth. By James Harrington Evans, Minister of John Street Chapel. 4th Edition, revised.

Royal Correspondence. The Private Letters of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe. By Jas. F. Judge, junior.

The Child's First English Grammar, divided into Easy and Progressive Lessons, to each of which are attached Copious Questions and Exercises. By Richard Hiley.

Four Lectures on the Apocalypse. Delivered in Bristol, in the Spring of 1848. By Edward Ash, M.D.

The Child's Poetical Naturalist. With Notes. By Mary Dring.

Pharaoh: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Spink.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1848.

ART. I.—*Mirabeau. A Life History.* In Two Books. London : Smith and Elder. 1848.

• AROUND every great man there is formed, by industrious hands, a web of great intricacy, and often of much beauty. Every action of his life is endowed with exaggerated merit, and the performance by him of any duty, to other men a mere matter of course, is regarded as something far removed from the common order of things. He may not even smile, without being supposed to perform the operation in some way out of the received order of nature. The halo that surrounds the man distinguished in ages long removed from our observation, grows, it is true, more dim, the farther we recede from it. The ardent worshippers of an idol do not transmit to the next generation all their enthusiasm, which thus weakens, by slow degrees, until we obtain at length some accurate idea of the character intended to be conveyed to our imaginations. The false dressings which have surrounded the image must be torn away. The mist must be cleared from about it, the gaudy colours gently removed, and the being, almost exalted to a God, must be contentedly viewed as a man, a man with his imperfections, however transcendent the powers of his genius.

It is the task of the impartial critic of a succeeding age, to examine the actual claims of illustrious men to our regards; to strip them of their false attractions, and present them in their true light to the world, enveloped in the clouds of their genius, but gifted alike with failings as with virtues.

It must not be supposed from the above remarks, that we desire to depreciate Mirabeau, or to bring him down to a common level. On the contrary, our intention is to present him to our readers as he really was,—an extraordinary combination of contradictory qualities, under the rule of no great governing principle; impetuous, fiery, reckless, and unmindful, when it suited him, of the vice or virtue attendant upon an action. A defence of his code of morality is sought to be established, by advancing the fact that his father was a bad man; that he treated him with unnatural severity; that he entertained no affection for him. All this is true, and though out of it no defence of the private life of Mirabeau can be drawn, some excuse may be formed for the errors of a man deprived of all the advantages which respect for a father, and the affectionate reverence of a mother, can bestow. To unravel the thread of a life like that of Mirabeau's, is one of the most interesting occupations in which we can indulge. From the cradle to the grave, his was a time of storm with but little sunshine, and that little obscured as by a mist. In his pilgrimage through this world, he jostled almost always against uncongenial spirits, who would not understand him, and who could not appreciate him. Besides, conscious of his own high genius, he seemed to stand upon an elevation from which he could scorn the world, and thus frequently set at defiance its opinions in matters over which most men throw a veil. He thus created for himself a crowd of enemies, who never forgave him either his talents or his sarcasms.

In estimating Mirabeau, it is a difficult task to avoid being either too lenient or too severe. His undoubted genius, and some amiable traits in his character, incline us to one side; while his no less certain vice and profligacy force from us a severity of expression, which his misfortunes tend to abate. His actions speak for themselves. Too often, however, it is the inclination of humanity to lose sight of the acts of a man of genius, and to confine itself to expressions of admiration for the gifts which the Almighty has bestowed upon him. Here the power of intellect is worshipped, not the man, individually. Delightful as it may be, however, thus for a time to abstract the individual from the mind, while perusing the works of some great master-hand, or while listening to the burning eloquence of an orator, it would be folly to attempt to dupe ourselves so pleasantly, when we come to investigate the man as he must have appeared to the actors of his own time, with all his faults, his vices, his virtues, and his powers.

The age in which Mirabeau moved, was one rife with all the elements of revolution. The first mutter of the thunder

which subsequently rolled over France, might have been distinctly heard, had men chosen to take the warning. Everything prognosticated, to the eye of the experienced statesman, some approaching catastrophe. As in the coming on of a storm, the electric fluid, disseminated through the air, causes oppression and dullness, so the brooding sullenness of the people rendered the atmosphere of the political world stagnant and heavy. But it is a remark obvious to every reader of history, that statesmen, if they reflect at all, are seldom found to reflect sufficiently beforehand on impending evil. There have been instances, undoubtedly, in which the bold intrepidity of a single politician has turned the balance in the scale of a nation's happiness. These instances, however, are but rare. In France, there was apparently little time for reflection. The desperate, but patriotic spirits, who afterwards constituted the great leaders of the French revolution, were all steadily maturing their powers. In comparative obscurity, the dark genius of Robespierre was acquiring strength, and gathering, from every sign of the times, fresh determination and energy. The age of *lettres de cachet* was drawing towards its close, and the Bastille trembled slightly, with a tremor only sufficient to give birth to a faint hope in the hearts of those within its precincts. Mirabeau's genius, however, only flashed upon the grand epoch of the revolution. He was lost to it just when his efforts could least be spared. His career was cast in the forging of the destiny of France, not in its working out. Our regret that such should have been the case is augmented by the reflection, that his talents were only beginning to be developed in all their glory. His sun was scarcely at its height, when by some unfortunate displacement in the machinery by which it had been launched upwards, the blazing orb precipitately fell, surrounded by the expiring rays of its own magnificence.

To estimate correctly a man of superior mind, the historian must stand on an elevation by no means far removed from that of the person whom he would pourtray. If he be placed much beneath, all hope of impartiality, of philosophical appreciation is gone. The author of the volumes before us, though he undoubtedly deserves the credit of having produced an attractive work, has not suffered it to appear that his talents in any way fitted him for the task he has undertaken. There is no evidence of that profound sympathy of soul with soul, which intellects on a common level display. Romilly was far better suited to be the biographer of Mirabeau, than the present author. Power, consciousness of innate merit, enabled him to pierce instantaneously through the disguises of his character, and meet him face

to face. Of Lord Brougham's appreciation of Mirabeau much has been said, though his lordship's views on most subjects, would incline us to well weigh his testimony before we received it. Our author armed, however, with all the confidence which vanity inspires, in the attempt to establish a fact favourable to himself, only convinces us that, in every respect, he was ill fitted to be the historian of the Count de Mirabeau. We require some one who, while capable and willing to appreciate him, will at the same time be impartial enough boldly to acknowledge his faults; and not as though the avenging spirit of the French orator stood at his elbow, to scare him from the truth,—side with him, defend his vices, excuse his faults, and impugn at the same time the justice, the goodness, and wisdom of the Almighty. Because human laws, derived from Scripture, stood in the way of the gratification of Mirabeau's wishes, the Almighty is implicated in the blame of the transaction. It will not be suprising, therefore, to find the man who imagines himself superior in wisdom to the Creator, asserting his claims to superiority over man, and boldly asserting that *he* alone, of all biographers, is to be considered as possessed of any worth. He affirms, that as yet, there has been written no life of Mirabeau worthy to be counted as such, no historian has painted him in his true colours; Penchet, Vitry, Romilly, Michelet,—all fall at once into the shade, before the transcendent splendour of the *Life History*.

That the work is by no means devoid of merit, that the writer occasionally manifests great power, we cordially admit. Nay, more. He has rendered his work amusing; so that many, satisfied to contemplate the mere outward shell of Mirabeau's character, will be delighted with it. But the volumes are defaced by many blemishes, of which, one of the worst is conceit. Nothing else could have inspired an author with the hope of displacing, by his hasty compilation, the laborious efforts of hard-working, pains-taking men of talent.

'To sum up all,' he says, alluding to Penchet and Vitry, 'both their lives are execrable. We have no biography in the English language so utterly and unblushingly false, and so thoroughly tedious as their volumes.'

This sweeping censure upon rival biographers by no means tends to improve the terms upon which we feel ourselves with our author. Setting aside his pompous and laboured style, this was sufficient of itself to detract from whatever favourable impressions we might otherwise have been inclined to form of him. As we proceed, however, in our brief outline of the life of this great man, we shall have further opportunities of remarking

upon the style which distinguishes these volumes. We pause only now to make the following extract:—

‘Feeling a deep interest in this Mirabeau, and seeing that in biographical dictionaries, and histories of Europe, and such like, nothing but the grossest falsehoods have hitherto been propagated; and *believing, moreover, that as it is the vilest sin to traduce or disbelieve a hero*, so it is the noblest purpose pen can be applied to, to untraduce and make clean that hero, and to cleanse his effigy *from the filth which ignorance or malevolence have flung upon it*,—we have endeavoured, with much expense and labour, to concentrate from this ‘*filz adoptif*,’ and other accredited sources, a concise and veracious life-history of Mirabeau.’—Vol. I. p. 10.

To imagine that by simply stating his conviction that Mirabeau has been aspersed, our author will wipe off all the imputations which have been hanging upon his memory for so many years, is as futile a supposition as could well be made. Yet our author, notwithstanding that he lays bare many of the secrets of the prison-house, presumes that we shall forgive every one of Mirabeau’s failings, for the sake of his biographer.

Further up the ‘genealogic tree’ than Mirabeau’s father, we shall not attempt to go. It is his character which at first mainly influenced, and subsequently, in a measure, developed itself, in the Count de Mirabeau, who possessed all his vehemence and revengeful nature, without his cruelty and persevering malice. At the age of twenty-seven, ‘the Friend of Man’ married Marie Geneviève de Vassan, of high birth and great fortune, but not beautiful. As soon as the newly-wedded pair were settled, they began to live in a state of disagreement and open warfare. Domestic storms visited their house, and, in the midst of them, Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti was born at Bignon, on the 9th of March, 1749. Before the birth of his child, supposing it to be a boy (in which hope he had reason to fear disappointment, having had already four girls), the Marquis of Mirabeau had determined upon a certain course of education, which he immediately commenced carrying out.

No tender associations linger round the cradle of Mirabeau. Distinguished from his birth by his ugliness, he is rocked to sleep by the stormy passions of his father, and the tears wrung by ill usage from his mother; and we find the Marquis describing him, at five years of age, ‘as ugly as the nephew of the devil.’ To mould this little deformity, already scarred with the small-pox, his features displaced and enlarged to something superhuman, now became the task of the ‘Friend of Man.’ Nature was to be allowed, according to our philosopher, little weight in the matter. His own character is the model upon

which he designed to frame that of his son. But in the struggle, the Marquis found he had to deal with a spirit fully as obstinate as his own, so that Mirabeau grew up in his perverted notions of right and wrong with little aid from his father, who, disappointed in his hopes, appears to have early commenced the system of harshness and persecution which he afterwards so rigorously pursued. The spirit he so steadily sought to quell rose high in the conflict, and, the harsher the measures employed to repress it, the more it became hardened. Under the care of a tutor, who appears by all accounts to have become attached to the child, as we generally do to those in whose minds we have implanted the first seeds of that which, diligently pursued, raises a man above mediocrity, Mirabeau early began to display his talents. To make speeches, instead of short, sharp answers, appears to have been his forte. At the age of six, we find the young orator making his first display of eloquence:—

‘One day, before company, he was asked to recite something. He accordingly addressed the following remarks to his tutor:—

‘‘Sir, I beg you to be careful with your writing, and not to make blots upon your copy. Be attentive to what any one does. Obey your father, your master, your mother, and never contradict. Have no deceit, but honour above all things. Attack no one unless they attack you. Defend your country. Be not arbitrary with the servants, neither familiar. Conceal your neighbour’s faults, because you may fall into the same.’—*Ib.* p. 34.

With the seeds of vice slowly implanted in his character, Mirabeau possessed many qualities that were amiable and loveable. His spirit of charity and generosity, though steadily sought to be repressed by the father, as in direct opposition to his sentiments of economy, was highly meritorious. In children, however, this generosity is often the result of mere recklessness. They bestow freely what they have no present desire for, though true generosity consists rather in bestowing freely what might have been useful to the giver, because another appears to require it, than in passing over to another that which time or constant use has rendered valueless in our own eyes.

‘When Mirabeau was eleven, prizes were given at Bignon for various feats, and he was so fortunate as to gain a hat for running. He immediately turned to an old bystander, who had but a poor cap, and, covering him with the prize hat, said, ‘Here, take this; I have not two heads.’ He appeared at that moment, writes Nivernois, ‘as the emperor of the world.’—*Ib.* p. 36.

It could scarcely be expected, however, that with all his no doubt brilliant qualities, Mirabeau could acquire any very firm

and strict code of morality. No governing principle, nothing of that pure spirit which draws all virtue around it, as a magnet, was infused into his soul. The world was his stage; no immortality of hope stretched beyond. There was nothing within him which bade him fear consequences. Nor was it to be expected in so material an age. Under his father's stern tutelage, he lived but to seek opportunities to gratify his passions, no matter at whose expense.

At the age of fifteen, under the assumed name of Peter Buffiere, our hero was placed in a military school at Paris, kept by the Abbé Choquarts, all whose instructions were subservient to one great one, 'do not spare the rod.' The Abbé, however, soon discovered beneath the plain, seamed features of the future orator, a genius and desire of improvement, which disarmed his severity. He could not be harsh when the soul-beaming eye of Mirabeau was upon him, bespeaking such ready obedience. Here he made improvement in, besides the dead languages, English, Italian, German, and Spanish, while mathematics, drawing, and music, in turns occupied his mind, and in all of which he made considerable progress. But, like most other lads at school, he required his pockets to be occasionally supplied. This his father refused to do, and his mother, discovering the circumstance, augmented still further the dislike of her husband, by forwarding supplies of cash to her child. Storms ensued in the domestic circle, and the Marquis left no means untried to incense still further his justly offended wife, who could not but resent the profligate course her husband was pursuing, away from her. Mirabeau was now prohibited from holding any correspondence with his mother; and, after revolving schemes of punishment the Marquis hit upon the plan of sending his son into the army.

As a volunteer, then, on the 19th of July, Mirabeau joined a regiment stationed at Saintes, on the river Charante, not far from Rochelle. The Marquis of Lambert being the most rigorous commander and strict disciplinarian in the service, was chosen as the commander of the young man. His conduct here, for a time appeared to give his father every satisfaction. He procured him a commission, as a reward for his behaviour. But Mirabeau did not continue long to please his stern parent, whose economical notions ill suited with his exalted notions of rank and influence. He would not allow him sufficient even to support himself on a footing with other gentlemen. Mirabeau began to play; he fell into debt, and subsequently in love. Rather say, however, not that he fell in love, but that he entangled himself in one of those *affaires de cœur* so common to military men. A *lettre de cachet* hovered about him. The

colonel, who had also been paying his addresses to the young lady in question, but with less success, became his most deadly foe; he persecuted him in every possible way; made him the butt of his ridicule; caricatured him through all the army, so that his brother officers took the opportunity to treat him with insult. Mirabeau fled to Paris. By the kindness of his brother-in-law, he was conveyed back to the army, and was sentenced to a short imprisonment. Worked upon by his enemies, and by the woman with whom he was living, and further urged on by his own stern and unrelenting spirit, the Marquis caused him to be imprisoned in the isle of Rhé. To destroy him by confinement, by ill-usage of every kind, was evidently the intention of his father, for we find the bailli, his uncle, whom he had never seen, urging these, and, if necessary, still more severe measures, in order that 'we may never behold him again on the horizon.' That Mirabeau deserved some punishment for the faults he had committed, we cannot but allow; but no one gifted with human passions will fail to confess, that the cruelty of the Marquis towards his son was unpardonable. The effect of such conduct was calculated to harden the determined spirit, already roused to a pitch of indomitable pride.

Friends, however, flocked round Mirabeau in his solitude. All interceded with his father, and at length it was decreed that he should be enrolled in some regiment destined for active service. No sooner is he free, than he embroils himself in a duel; goes to war against the Corsicans, assists in their subjugation, a step which he afterwards regrets; and then returns to Toulon, where he is strictly charged not to allow himself to be recognized by his comrades. He obtains, however, permission to have an interview with his uncle, the bailli, who thus writes of him:—

'I found him ugly: but he has not a bad physiognomy; and he has, behind the ravages of the small-pox, and features which are much changed, something graceful, intellectual, and noble. He appears to me to have a sensitive heart. As for wit, the devil has not so much. I repeat to you, either he is the most adroit and consummate humbug in the universe, or else he will be the best subject in Europe for a naval or military commander, for a minister, a chancellor, a pope; in short, any thing he will. You were something (to the marquis) at twenty-one, but not half what he is. I can swear to you that we have found in him a little vivacity and fire, but not one word which did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, power of genius,—all, perhaps, a little exuberant.'

After great solicitation and prayers, the bailli obtained him an interview with his father. In his journey he met with an

accident, which caused him to arrive ill and faint at Bignon, where he was received kindly and even tenderly.

For a short time, Mirabeau continued in high favour with his father, who experienced new sentiments of pride, when he beheld the successive triumphs of his son at the court of Versailles, whither he had gone to pass some time with the Marquis, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of fashion. But sunshine like this was soon obscured. The Marquis, instigated by Dame Pailly, suffered his stern feelings to overpower his better nature. Mirabeau was again dismissed the parental presence, and, almost immediately after, a marriage was determined upon for him with Marie Emile de Covet, daughter of the Marquis of Marignane, the richest of all the Provençal noblemen. 'She was eighteen years of age, diminutive in stature, of a brown complexion, and was, says Madame Montigny, vulgar-looking at first.'

To win a wife already sought by another suitor was now Mirabeau's task, a task most unwelcome to his spirit, since he foresaw in the impending union little congeniality of taste, thought, or feeling. A rejection of his suit was the consequence of his soulless endeavours to bring her to a favourable hearing; but the bitter sarcasm and reproach with which his father received the intelligence, sent him back, and, with the steady resolution of a mind roused to all its capabilities of exertion, he resolutely pursued the object, not of his affection, but of his father's wishes. The young couple were married amid profusion and luxury, which plunged Mirabeau into debts he was unable to liquidate, and in settling which his father refused to assist him, though he insisted that the lustre of the house of Mirabeau should not be lost sight of. With a small income, his expenditure was still profuse in the extreme. He repaired and drained his estate, while duns and creditors were clamouring at his door; and at length, these rumours reaching the Marquis at Bignon, another *lettre de cachet* was procured, and Mirabeau retired in poverty and ill health to an obscure town, in the vicinity of the castle where he now resided.

In the solitude of Manosque, Mirabeau had leisure to compose his second work, the 'Essay on Despotism,' and here a son was born to him. For two years, diversified with litigation against his father, and a little *affaire de cœur* of his wife, he seems to have resided in comparative quiet. His own impetuous temper, however, disturbed all. After having received an apology from the lover of his wife, who had only kept up a verbal correspondence with her, he reconciles him to his own *fiancée*, and in returning describes a horseman nearing him.

'As they drew nearer, his features became plainer, and Mirabeau discovered that it was the Baron of Villeneuve-Moans, a person with whom he had languished for an interview. This Villeneuve-Moans, having a quarrel with the Marquis of Cabris (who had married Mirabeau's younger sister), could not find a manlier revenge, than publicly insulting the marchioness before a whole fashionable promenading assemblage. But though Villeneuve-Moans might insult women, he should have been aware of exasperated brothers, with Mirabeau blood in their veins. With rage, fast mounting to overboiling passion, Mirabeau stopped this courageous baron, and demanded instantaneous satisfaction. The baron refused this demand, haughtily: with insolence, with insult; and so, there being nothing left but that, Mirabeau, with a face white-hot, and set teeth, clutched 'the bold baron' by the collar, and horse-whipped him, till he considered himself avenged.

'As ill-luck would have it, this spectacle was not quite private: several peasants witnessed the castigation, and the affair was soon the talk of the province; suggesting many questions, foremost of which is this. How came the Count Mirabeau, who was confined within Manosque, to be flogging Villeneuve-Moans, some twenty miles away from there? The answer to which question is, that on the 26th of June, as Mirabeau sat in his house, a house of tears, alas! for his son was dying, as they thought—tending his sick child; behold! myrmidons of the law entered, who, deaf to even *his* eloquence, amid the sobs of the heart-broken countess, and sick moans of the afflicted boy, dragged Mirabeau away from it,—from Manosque afterwards, and so by slow removes, from place to place, until, in the end, on the 23rd of August, they finally deposited him in the safe keeping of the Castle of If: to muse upon his strange destiny, and reflect upon his future prospects, if he chose to do so.'—*Ib.* 73.

The confinement of Mirabeau in the Castle of If was professedly for having violated his exile, and his attack upon Villeneuve-Moans was represented under the blackest colours to the governor, M. Dallegre, who was instructed to treat his prisoner with all possible severity, and completely debar him from all communication from without. The Chateau of If occupies a remarkable position. On a barren rock, standing far out from shore, and bathed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the prison has been built. In the cell below, the captives hear, unceasingly, the deep voice of the waves, as in their heavy roll over the boundless expanse of ocean, they sullenly break upon the rock. Regularly as the hours of the day, the waters come and go,—the sound of their rush backward, after their rage has been expended, forms a sweet music, in the silent, echoless prison. From the narrow windows, the town of Marseilles, with its tall houses, and massive buildings, rises to meet the captive's eye. To that busy moving world, he is linked only by the sunbeams which fall upon the stony walls, the iron bars of the

prison, run along the ripples of the waves, and gleam proudly upon the old town. Here in this extreme seclusion, Mirabeau longed to have, at least, the society of his wife, to cheer the solitude of his apartments. She, however, refused, and proved that though she might bask in the light of his prosperity, she was incapable of infusing sunshine into the darkness of his adversity. Few, perhaps, can tell how deeply this neglect may have influenced the after life of Mirabeau. To her conduct, then, at that trying moment, may be traced much of his future reckless career. Had she been a woman of any nobleness of soul, she might have won over the stubborn spirit, by kindness, or at least, have preserved its allegiance to herself. Her love for the world, its gaieties, and its frivolities, surpassed the affection she entertained for her husband, and she therefore sent him a refusal of his request, and hastened to join in the festivities and brilliant enjoyments of society at Aix. Mirabeau stifled his sorrow under a mask of sternness, flew to literature as a relief to his mind, and wrote a history of his grandfather, to pass away some of the tediousness of his hours. But if soon became too gentle a punishment for him, those who governed the prison became his friends, and he was removed to Joux, a castle situated far up the Jura mountains, upon a tall cliff, so overhanging the valley that few visitors dared to ascend to it. Surrounded by perpetual snows, the prisoner has nought to relieve the picture, while from below, the fortress is hidden from view by the clouds which hang around. The governor of this prison was harsh in the extreme, yet after awhile, even he so far allowed his good feelings to overcome his discretion, as to permit Mirabeau to join in the festivities at Pontordlie, on the occasion of the coronation of Louis XVI.

Here he formed an acquaintance with the woman, Sophie de Monnier, about whom our biographer makes so much unnecessary digression. There was nothing romantic in the connection—nothing excusable. Both were married, neither were young and thoughtless, and the plain fact of the matter is, that Mirabeau acted like a profligate, and she possessed, simply, no regard to virtue. Again Mirabeau writes to his wife, and beseeches her to join him; she replies with scorn, and because she acts thus, he forfeits his honour and Sophie her marriage-vows. All this did not pass without notice; her husband being an old man of seventy was, it seems, easily persuaded to believe any version of the story, but irritated by jealousy, the governor of the prison caused the Marquis to send him severer instructions than ever. Mirabeau refused compliance, and escaped from Pontordlie into Switzerland. But he could not consent to be long absent from Sophie; he returned incognito to the town. Sophie fled from

her husband, and sought shelter with her parents, who treated her with the rigour of a convent. M. de Monnier wrote to her, and promised to overlook her fault if she would return, which she agreed to do. Meanwhile, Mirabeau followed her to Dijon, and was immediately arrested and conveyed to prison. With the assistance of Malherbes, he contrived to escape to Vevières in Switzerland, and thence pursued and hunted down by the myrmidons of the law, on to Geneva and Lyons, where he concealed himself, with his sister, and the person with whom she had also taken flight, with her husband. From Lyons to Avignon, from Avignon to Nice, from thence to Turin, on he fled, corresponding daily with Sophie, who, tired of the life she was leading, begged him to come to Pontordlie, to meet her. He did so. They fled together to Rotterdam, and here, in some poverty they struggled on, as happy as their crime and imprudence would allow them to be. He studied by her side, and composed several works. But he was well known as the author of the 'Essay on Despotism,' and at such a time, a work like that could not be suffered to pass unheeded. M. de Monnier commenced proceedings against his wife, and, at length, the fugitives were taken, and Mirabeau lodged at Vincennes, and Sophie conveyed to a house of correction for ladies in Paris. The lovers parted, never to meet again under the same auspices. They corresponded, after, however, for some time. Mirabeau made many appeals to authority, and to his father, to procure his release. He wrote letter after letter, fiery and humble by turns, but all in vain. In a kind of despair, he then turned his attention to literary labours. In the midst of this improvement, a daughter was born to Sophie, and Mirabeau's son, the heir of the house, died. The Marquis imagined that he should assuredly crush the spirit of his son by this imprisonment, for he refused to listen to any appeals. He was not only cruel to Mirabeau, but to every one of his family, over whom he had any controul. He carried on a fifteen years' lawsuit with his wife, but as our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the affairs of the whole family, we must content ourselves with giving the following brief illustration of his conduct:—

'Writing to his brother, the bailli, he says:—

'Four days ago, I met Montpezat, whom I have not seen for twenty years, and who, like an ass, drew on himself a regular set down.

'Is your action with madame la marquise finished?' said he. 'I have gained it,' I replied. 'And where is she?' 'In a convent!' 'And your son, where is he?' 'In a convent.' 'And your daughter in Provence?' 'In a convent.' 'Have you then contracted to people convents?' 'Yes, sir, and had you been my son, you should have been in one, long enough since.'—*Ib.* p. 126.

It was some time before Mirabeau was reconciled to his father. After long petitioning, he was again set free, when with all the contradiction of so ill-regulated a character, the Marquis, who himself describes the interview, treats him thus :—

‘Boucher and his family suddenly brought me Honoré, and as he knelt upon the ground, the Chevalier de Scopeaux embraced me, saying, ‘This is the prodigal son.’ I said to Honoré, giving him my hand, that I had long since pardoned the enemy, that I was giving that to the friend, and that one day I hoped to be able to bless the son.’ I have found him much stouter, especially about the shoulders, neck, and head. He has our figure, construction, and manner, except the mercurial temperament; his locks are very beautiful, his eyes also; his forehead is open, he is much less studied in accent, than formerly, but rather so yet; of a natural air otherwise, and much less ruddy; beyond this, he is as you have seen him.’—Ib.

The connection with Sophie, so abruptly broken off, would, perhaps, have been renewed, had not the visits of a certain M. Rancourt excited his jealousy. He upbraided her with her falseness in several letters, and the moment he was released, arranged an interview, when disguising himself as a pedlar, he rode over from Bignon, and succeeded in reaching the cell of Sophie. Here a stormy scene ensued, mutual reproaches and recriminations—and at length they parted. Some years after, Sophie terminated her life with charcoal, after the manner of the French, having formed another sentimental attachment to a man who died of consumption, in her arms.

The few following years were years of triumph for Mirabeau. He had rendered himself beloved by his friends, enthusiastically admired by the public, and feared by his opponents. But money matters still pressed upon him. In abject depression of spirit, he retired to Neufchatel, and soon began to busy himself with setting on foot means to recover his wife; but though she may have still cherished some little affection for him, the gaieties of Aix, and resentment of his conduct in the affair of Sophie, stood in the way of their reconciliation. Mirabeau used all his endeavours to obtain even an interview, but in vain. All access to her was denied. Her friends, with a foolish spirit of interference, refused to allow them to meet, so that at length his letters even were returned to him, unopened. Having tried every fair means, he began an action at law against her, making her restitution a legal question. Here the first display of his excellence as an orator was made. The rumour had gone abroad, that he himself was to plead, and an advocate named Portalis, famed for his bullying and cross-questioning powers, was employed by the Marquis of Marignane to oppose him. Supported by Lord

Peterborough, and two other English gentlemen, he appeared at the bar:—

‘As the rumour of this personal pleading had been well noised abroad, the court was crowded; so much so, that the windows had been forcibly burst open, to prevent suffocation. The Bailli of Mirabeau was in the court, and as the character of that individual for moderation and truth is unquestionable, a better account of the effect of Mirabeau’s pleading, than the following quiet and unaffected one, cannot be given:—

‘The count pleaded yesterday; there was, as you would imagine, a crowd. Marignane was there; at the commencement he listened, at the middle he bent his head; they even assured me that he finished by weeping, as did the greater part of the audience. Marignane, in going out, said, ‘He has pleaded with much gentleness and moderation,’ and in reality, this man, made for desperate things, found the secret of administering lots of soft sawder to his father-in-law, to his wife, and to praise them much, although at the same time making them appear absurd.’—

The sentence of the court was, that the countess should be ordered to return to her husband forthwith, or retire into a convent. But the Marquis de Marignane happened to possess a series of libellous letters from the Marquis of Mirabeau, written some years before. Mirabeau used his utmost endeavours to prevent the publication, and even offered to give up the advantage of a legal sentence. The volume, however, appeared. Now Mirabeau comes before us in a new light. It is due to him to say, that never, in any of his misunderstandings with his father, did he wound him with reproaches. Nay he used all his energies to defend him, softened down all the expressions against himself, by which he turned off the edge of scandal, and eloquently defended his own position. In the mean time, the appeal of the Marignanes, in the Grand Chamber of Aix, was proceeding in due form, and on the 23rd he again pleaded, with a force and power which astounded all who had heard his first display. But this was not destined to be his last triumph. A third opportunity was afforded him. Now it was, then, that the long pent up fires of his genius seemed to burst forth with an overwhelming power. He rose up, and every eye was turned upon him. His figure was commanding, and his eyes dilated with fire. He felt his proud position, and paused a moment or two. Then, with a rapid eloquence and earnestness which astonished and rendered breathless all his audience, he burst forth into a speech, which constituted one of the most brilliant triumphs of rhetoric ever achieved. No opportunity was lost sight of—he smote where he felt the blow would have most effect. He held no truce now. His enemies writhed under

the lashes of his outraged spirit; and after this impetuous triumph, the court disappointed him, by decreeing an entire separation between himself and his wife, for ever. The cause was lost, his endeavours had been vain, and Mirabeau retired from the field.

For six years, Mirabeau shunned the light of public life, and fell back into quiet and comparative obscurity. He proceeded to Paris, where his vicious propensities again broke forth. A young lady, the daughter of a Dutch politician, had been placed in a convent by her friends. Her beauty was extreme: Mirabeau saw, and loved her. The rules of the convent were set at defiance, the priest defied, and Henrietta Amelia Van Heeren, under the assumed name of Madame Nehra, fled to England with Mirabeau. It was at this epoch of his life, that he met with Sir Samuel Romilly, with whom he contracted a friendship which never wavered till death. His name was not by any means uncelebrated in England. All the sufferings he had endured, his extraordinary talents, the disorders of his tumultuous youth, the excesses he had committed, the law-suits in which he had been engaged, the harsh treatment he had experienced from his father, his imprisonment in the dungeon of Vincennes, and the eloquent work he had written, with the indignant feelings which so unjust an imprisonment inspired, had already given him considerable celebrity in Europe; but it was a celebrity greatly inferior to that which he after acquired. He had brought with him to this country a short tract, which he had written against the order of the Cincinnati, lately established in America, which it was his object to publish here. He was desirous that an English translation of it should appear at the same time with the original. ' He read his manuscript to me; and seeing that I was very much struck with the eloquence of it, he proposed to me to become his translator, telling me that he knew it was impossible to expect anything tolerable from a translator that was to be paid. I thought the translation would be a useful exercise for me; I had sufficient leisure on my hands, and I undertook it. The count was difficult enough to please; he was sufficiently impressed with the beauties of the original. He went over every part of the translation with me; observed on every passage in which justice was not done to the thought, or the force of the expression was lost; and made many very useful criticisms. During this occupation, we had occasion to see one another often, and became very intimate; and as he had read much, had seen a great deal of the world, was acquainted with all the most distinguished persons who at that time adorned either the royal court or the republic of letters in France, had a great knowledge of French and Italian

literature, and possessed a very good taste, his conversation was extremely interesting, and not a little instructive. I had such frequent opportunities of seeing him at this time, and afterwards, at a much more important period of his life, that I think his character was well known to me. I doubt whether it has been as well known to the world, and I am convinced that great injustice has been done him. This, indeed, is not surprising, when we consider that, from the first moment of his entering upon the career of an author, he had been altogether indifferent how numerous or how powerful might be the enemies he should provoke. His vanity was, certainly, excessive; but I have no doubt that, in his public conduct, as well as in his writings, he was desirous of doing good, that his ambition was of the noblest kind, and that he proposed to himself the noblest ends. He was, however, like many of his countrymen who were active in the calamitous revolution which afterwards took place, not sufficiently scrupulous about the means by which those ends were to be accomplished. He, indeed, in some degree professed this; and more than once I have heard him say, that there were occasions upon which '*la petite morale était ennemie de la grande.*' It is not surprising that with such maxims as these in his mouth, unguarded in his expressions, and careless of his reputation, he should have afforded room for the circulation of many stories to his disadvantage. Violent, impetuous, conscious of the superiority of his talents, and the declared enemy and denouncer of every species of tyranny and oppression; he could not fail to shock the prejudices, to oppose the interests, to excite the jealousy, and to wound the pride of many descriptions of persons. A mode of refuting his works, open to the basest and vilest of mankind, was to represent him as a monster of vice and profligacy. A scandal once set on foot, is strengthened and propagated by many who have no malice against the object of it. Men delight to talk of what is extraordinary; and what is more extraordinary than a person so admirable for his talents, and so contemptible for his conduct? professing in his writings principles so excellent, and in all the offices of public and private life, putting in practice those which are so detestable? I, indeed, possessed demonstrative evidence of the falsehood of some of the anecdotes which, by men of high character, were related to his prejudice.*

Romilly is at great pains to do away with many little scandals which have been disseminated about Mirabeau. But we must hasten on, lest we should not find space to notice his public

life. His opinions upon English beauty are not without their truth :—

‘ The kind of beauty you see in this country, reminds me of a passage in Johnson, which I have several times attempted to translate :—‘ to expand,’ he says, ‘ the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should be co-operate, by the placidness and content of consciousness of superiority.’ It seems, indeed, impossible to be so beautiful as an English woman, without habitually experiencing that calmness and composure of mind, which pre-suppose a thorough independence, in exemption from sorrow and need, self-command, exaltation of spirit, and strength of character. I cannot, however, avoid observing, that English beauty possesses more brilliancy than attraction. At a distance, you notice the dazzling whiteness, but on a nearer approach, you desire more vivacity, more animation. In the blood which circulates in those tender and delicate veins, there is more serenity than voluptuousness, more tenderness than love.’—*Ib.* p. 182.

The following little remark is excellent in its way :—

‘ To seize a man by the arm, and shake it till his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the great testimonies of friendship, which the English give each other when they chance to meet. This they do most calmly : there is no expression of friendship in their faces, but the whole soul enters into the arm that gives the shake.’—*Ib.* p. 184.

His stay in England was not of long duration. He again visited Paris, and then proceeded to Berlin, which probably inspired him with the design of writing the life of Frederick the Great ; and soon after his public career opened, for Tallyrand recommended Mirabeau to Calonne, as a person worthy of official employment, and he returning to Paris to receive his instructions, went to Berlin, with the design of making a survey of the political aspect of the country. But he could not long support the idea of being a secret agent of the government. He applied for a recognition of his position ; it was refused, and he resigned his post. Many hopes dawned upon him. The political horizon of France was darkening, and the time, though invisible to Mirabeau, approached, when his star was to rise upon the world.

In the interim, he amused himself with denunciations, in the shape of pamphlets, denouncing the principles of the administration, so that Calonne felt himself compelled to hold out a nominal arrest over his head. In this unsettled state he remained for some time, when just at the proper juncture he arrived in Paris. He felt that circumstances promised a new era for his country, and he knew that the revolution was approaching. Calonne might have afforded him a more honor-

able post; but he seems, by a strange fatality, always to have forestalled his destiny, and destroyed the most brilliant promises it made. He now published his 'Secret History of Berlin,' which gave offence to nearly all his friends, and caused a coolness between him and Tallyrand, which did not wholly abate till Mirabeau's death. Want again visited him; an offer was made him to employ his brilliant talents against the parliament. Mirabeau was beginning to be appreciated. He might now have made his fortune, but he preferred awaiting the turn events might take.

Riots broke out in Provence. Mirabeau hastened thither, and sought to allay them. He was active beyond measure; wrote inspiring pamphlets, until wherever he went, he was met by acclamation and welcome. The people worshipped him as an idol, treated him with every possible mark of distinction. An outbreak at Aix was quelled by his eloquence and address. In token of gratitude, he was soon after elected deputy of the town, as well as of Marseilles, where he had been similarly useful. His political career now opened before him. All over France, he incited the people, if not to open rebellion, at least to preparation for a future demonstration. The state of France at that period was one admirably adapted for the great political outbreak which afterwards devastated its provinces. Grievances without number were called upon to be redressed; power was vested in the hands of a few tyrannical spirits; all public affairs administered by interest, the smallest deviation from the course laid down for a man by others, was visited with a *lettre de cachet*; taxes pressed upon the poor; the system of supporting the state expenditure was glaringly unjust, and the people, unable any longer to bear the grinding tyranny under which they were weighed down, rose at length like a levathan from its recumbent posture, and made the earth tremble with the movement. In the Assembly we find Mirabeau taking an active part. His object was to assist in the regeneration of France; he desired to constitutionalize it, by introducing the British mode of government, nearly complete, into the kingdom. He entered the States General determined upon carrying out a certain object to the end; but he could not foresee that death would interrupt him in his glorious public career. His harangue from the tribunal, on the 18th of May, 1789, was a splendid oratorical display, and in every speech he subsequently delivered, he manifested the same calm, rhetorical skill which won over all men to his side. Upon his public career it is impossible to linger long. While Mirabeau was enacting his part in Paris, the 'Friend of Man' was steadily

watching his progress, and in reality, becoming proud of his son. But he had little time to enjoy the triumphs of the heir to his house.

'When young de Camps, Mirabeau's secretary, presented him with a letter from his son, describing his triumphal entries into Aix and Marseilles, after reading it, the old man seized the young man's hands in his, and grasping them warmly, and bursting into tears, cried, 'young man! this is glory; this is true glory!' The obscuring miasma then parted away, and he saw that what he had taken for an ill-hatched fledgling, was none other than a proud-necked swan, sailing majestic upon the wave-tossed bosom of the river of time! Since then, several affectionate interviews had taken place; the old man's sole enjoyment was reading the brilliant orations of his son; he reproved the 'Barrel' for opposing his tremendous brother, and would only read such journals as contained somewhat relative to Mirabeau.

'Twas a serene and tranquil summer's even, and the birds sang dear God's melodies around his rural mansion at Argenteuil. The old man sat in the now fading sunshine, at an open window; his lovely grand-child, the Marchioness of Arragon, the eldest child of his beloved daughter, Madame de Saillant, was reading to him. She made an error in her speech, and he corrected her; apologising for her carelessness, she was about to re-continue, when she observed he did not breathe; she took him in her arms, and he did not move. Her cries attracted others, and when they arrived, they found that the old marquis sat there, smiling, with a slight colour on his cheeks, and—dead! He was seventy-four.'—Vol. II. p. 49.

In the midst of the stormy scenes of the Assembly, Mirabeau stole away several times to his father, and to superintend his funeral.

The Bastille was down,—now followed Necker's recal, the massacre of Toulon and Berthier, and the outbreak at Versailles, where the people, impelled by starvation, rose, even to the women and children. Foreseeing the impending disasters, Mirabeau urged a brief alliance with Lafayette, which was secured. Our author lingers long over the speeches in which Mirabeau most distinguished himself; but our aim is to give an account of the principal events of this great man's life.

On the 1st of February, Mirabeau took his seat as President of the Assembly, and his conduct, while filling that post, inspired even his enemies with respect.

'“Never,” says Dumont, ‘had that place been so well filled. He there demonstrated entirely new talents; he transacted business with an order and neatness of which they had no idea; he scattered perplexities; with a word he enlightened a question; with a word he appeased a tumult. His courtesy to all parties; the respect wherewith he treated the Assembly; the precision of his speeches; the answers to

the different deputations which came to the bar, answers which, whether prepared, whether extemporaneous, were always made with a dignity and grace, satisfying even when refusing; in a word, his activity, his impartiality, and his presence of mind, added to his reputation and his glory, in a situation which had been the stumbling-block to nearly all his predecessors. He had the art to appear the chief person, and to concentrate the general attention upon himself, and at the very time when, not being able to speak from his tribune, he seemed to have been deprived of his highest prerogative. Several of his enemies and his enviers, who had voted for him, in order to shelve him, to reduce him to silence, had the chagrin of having added a new laurel to his glory.'—Dumont, 264.

Madame de Nehra, who had followed him in all his misfortunes, and shared in his poverty and triumphs, he utterly discarded, to replace her by another woman of less elegance and education. This is an indelible stain upon his private character, which needs no further assistance from the acts of his old age to render it utterly despicable. Yet Mirabeau was not without amiable qualities. He looked with great affection upon his relatives, and loved to assemble them around him:—

'The 'Barrel' Mirabeau (his brother) was not short of appreciation for his brother's genius; however, one evening, he rolled up the passage at the court, leading to the presence-chamber, and the usher mistaking him, threw open the door, exclaiming, 'Monsieur!' 'No!' cried the viscount, correcting him, 'not Monsieur the brother of the king, but brother of king Mirabeau.' He was an excessive and habitual drinker, and reproached therefore, replied, 'It is the only vice my brother has left me.' Mirabeau, however, at times gave him a dry cut, saying once, 'Were he other than *my* brother, he would be deemed a blackguard.'—Vol. II. p. 243.

It is scarcely possible to conceive in this harsh man the passion for flowers he cherished. He used, however, to withdraw every Saturday evening to Argenteuil, to spend the ensuing day in his gardens and the surrounding orchards and meadows. In his study, too, his love for flowers did not desert him. The window of this chamber looked upon a small garden, filled with plants, and bouquets surrounded him as he wrote. His health had now been gradually weakening; but in the course of another year, he was afflicted, in addition to his old complaints, fever and opthalmia, with rheumatism, and various other warnings of his declining state. But in the midst of his illness and weakness he continued his exertions, and to the last, frequented the Assembly, spoke with all his energy, and went as usual to the banquets of his friends, the opera, etc. His friends warned him of his folly; all Paris saw that he was dying; every one felt regret that a spirit so glorious should be

summoned so early from the earth. Days of long-suffering followed each other, and thus does our author describe his death:—

‘Slowly declined the day, and the shadows of night crept over the land—the last night of his earthly pilgrimage. But if the shades of death were upon the body, the star-light of the intellect, the meteoric orb gleamed out in undiminished brilliance. His physician lay on a neighbouring couch, and Mirabeau spoke with wondrous continuity till the morning; his words pouring forth too rapidly and too impetuously, in an unbroken fire-flood, as in the Assembly in his day of strength. Slowly, also, the curtains of night were in their turn drawn aside, and daylight began to dawn upon the world—his last day on earth! think what lies in that! The past rushing back like an indistinct and confused battle-picture; the present wavering like an empty vapour; and before, the dim immensity of the unknown to come, looming upon the hazy distance: unknown and dubious to the best of us Christians, but, alas! doubly so to the dying Mirabeau; for he properly had no belief whatever, and in the world to come he knew not the ennobling sublimity of an universal tribunal, and an everlasting reward; but he looked forward unto death simply as a rest and an annihilation. And it is this that renders his death all the more heroic; for it is comparatively easy to die, when death is regarded as the portal to a happier kingdom; but when an ignoble rest is the highest expectation, it is not so easy.

* * * * *

‘About eight, the *coup-de-grace* of death was being given, and his body convulsed and writhed, as though in frightful and agonizing pain, and in dumb torture he signed for drink; water, wine, lemonade, jelly, were offered, but refusing them all, he signed again for paper, which being given, in hot rapidity he scrawled his wants and wishes in the words, *to sleep (dormir)*. Then, when that wish was not complied with, he wrote more at length, praying, for common humanity’s sake, that they would give him opium. Just at this time, Dr. Petit arrived, and decided upon giving him a composing draught, and the prescription was immediately despatched to the nearest druggist’s. The meanwhile, his aggravated death-pangs had burst the very chains of death, and he recovered speech to give a reproach to his friend.

‘The doctor! the doctor!’ he cried. ‘Were you not (to Cabanis) my doctor, and my friend? Have you not promised me that I should be spared the anguish of a death like this? Do you wish me to die regretting having given you my confidence?’

‘Having said this, he sank into a kind of asphyxia, and lay motionless, and, to all appearance, insensible; but cannon firing in the distance aroused him, and he said, in dreamy surprise,

‘*Are these already the Achilles’ funeral?*’

‘And immediately after, as the chimes rang half-past eight, he opened his eyes slowly, and gazing heavenward, died.’—Ib. p. 271.

Thus died Mirabeau, at the age of forty-two. His constitution was abused by early depredation and dissipation. His death-bed was surrounded by no consoling Christian reflections.

But over this part of the question we cannot linger. It would draw us into a lengthened investigation of his faith, in which our author, whoever he may be, appears to take a deeper interest than in the holy and divine truths of Christianity.

ART. II.—*Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter.* By John Brown, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 3 Vols. Edinburgh: Oliphant. London: Hamilton.

IN the preface to these volumes we are told, that the substance of the discourses contained in them was delivered by the author to the people of his charge, in the ordinary course of pastoral instruction; and that they are now published in compliance with the request of many, that, 'before increasing age should render it difficult, or death impossible, he would furnish them and their children with a lasting memorial of a ministry of considerable length, full of satisfaction to him, and, as he trusts, not unproductive of advantage to them.' The discourses, taken as a whole, form a commentary on the first epistle of Peter, though not a commentary in the usual form. There is not found in them a continuous comment on words and clauses, or a regular succession of scholia or annotations. Neither are they lectures, in the sense in which that word is usually understood in Scotland, as signifying the regular exposition of a passage, in the order of the verses of which it consists. They have still less resemblance to sermons on selected texts and particular subjects. The epistle, as treated in Dr. Brown's volumes, is divided into paragraphs, according to the sense, varying, of course, considerably in length. Each of these paragraphs, embodying one leading thought, is made the subject of a separate discourse, in which the author endeavours to explain whatever is difficult in the phraseology, and to illustrate the doctrinal or practical principles presented in the text. The subjects suggested are not discussed in a general or abstract manner, it being the author's object to bring out as clearly as possible the meaning of what is stated by the apostle, and the design of the statement. The exposition is consequently intended to combine, as far as may be, the peculiar advantages of commentary, lecture, and sermon, or, in other words, to be at once exegetical, doctrinal, and practical. This plan of public religious instruction

is well deserving of attention. If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience, the best way of communicating that knowledge ought to be carefully studied. This knowledge is lodged in the scriptures, and can be obtained or communicated only by the diligent study of them; by bringing the human mind into immediate contact, if we may so speak, with the mind of God, given by the Spirit, through the instrumentality of those holy men whom he selected for his agents in evangelizing the world. But the scriptures cannot be understood theologically, unless they are understood grammatically, that is, in their genuine, simple sense. The chief duty, therefore, of a public religious instructor, and, at the same time, not the least difficult, is the sound interpretation of the holy books. On this depends the preservation in its purity of the Christian faith, as well as its efficacy on the hearts and lives of those who are brought, or are attempted to be brought, under its influence. Dr. Brown, we think, has succeeded well in giving a specimen of that kind of scriptural interpretation which is calculated to promote true spiritual improvement, and which ought generally to form the groundwork of pastoral instruction. From a conviction of there being no way of reaching profitably the affections, except through the medium of the understanding, he is at great pains in explaining terms and phrases, first by themselves, and secondly in the place which they hold in the passage where they occur. This, however, is not done in the form of verbal criticism, which must, at all times, be unprofitable to a general audience. He prefers to bring forward—and to bring forward copiously in all cases which admit of it—passages of scripture in which either the same terms or phrases are used, or others having a corresponding signification. In this manner, scripture is made the guide—certainly the safest of all guides—in the interpreting of scripture. Whatever might be interesting or intelligible only to scholars, is thrown into short notes appended to the particular discourses to which they have reference.

The first epistle of Peter, according to Dr. Brown's scheme, is divided into twenty-four paragraphs, eleven of which are discussed in the first of the three volumes. As a specimen of the work, we present our readers with the following extract, in illustration of the apostle's exhortation, 'Be courteous.' Dr. Brown says,—

"Courtesy in general is opposed both to unsociableness and moroseness, the indisposition to mingle with our fellow-men, and the disposition, when we do mingle with them, to make them uncomfortable. The courteous man finds a pleasure in the society of his fellow-men; and, when in their society, discovers his satisfaction by endeavouring to make

all around him happy. The particular form which courtesy assumes depends on the relation in which the courteous person stands to the object of his courtesy. If he is his superior, he regards and treats him with deference and respect, avoiding, on the one hand, all impertinence and presumption, and uncalled-for, obtrusive display of independence, and, on the other, all man-worship, all cringing obsequiousness. If he is his inferior, he treats him with condescension and civility, like one who, in by far the most important points of view, stands on a level with himself, not coldly indifferent to, nor cruelly negligent of, his feelings, but disposed to respect his rights, and to promote his happiness. If he is his equal, he treats him with affability. He is not morose, but conciliatory; not sullen, but cheerful. He is attentive, ready to give, ready to receive, the tokens of mutual respect. He is disposed to please and be pleased; not fretful or quarrelsome, nor contemptuous; ever ready to put the best construction on words and actions; indisposed to take, and careful not to give, offence. The courtesy which the apostle enjoins in the text, must not be confounded with that artificial polish of manners which marks the higher classes of society. Christian courtesy may be combined with this artificial politeness, and the combination is beautiful, a gem richly set, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver,' a fair body, with a fairer soul; but they are often to be found separate. Many who are distinguished by this artificial politeness are entire strangers to Christian courtesy; and many are habitually and thoroughly courteous, who have had no opportunity of acquiring even the first elements of this artificial politeness. In very many cases, artificial politeness is systematic hypocrisy; it is a mask, concealing truth, and exhibiting falsehood; the not appearing to be what we are, or the appearing to be what we are not. Sentiments and feelings are often strongly expressed, when they exist only in a very inferior degree, or, it may be, when they do not exist at all, or when sentiments and feelings of a directly opposite kind exist. Under a pretence of studying the feelings of others, the most malignant selfishness often seeks gratification. Under the guise of the most courteous demeanour and language, the most unkind and contemptuous feelings are frequently cherished and expressed; and he who is studiously courteous to certain individuals and classes, according to the laws and usages of a conventional politeness, may be, and not uncommonly is, characterized by an utter disregard, an utter want of respect, for the feelings of other individuals and classes. Christian courtesy, like all Christian social virtues, originates in that love of men which flows from the love of God, and grows out of the knowledge and belief of the truth. The Christian regards all men as the children of God, endowed with reason, destined to immortality, capable of being, through the atoning blood and sanctifying Spirit of Jesus Christ, made fit for the most intimate fellowship with God, in knowledge, and holiness, and blessedness. He regards the arrangements of society as the result of divine appointment and agency; and hence learns that respect for all men, that honour for all in authority, and that cordial sympathy with all in the humbler stations of society, which naturally express themselves in a courteous demeanour.

While there may be conventional politeness where there is no true

courtesy, and true courtesy where there is little conventional politeness, yet it deserves to be remarked, that, so far as the established forms of intercourse in society are innocent, consistent with truth and integrity, Christian courtesy will induce its possessor to conform to them. Wherever these forms imply falsehood, a higher law than that of custom or fashion, the law of God, forbids compliance. He must not use flattering words: he must not express sentiments which he does not believe, nor simulate affections which he does not feel; but that eccentricity which leads a man to disregard innocent social usages, may commonly be traced to pride and selfishness, principles the very reverse of those from which true Christian courtesy springs.'—Vol. ii. pp. 189, 191.

From this extract, the reader will be enabled to form a judgment of the author's style, and of the general character of the work. It is a fair specimen of the whole; nothing more, and nothing less. Indeed, it would be difficult, or rather scarcely possible, to fix upon any one discourse, or even division of a discourse, better or worse than the others. The entire equability of the exposition, throughout, is one of its most distinctive characteristics. The author seems to work by the guidance of a spirit-level. He begins at his own point of elevation, and at no time allows himself either to rise above, or to fall below it. For sentimentalism, and what is commonly called 'fine writing,' he seems to have neither time nor taste. Occupied with his subject, he proceeds straight onwards, never stopping, turning aside, or losing sight of it.

In his religious opinions, Dr. Brown is evangelical, in the best and fullest sense of the term. With him, the basis of true religion consists in a just apprehension, on the part of man, of the relation in which he stands to his Maker; not simply that in which he originally stood, but that in which the Christian revelation represents him as actually standing, as fallen, guilty, depraved, helpless, miserable, yet an object of Divine commiseration, to whom forgiveness, deliverance, and everlasting happiness, through the grace of the Son of God, are, in the gospel, freely proffered. This is the relation in which, according to the testimony of the Scriptures, man stands to God. When this doctrine is understood and believed, it necessarily, through the influences of the Divine Spirit, gives rise in man to a corresponding state of affections, and a corresponding course of conduct. By this knowledge and belief, he is changed both in character and state. He becomes, in the sight of God, an object of judicial and moral approbation. He is in possession of true religion, which consists, as our author expresses it, in 'a right way of *thinking*, a right way of *feeling*, and a right way of *acting*, in reference to God.*

* This definition is given in an admirable little work, published by Dr. Brown, many years ago, entitled 'Religion, and the means of its attainment.'

Religious teaching is rendered miserably inefficient, when cramped and fettered by a scholastic, systematic theology. Divine truth is not thus presented in the scriptures; and if we believe that we have divine truth in the bible, we may be equally sure that we have also there, the best manner of teaching it. Dr. Brown has been able, in a great degree, to free himself from the trammels of system, and he has done more than this. We have reason to believe that in the large body of Christians to which he belongs, his precepts and example have had no inconsiderable influence in promoting a more healthy and liberal, because a more strictly scriptural view of Christian truth. If he has been instrumental in gaining this end, we consider him highly honoured, and as having lived to some good purpose. There is a prodigious difference between knowing the truth as God teaches, and as man teaches it. We could not help pitying the delusion of a man, who, though he had been confined all his life long within the walls of a hostile, yet were to fancy himself well acquainted with the beauties of nature, and able to point them out, and expatiate upon them, because he had pored long and attentively over some poor dingy daubings of landscape. Yet such a man's knowledge of natural objects would not be more imperfect, or his fitness for illustrating them less, than the man's knowledge of Christian truth, who had gathered what he fancied his knowledge from systems or symbolical books, articles, creeds, or confessions of faith, but who had never made the scriptures the subject of direct, diligent, devotional study.

Throughout Scotland, half a century ago, almost universally, one of the ordinary Sabbath-day services consisted of what is called a lecture, and this practice is still very generally continued. The lecturer selects a certain portion of scripture, as the subject of an expository discourse, concluding with such practical remarks, as the passage suggests. In a continued series of such discourses, the clergyman often goes over a whole book of the Old or New Testament; and in the course of a long ministry sometimes expounds in this manner, almost the whole of the scriptures. This service, when properly conducted, is found to be of great use. By the preparatory study, necessary for lecturing well, the mind of the public teacher is kept constantly employed, and in progressive movement. His knowledge of the scriptures, and of the truth contained in them, becomes as he advances in life, more enlarged, exact, and intimate; and this improvement on his part, is naturally accompanied with a corresponding improvement in the substance and probable efficacy of his public ministrations. This form of instruction has itself peculiar advantages. In sermonising, much more than in lecturing, the preacher is tempted,—and it is to be regretted he

should ever fall before the temptation, to *preach himself*, by displaying his ingenuity and eloquence, rather than to preach the truth of God. In such cases, the less judicious part of the audience, may admire the man who stands out before them in all the extension of conceited excellence; the better informed pity him, and grieve at his folly. The man is, perhaps, remembered; the subject, probably forgotten by both. In lecturing, on the other hand, the speaker is more likely to be sobered down, both in mind and manner, by close attention to his subject; while the hearers listen with attention, feeling themselves called upon to receive instruction, and at the same time to exercise their powers of judgment. While listening to a well prepared lecture, intelligent hearers are, in many cases, furnished with the materials of future thought; they grow apace in the knowledge of spiritual things; the desire for improvement is at once strengthened and gratified.

The work before us is an excellent specimen of what lecturing should be. It is a good deal more exegetical in its character than such discourses generally are, but it is just so much the better. There is no parade of criticism to be found in it; though the epistle throughout is critically expounded, everything said is said in such a manner as to be perfectly intelligible to a general audience, such as that to which the discourses were originally addressed. It was well said by a great man of the last age, 'Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers; I never do that, I speak uniformly in as intelligible a manner as I can;' so should every body. The letting down principle is ordinarily nothing more than an awkward apology for incapacity or idleness.

With scriptural expositors, both on the Continent and in America, it has been a practice of some standing to give a translation of those passages of scripture which they expound. The practice is commendable, for it gives the reader a synoptical view of the sense in which the author understands and interprets the sacred text; it gives him also a pretty fair test of the author's fitness for the task he undertakes.

It would appear, however, that to give an acceptable new translation, especially of any of the more important and generally well known portions of scripture, is not quite an easy matter. If the authorized version is departed from, what is new seems to be unnatural; if there is considerable change, though only in the form of expression, the translation proposed produces suspicion and dislike. Much of this feeling is no doubt the result of prejudice, but of a prejudice that it would be unwise to attack wantonly. We are glad, therefore, to find Dr. Brown, while he very properly gives a new translation of

the Epistle on which he discourses, retaining as much of the common version as he consistently could. His rendering, we are persuaded, will generally be approved of, though possibly in a few passages the sense might have been a little differently, or more fully brought out. The last clause, chap. ii. ver. 24, rendered in our common version, 'By whose stripes we were healed,' is rendered by Dr. Brown, 'By whose weals you are healed,' and he subjoins the following as a foot note: *Μάλωψ non est vulnus sed vibex, sive vestigium verberum aut flagellorum: πληγή μάστιγος ποιεῖ μάλωψας.* Ecclus. xxviii. 17. Raphelius.' The Greek word used by the apostle, in our common version rendered 'stripes,' no doubt signifies the *traces* or *marks* of a scourge or lash; but it does not seem necessary to exclude the wounding or laceration of the skin, frequently made by the stroke of the lash. In the passage Isaiah liii. 5, from which the apostle makes the quotation, the Hebrew term is פצע, which certainly has a more extensive meaning than that assigned to the corresponding Greek word μάλωψ by Raphelius. We find it used in many passages of the Old Testament, e.g., Psalm xxxviii. 6., and Proverbs xx. 30., in both of which it seems to signify a wound or sore in a suppurating or putrescent state. It is used also in Isaiah i. 6., where Aben Esra expressly gives it the sense we have mentioned. We are therefore inclined to think that either of the common words 'sores' or 'wounds,' would have expressed the meaning of the original term with sufficient exactness. That our Lord suffered from the scourge there is no doubt; but he must have suffered a great deal more from the cruel wounds inflicted on his body, when he was affixed to the cross. Besides, the word employed in the passage under discussion, whatever it may be, must be antithetical to the word 'healed,' and the more strictly so, the better. In this point of view, such a word as 'wounds' seems to have a claim to preference. It would be difficult, indeed, to find another word in our language, that expresses so correctly, as 'weals,' what Dr. Brown conceives to be the meaning of the original; but even putting out of view our opinion that the word μάλωψ has here a more extensive signification, we should object to the term 'weals,' on the ground of its comparative confinement to dictionaries. Were any one to ask twenty persons, indifferently selected, what the word 'weals' meant, it is very probable that nineteen of them would be unable to give the correct answer. In this instance then, but it is the only one, Dr. Brown is almost as much in fault as a very learned man and excellent translator was, who, in rendering into English the account of the miracle of the loaves, (Matthew xvi. 9.) wrote, 'and how many *maunds* ye filled.' He added, however, a note explaining that 'a maund means a

hand basket.' In one or two instances, Dr. Brown uses in the translation, words of Latin and French origin, when Saxon terms might have been advantageously employed.

In our version, chap. ii. 4., the first clause is rendered, 'To whom coming, *as* unto a living stone;' this clause is rendered by our author, 'Coming to whom, *the* living stone.' If the Greek word *λίθον* had had the article prefixed to it, this translation might have been admitted; but as it is anarthous, we cannot help thinking the indefinite article, as in our common version, preferable. Our translators were warranted also, we think, in supplying the particle '*as*.' In the excellent book of Lambert Bos, on the Greek ellipses, among the instances given in which the particle *ὡς* must be supplied, this clause is particularly specified. There is likewise in a subsequent part of the epistle, a passage (chap. iii. 20.) where, if it would not be thought an unwarrantable liberty, the supplying of the same particle would tend not a little to the simplifying of the sense. The words to which we refer are these: 'Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah,' etc. It is almost needless to say that the whole passage relating to the 'spirits in prison,' is an exceedingly difficult one; it has, all along, perplexed even learned and well intentioned expositors; and by an ignorant and wicked priesthood it has been employed as a ground work for the grossest, but to them the most lucrative, superstition. In the exposition of this passage, Dr. Brown may be said to agree, in the main, with the view now generally taken by competently qualified protestant commentators. The consequences of our Lord's penal, vicarious, and expiatory sufferings, he thinks, naturally divide themselves into two classes: first, such as took place *not* in heaven, enumerated in the words, 'He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit; he by it went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient;' secondly, such as took place in heaven: 'Having risen from the dead, he went into heaven, and is on the right hand of God, angels, and authorities, and powers being made subject unto him.' On the first class of these consequences, or rather on the clauses in which they are mentioned, we beg leave to make a few remarks, premising our cordial approbation of the exposition before us, and merely suggesting as matter for consideration, a few slight alterations which, we think, might improve it.

It is a sound general principle, that no interpretation of any piece of writing can be the right one, unless it correspond with the grammatical structure of the language, and with the obvious design of the writer; and we have observed with pleasure, that a constant attention to this principle is maintained through-

out the work before us. By the words 'was put to death,' we are told, the idea intended to be conveyed is not so much the violent nature of the infliction, as its effect—the entire privation of life, and consequently of power. The verb *θανάτωσεν* seems to be used as in Rom. vii. 4, 'Ye are become dead.' Jesus became dead in the flesh, bodily dead; he lay in the sepulchre an inanimate, powerless corpse. 'He was quickened *in* the spirit,' not *by* the spirit, the form of expression being the same as the preceding. He was put to death *in* the flesh, quickened *in* the spirit—that is spiritually quickened—made alive and powerful, in a sense and to a degree in which he was not previously, and, but for his sufferings, could not have become,—full of life to be communicated to dead souls—mighty to save. That this is the meaning of the phrase, is proved by the circumstances of the apostle's afterwards expressly mentioning our Lord's resurrection from the dead. In virtue of this spiritual quickening, or, 'wherefore,' being thus spiritually quickened, 'he went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient.' We have here, in Dr. Brown's work, two notes which deserve to be quoted; the one is in explanation of the expression, 'by which,' or 'wherefore,' 'Ἐν ᾧ τοῦτο ΕΝ ΩΙ ἀπὸ τοῦ ΔΙΟ κεῖται αἰτιολογικῶς.' Oecumenius. The other is in illustration of the word rendered, 'he went': Πορευθεὶς, *postquam in coelum ascendit, ut mox, Com. 12.*—S. Joannis. Evang. xiv. 2, 3, 12, 28., xvi. 7, 28. *Dicitur Christus praedicasse gentibus, quia apostoli id ejus nomine et virtute fecerunt, 2 Cor. v. 20. Acta Apost. xiii. 47. Rom. xv. 16. Gal. ii. 8. Eph. ii. 17.* Grotius.

By the 'spirits in prison,' we are not to understand either the souls who perished in the general deluge, confined in Hades, and in a state of suffering till the judgment of the great day; or human spirits confined in bodies, like so many prisons, as a punishment for sins committed in some previous state of being. The first is a doctrine which has no warrant from scripture, except what has been derived from the misunderstanding of this passage. The second is a heathenish notion, to which, also scripture rightly understood, gives no sanction. They are, as our author, and we think, rightly, interprets the phrase, men righteously condemned, the slaves and captives of Satan, shackled with the fetters of sin; they are the captives to whom Messiah, 'anointed by the spirit of the Lord,' that is, just in other words 'quickened in the spirit,' was to proclaim liberty, the bound ones to whom he was to announce the opening of the prison. In this was fulfilled an ancient prophecy, 'I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand, and will keep thee, and will give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light to the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes; to bring

out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house.' But then the spirits in prison, to whom our Lord is represented as going and preaching, were the unbelieving generation who lived before the flood, 'who afore-time were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah.' There does not appear to Dr. Brown, any formidable difficulty in this clause. The phrase, he says, is characteristic of men in all ages. Jesus Christ came and preached to spiritually captive men, who were hard to be convinced in former times, especially in the days of Noah. The Son of God had by his spirit, through the instrumentality of the prophets, preached to spiritually imprisoned men in all ages; and Dr. Brown, concurring in the opinion of Archbishop Leighton, thinks that the preaching of Noah is referred to, in particular, to show the greater efficacy of our Lord's preaching through the medium of his apostles. Though Noah was a signal preacher of righteousness, yet his preaching issued only in the saving of himself, and his family, eight persons; whereas multitudes of all nations are saved by the spirit and preaching of Christ in his gospel.

The difficulty connected with this last clause, does not, we must confess, seem to us removed by this mode of expounding it. There still appears a certain degree of haziness hanging about it; which, unless our optics are in fault, prevents us from seeing the sense of it so distinctly as we could wish. This arises not improbably from the exceedingly indefinite reference assigned to the adverb rendered 'sometime,' and understood as nearly equivalent to 'ever, or at all times.' Now it may not unnaturally be supposed that the apostle had before his mind, when he wrote this passage, a particular period of time, and a 'particular group of spirits in prison,' belonging to the generation of men who lived at that period. The period of disobedience referred to, is, we are persuaded, that of our Lord's personal ministry, and 'the spirits in prison,' in that case, must be his countrymen, the Jews, to whom our Lord offered himself as the Messiah, but who, disobedient 'to God, and to him, the sent of God,' impiously rejected his claim. The grammatical connection of the next clause may be made out in the same manner as that of another (Chap. ii. 4.) already adverted to, that is, by supplying *as*, as a particle indicating comparison, or likeness. It may be allowable to remark here, that the ellipsis of this particle was a practice common with Greek writers, both in poetry and prose. We are told, for instance, by one of the scholiasts on Homer, that Zoilus, a proverbially ill-natured critic, fastening upon a verse (Iliad E. v. 4) where the supplying of the particle is necessary, and affecting to understand it, as containing,

without the help of the supplement, the meaning of the author, on that ground endeavoured to expose the poet to ridicule. According to the scholiast, it must have been a simple case : *‘παρελήφθαι τὸ ΩΣ κατὰ συνήθειαν τῷ ποιητῇ ὡς καὶ ἐν ἑτέροις.’* Instances of the same or similar ellipses might be adduced from the Septuagint, as well as from the New Testament writers ; but it may suffice to compare the following passages in the epistle of James, Chap. i. 11 ; ii. 19 ; iii. 6 ; iv. 14 ; v. 8, in all of which an adverb intimating likeness or comparison may be safely supplied. The apostles Peter and James have, both in sentiment and style, a closer resemblance to each other, than is, perhaps, to be found in any other two writers in the New Testament. We have reason, therefore, to expect in both the same peculiarities. Assuming that the apostle Peter had in his eye, in the first instance, the personal ministry of our Lord, that of Noah could scarcely fail to be suggested. Noah was sent to convince his contemporaries of their aggravated impiety, to warn them of the impending judgment of heaven, to exhort them to repentance, and to set before them the means of safety. In these respects the objects of his and of our Lord's mission had a striking resemblance. In their results too they were similar. Only Noah himself and his family were preserved : the unbelieving race of mankind perished by the deluge. In like manner the preaching of our Lord was set at nought by the Jewish nation : a few only, who might, not inaptly, be compared to the ‘eight souls saved by water,’ listened to his voice, and obeyed it. Jerusalem, we believe, was still standing, not yet besieged or shut up, when the apostle wrote this epistle ; but he knew that ‘as the days of Noe were, even so should the coming of the Son of Man be.’ The signs of His coming were already visible : the sun was darkened, and the powers of heaven were shaken : the rebellious race was about to perish in a cataclysm of blood ; about to meet in judgment, Him whom they had ‘by wicked hands crucified and slain.’

To the exposition of the epistle there are appended six sermons, and a lecture delivered last year to the students attending the theological seminary of the United Presbyterian Church. These discourses are in every way worthy of the author ; but want of space prevents our entering on an analysis of their contents. We shall conclude with a few general remarks.

The work we have been examining leads us to think very highly of the author's qualifications as an expositor of scripture. The interpretation of the sacred writings, considered as a department of science, is, in one sense, of very high antiquity, in another, of but late origin. Before the destruction of the Jewish polity, the doctors of the law had succeeded in substituting their own

extravagant fancies for the sense of the Hebrew Scriptures; and, unfortunately, the teachers of Christianity seem, at a very early period, to have been led astray by their example. In the epistle ascribed to Barnabas, which, whoever was its author, was certainly written in the second century, we find an exposition of Levit. xx. 24, a verse in which the Israelites are promised possession of Canaan, 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' This promise was, *judice Barnaba*, a call to believe on the Messiah, who, by becoming man, a son of Adam, whose origin was of the earth, allied himself to the earth; and who saves those that believe in him, by making the naturally barren earth a fruitful soil, 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' Christians are this goodly land. This figure he follows out at great length, and is so delighted with his ingenuity as to exclaim, 'Blessed be the Lord, who hath endowed us with wisdom, and the understanding of his hidden things.' During a series of years longer than the Apocalyptic period, such was the style of scriptural exposition generally prevalent. It outlived the darkness that preceded the Reformation, and was cultivated by protestant doctors of considerable name. John Cocceius, who in his time had a host of followers, and is even in the present day respectfully looked up to by many as a safe guide, held it to be a fundamental principle of interpretation that, '*Sacri codicis dicta ea significant omnia quæ significare possunt.*' We live in a better day, in an age of greater hope and promise. The canons of right interpretation are now firmly established; they are becoming better known; and by many we find them successfully applied. The volumes before us are the work of a good scripture expositor. The purpose for which Dr. Brown's discourses were originally written, precludes verbal criticism, or what may be called *strict* grammatical comment, in the form, or to the extent, in which we meet with it in the expository works of Grotius, Koppe, Fritsche, and others, who write expressly for persons who have had a classical education. But though we have not the thing in *form*, we have a good deal of it in reality: we have not the process, but we are always furnished with the results.

ART. III.—*The Poetical Works of William Motherwell. With Memoir.*

By James M'Connechy, Esq. Second Edition, Enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. London: Longman and Co.

THE late William Motherwell occupies no mean place among the minor poets of our country. He did not burn with the radiance

of a luminary of the first magnitude, nor revolve in those lofty spheres in which genius finds its appropriate orbit. Yet while 'one star differeth from another in glory,' each has a lustre peculiar to itself, and none can be spared from the heavens. The eye cannot always gaze on superior brilliance, it is dazzled and fatigued, and turns away, and rests with delight on 'skiey gems,' of fainter splendour and humbler position. Men like Motherwell, who know their own mission and fulfil it, are not less to be honoured than those who command a wider influence, and reap a richer harvest.

Who does the best his circumstance permits,
Does well, acts nobly,—angels could no more.

Whatever were Motherwell's talents, they were assiduously cultivated, as far as his condition in life and his vocations permitted. His poems were not spontaneous effusions, poured out in inexhaustible fecundity, and rich variety, and with the fascinating charm of a graceful negligence. Nature was not so bountiful to him. Whatever he wrote was carefully and highly elaborated. His choice of words and selection of imagery, were made slowly and cautiously, not from sudden impulse, but from a sagacious and disciplined preference. We mean not to say, that his composition was cold and artificial, or in any respect a spasmodic attempt to rise above his powers. But he felt that pains-taking was essential to his success, and that the *labor limæ* brought its own reward, in that exquisite refinement and polish, which distinguish the best of his poems.

Motherwell possessed the requisite qualifications of a poet. He was a man of deep feeling, vivid imagination, and cultivated taste, so that in the construction of an ode or ballad, fancy clothed itself in transparent diction, and pathos was often expressed in faultless rhythm—'music married to immortal verse.' His stanzas are not wild, abrupt and glowing, but calm, harmonious and chaste, often pensive and tender. In his imitations of the ancient minstrelsy of the North, some of which are bold and stirring, his spirit has not flung itself into the fury of Scandinavian rhapsody; 'there is method in his madness,' a consciousness of self-restraint labours beneath the studied exhibition of that warlike glee, and unearthly furor which possessed the Runic bards. Yet he did much in unpropitious circumstances.

Apprenticed in early life to the legal profession, in a provincial town, he had well-nigh been transferred into a scribbling automaton, covering paper with a profusion of words, in which it felt little interest and less satisfaction. But mental power can scarcely ever be wholly repressed. The little pen-holder shewed himself possessed both of mind and taste. In course of time

he came to hold an inferior legal office, that of sheriff clerk depute, an office which in troublous times, and in such a town as Paisley, is necessarily occupied with political offences, and the preservation of public order. Motherwell was always fond of antique lore, and through the warmth of his love for things that were, became a tory of the first water, and peculiarly obnoxious to the Paisley radicals. About the years 1818—19—20, great political excitement prevailed in the west of Scotland, and government fomented it by its infamous spy-system. Motherwell's office exposed him sometimes to danger, and he became the sworn antagonist of all that wore the aspect of liberalism. Still he gave his mind to literature, and occasionally published the results of his leisure hours. After seventeen years spent in such uncongenial employment, he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Courier*,—a conservative journal,—where he continued for five years, till death suddenly seized him. It is a strange phenomenon, to witness such depth of quiet feeling, such generous sympathies, such poetical ardour, such tenderness and grace dwelling in the bosom of one who, as a public journalist, was proverbial for his rabid toryism, and for the truculence and ferocity which marked his warfare as a political partisan. Old things were his favourites; he preferred Holinshed and Stowe to Hume and Hallam; hoary legends, and wild traditions, had for him a peculiar fascination, and he had a firm belief in spectres and supernatural visitants. In short, he would have been quite prepared to join young England, a party only redeemed from contempt by the philanthropy and talents of some of its adherents. His mind laboured under these diseased illusions, and became conservative in feeling, from being antiquarian in tendency and pursuit. Hence too, it happened, as his biographer has remarked, that 'one of his most prominent defects as a lyrical poet, is the assumption—for it was no more—of a morbid feeling respecting the world and its ways.'

But it is as a poet, and not as a politician, that we now write of him. We might enrich our pages with many lovely extracts from his various productions. We cannot place his imitations of Norse Minstrelsy so high as his biographer,—though certainly the 'Battle Flag of Sigurd' possesses no ordinary fire and vigour—it is bold, free, chivalrous and wild, and deserves a place next the 'Fatal Sisters,' and the 'Descent of Odin.' But we admire the bard most in his soft and pensive pieces, in which there breathes the very spirit of gentleness and love. The finer sensibilities of his nature are excited, and low, murmuring music ascends from the vibrating 'cords of love.'

But the ballad of 'Jeanie Morrison' is of itself enough to immortalize him. Admiring critics have often eulogized it.

Thought, feeling, imagery and diction are all serenely beautiful ; homely, indeed, but truthful, — the mirrored reminiscence of early fancies and feelings. We trust its classic Scotch will not prevent its being understood and relished :—

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears ;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part ;
Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither dear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think ?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran af to speel the braes,
The broomy braes o' June ?

* * *

The throssil whussit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears tinkled doun your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee,
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
 As ye hae been to me ?
 Oh ! tell me gin their mûsic fills
 Thine ear as it does mine ;
 Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart;
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper as it rins,
 The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygane days and me !—p. 37.

We are sure that this edition of 'Motherwell's Collected Poems,' some of which are printed for the first time, will meet its due reward. It deserves a wide and speedy sale. The poet's life, prefixed, is a judicious and discriminating memoir.

- ART. IV.—1. *Laneton Parsonage*. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert.'
2. *The Sketches*. Three Tales. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert,' 'The Old Man's Home,' and 'Hawkstone.'
3. *Margaret Percival*. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert.' Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell.
4. *Rest in the Church*. By the Author of 'From Oxford to Rome.'
- London : Longman and Co.

TRULY, Dr. Pusey, who, in his anxiety to prove that heaven is undoubtedly on his side, has pointed to so many 'special providences,' attendant on the progress of tractarianism, has cause to exult in the 'providences' now at work to extend it. After periodicals of every form, and books of all sorts and sizes, have placed these principles before the eyes of the reading public, almost *ad nauseam*, an appeal, in especial, has been made to the young ladies of England; and marvellous has been the response. Aroused from their pleasant trifling in floss silk, and Berlin wool, wax flowers, and Poonah-work, by the pathetic lamentations of interesting young clergymen, over the woeful condition of holy mother church; struck, too, with that mother's sad history, as displayed in the veracious *nouvelettes* of the Rev. Messrs. Gresley and Neale, these fair ones have asked for further information; and forthwith, some half-dozen modern Mrs. Trimmers set about inditing 'sweetly pretty' stories, indoctrinating the peculiar sanctity of altar and chancel, and above all, 'the divinity that doth hedge' the parish priest; and 'aunt Elinor' lays aside her knitting-needles, and mounts her spectacles, to lecture upon 'deeply recessed doorways,' 'crocketed pinnacles,' and 'lancet windows,' introducing a quiet word for the confessional; while, best of all, Miss Lambert, of tent-stitch celebrity, summons her fair readers to resume their stitchery,—not to work grim corsairs, or simpering shepherdesses, angular tulips, or quadrangular roses, for easy chairs and ottomans,—but to decorate altar cloths and pulpit hangings with right orthodox embroidery; to ply the needle with all the zeal, and about the same amount of intelligence, that king Ferdinand of pious memory displayed, when he set about the memorable task of embroidering the petticoat for the Virgin.

Marvellous of late has been the amount of fine needlework lavished on 'church ornaments,' and marvellous the amount of small talk about 'church matters,' while the fair needle-women were thus orthodoxly employed. But alas! 'church matters' are of a very complex character, so it is not surprising that sad blunders should have been made: for, as one of the writers

before us remarks, 'the claims of the English church can only be thoroughly understood by persons who have studied them,' and that 'clergymen are the appointed teachers in such cases.' It is therefore not surprising, that the propriety of some little further instruction, just to keep these ladies out of harm's way, should be recognized, and this is liberally supplied, from the simple tale for childhood to the elaborate two or three volume novel. To some of these, which may be taken as specimens of a large class, we shall now direct the reader's attention.

The first on our list, although published under the *imprimatur* of the Rev. Wm. Sewell, can, however, scarcely be said to belong to the class we have been indicating. These little *brochures*, in brilliant dresses of red, blue, or green, and resplendent with gold—suitable Christmas gifts for good little girls—are generally very harmless, and very commonplace. Such is 'Laneton Parsonage,' which inculcates wholesome lessons of truth-telling, of kindness towards schoolfellows, respect to teachers, and calls for nothing of animadversion. It is in works intended for those who have passed beyond the rule of the school-mistress, and whose sponsors have resigned their office, that the fuller exposition of 'the church's teachings,' and of her children's duty, is reserved. 'The Sketches' appears to us a well managed, initiatory little book for this purpose. The first story, keeping 'church matters' well nigh out of sight; the second—story, we cannot call it,—but a sort of prosing allegory on human life, abundant in quotations from Keble, and hints on the efficacy of church ministrations, leading the reader on to the undisguised high churchism of the third,—a well-written, but painful story, of a purse-proud, haughty man, who accidentally causes the death of a lovely little child, his only heir, and which from thence is entitled 'The Lost Inheritance.' This is made to point the moral, that each member of the church is by 'holy baptism' put into possession of the heavenly inheritance, which if lost, is to be recovered again, only by a ceaseless round of prayers, and almsgiving, and above all, by a dutiful adherence to the doctrine and discipline of their holy mother. Some portions of this 'Lost Inheritance' are powerful; and in parts, too, especially in the character of old Richard, the fisherman, the writer seems so well acquainted with better teachings than those he has chosen to adopt, that we feel a strange surprise that the old man, whose bible is constantly open beside him, should have learnt no better than to confine himself to the Lord's prayer on all emergencies, and even to dictate it to a dying child.

The child having thus entered on his heavenly inheritance, the father sets about striving to regain his also; and to shew that

he sets about it in an orthodox manner, we are told, that having intended to place an expensive monument over the grave of his little boy, his clerical friend asking him which would most gratify his child, could he now look down on earth, 'a monument to his own glory, or a work for the glory of God, he at once saw the thing in its right light.' He therefore gave up the idea of a monument, and 'proposed to devote a considerable sum to the restoration and improvement of the church,' a pious work, in which, we need scarcely add, he found his reward in 'soothing recollections, and still more soothing hopes.' 'And, we little know,' adds the writer, in conclusion; 'how many minds among the wealthier classes, Almighty God, at this moment, in this hour of trial, and resuscitation in the English church, may be weaning by some dreadful blow, from dreams of vanity and pride, that they may offer to him, that sacrifice of their worldly goods, without which such works cannot be accomplished.' Among these works, our author suggests, 'an *orphantrophium*, which formed one of the regular ecclesiastical institutions of the early church,' a home for orphans, 'where they might be placed under the care and nurture of a *little organised family of religious women*,' with a superintending chaplain, and 'a body of rules to be approved by the bishop, and enforced by him. Suggest these thoughts, even when there is no apparent prospect of their being realized, for all around is working to one end,' says the writer, finally, 'all alike is a struggle to recover an inheritance we have lost. Has not the church of our fathers lost its inheritance also? lost children from its arms, and sheep from its fold? Shall we not all, and each of us, struggle with one united effort, with our purses, and our prayers, to recover what, by the blessing of heaven, may still be made our own?'

Such is the earnest conclusion of a mere story intended primarily to illustrate six tolerable sketches of scenes in the Isle of Wight; indeed, one of the characteristics of these drawing-room books, which has struck us most forcibly, is the evident purpose,—often very ingeniously concealed, until the reader is thoroughly engaged in his theme,—but which toward the end is strongly brought out, and by reiterated touches worked up to an imposing conclusion. Our own writers might take a blameless hint, in their light publications, from this.

'Margaret Percival,' a closely printed tale in two thick volumes, demands a more extended notice; since it is written expressly to prove, that 'truth and happiness are to be found in the English church.' This point, which we should have thought almost self-evident to her dutiful children, appears, according to the judgment of the 'fellow and tutor of

Exeter College, Oxford,' to require nine hundred and forty-five pages, for its full enunciation. But we should wrong the tact, both of the author, and her clerical editor, did we not state that a large portion of these pages is devoted to a moving story of an imaginative young lady, who, struck with the contrast between the white-washed walls, and high pews of her parish church, and the graceful architecture, the fairy lightness, and beauty of the celebrated church of St. Ouen: 'bothered' too,—for after all, this is the only word that can adequately describe her bewildered inquiries,—about the Baptists, and Wesleyans, who like some strange outlandish animals, excite her surprise, that they should be allowed to break the unity of the holy catholic church, makes some very decided advances towards Rome, and is only rescued by the vehement efforts of her uncle, who tells her how very naughty it is to leave the communion in which she was born. As this is a tale especially for young ladies, we have no love in it. The deficiency is, however, tolerably made up, by the details of a most violent friendship formed between Margaret, and a Countess Novera, with 'oval face, full forehead, glossy, dark, chesnut hair, deep set, lustrous eyes,' etc. etc., in short as fascinating a personage as a novelist could choose, to make mischief enough to fill even three volumes. The countess is a decided Roman catholic, and with her confessor, Father Andrea, lays violent siege to poor Margaret's imagination and feelings, especially as to the unity and superior efficiency of the papal church. This is a portion of her uncle's arguments:—

'You will be shocked at me, I know,' said Margaret; 'but there is scarcely any thing more vague to me than the idea of working for the church.'

'No,' replied Mr. Sutherland, 'I am not shocked: your feeling is that of many, and it has been the growth of years of neglect and false principles. But, Margaret, have you never felt the want of such an object—something visible to which to attach yourself?'

'Yes, indeed.' Margaret spoke earnestly, for the question brought to her remembrance the floating dissatisfactions which she had lately been striving to banish. 'But I fancied the wish was a wrong one,' she added; 'that it arose from my own weakness; and that I ought to be contented with trying to do good to myself and to the persons immediately about me,—the children, for instance, and the poor.'

'So far you were right, that we are all limited to a certain sphere of action, and must be contented with it; but do you not see the immense difference between working in that sphere, with the idea that it is part of a great whole, and working in it as an isolated individual?'

'We cannot really be isolated,' said Margaret, 'because all Christians form but one body—the Epistle to the Ephesians says so.'

'It says,' replied Mr. Sutherland, 'that we are to endeavour to keep

'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; because there is one body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism.' Now look at Unitarians, denying the divinity of our Lord, and calling themselves Christians; look at Baptists, enforcing adult baptism alone; look at Wesleyans, and Independents, and the countless sects of the present day, making both the sacraments mere signs, and all differing from each other and from the church in their forms of government; where can the 'one body' be found amongst them?

'Spiritually they may be one,' said Margaret.

'Was it merely spiritually in the primitive ages, when the apostles appointed elders and rulers in every church; when it was said that if one member suffered, all the members suffered with it; or, in later days, when strangers travelling to a foreign land, carried commendatory letters to the bishop, and were received at once as parts of the great Christian family? The unity of those days was a visible unity—the body was a visible body.'

'Then, where are we to look, what are we to do?' exclaimed Margaret, quickly. 'Facts are against you.'

'Nay, I beg your pardon; facts are for me. The bishops of the English branch of the catholic church are regularly descended from the apostles; the faith of the English church is the faith of the apostles; the prayers of the English church are the prayers, if not of the apostles, yet of their immediate successors; and, therefore, to work for the English church, is to work for one of the parts of that body, of which our Lord himself is the head.'—Vol. i. p. 187.

It is but fair to add, that in answer to the succeeding question of Margaret, 'And are all others to be excluded?' the answer disclaims the presumption of 'confining the mercies of Christ within the strict limits of the visible church,'—a charitable remark, but one in which the ultra party do not choose to agree. The 'church principles' of the author are, however, high enough. But the advantage of 'a fixed rule,' and the constant superintendence of the priest, still dwells on poor Margaret's mind, and she urges 'the inefficiency of the English church, as compared with the Romish.' To this her uncle replies, by pointing to the eighty-one feasts, and more important still, the hundred and twenty-three fast days, making 'altogether two hundred and four days, out of the three hundred and sixty-five, set apart for particular observances,' and which of necessity must be marvelously efficacious. But then,—that which another writer has characterized as 'the great want of our times,'—confession,—why, for this the English church has in measure provided, for 'she allows, and even commands, in questions of conscience, a free communication between the clergyman and his spiritual charge.' Truly the church of England approximates very nearly to the venerable church of Rome.

Still, the great benefit of priestly superintendence dwells

upon the poor girl's mind, for she remembers how the beautiful countess is accustomed to speak and act, at the mere bidding of her confessor; and strangely enough, though strong-minded and intelligent, Margaret seems to long for a similar bondage. And now we are introduced to a pattern parish, with a pattern parish priest, and his three curates, all busily engaged in the pleasant task of superintending the female population, after this fashion:—

‘‘ It is the fashion,’ said Mr. Sutherland, ‘ to form utopian schemes of Sisters of Charity,—and I am convinced that they would be very desirable,—but until such institutions can be founded, really founded, so as to stand, Henley has seized upon the stray persons in his parish, and set them all to work for him in different ways, and according to rules, which keep them under his own control; and so effects, not equal good, perhaps, but as much as is possible under the circumstances; and this without giving any offence.’

‘ ‘ District visitors, in fact,’ said Margaret.

‘ ‘ Except that, besides the regular persons to act as visitors, he contrives to give every one something to do. Miss Debreth, for instance, is not fitted for a district visitor, but she is fitted to read to an old woman; and this he would perceive, and act upon. I have no doubt he will make her by degrees quite useful.’

‘ ‘ All people have not Mr. Henley's discrimination, I am afraid,’ said Margaret.

‘ ‘ There may be a difficulty, certainly; but caution and practice would teach a good deal, and something of the kind must always be necessary. There are many persons who would never be Sisters of Charity, and yet need definite employment.’

‘ Margaret assented, remembering how thankfully she would have placed herself under some such guidance at Deering, instead of trying to find out duties for herself; with the risk of attempting more than she could perform, or neglecting those which lay within her sphere: and Mr. Sutherland engaged, when she came to reside in his parish, that he would give her full instruction.’—Vol. ii. p. 446.

Indeed, this clerical guidance is so minute and specific, that the reverend rector actually busied himself with providing ‘ flannel work ’ for those old ladies, whose days of embroidering ‘ church ornaments ’ were over:—we hope he also superintended the cutting out. Cheered by such proofs of the vigilance and care of the English church, and her priests; withdrawn from the influence of the too-fascinating countess, who returns to Italy, to die of that only complaint which ever proves fatal to heroines of novels—consumption; enjoying the quiet of her uncle's parish, and the inestimable privilege of the morning and evening daily service, with the absolution—‘ indeed a comfort to the weary spirit, to be permitted to confess the weight of the day's offences, and receive the assurance of forgiveness,’—Mar-

garet is gradually brought to perceive that, 'whatever might be the power of the Romish church, it was certain that the English church possessed power also. Holiness could be met by holiness; zeal by zeal; self-denial by self-denial; and this, not in one place only, but wherever the principles of the church are carried out.' Eventually, therefore, Margaret Percival acquiesces in the will of Providence, which has placed her as a member of 'a true branch of the Catholic church, to which she is found to adhere;' while, on receiving the news of the Countess Novera's death, 'she could think of her as blest, whatever errors might have been engrafted on her faith, and she could yet humbly trust that in the English church she herself might find salvation!' What deference to Rome is here, even while striving by lengthened argumentations to prove that she is wrong: and how meekly are the claims of mother church urged against the Romanists—how different to the insulting half-notice with which the claims of dissenters are met!

'Margaret Percival' is a fair specimen of what may be called moderate tractarianism; but the last work on our list, and in many respects the most important, almost out-Puseyites Dr. Pusey. The writer attracted some attention by her former work, 'From Oxford to Rome,' addressed to young gentlemen, who looked longingly over the slight fence which separates the two communions. In the present, the lesson is addressed to the ladies, in a rather fragmentary story, describing the mental struggles of a young lady of rank and fortune, 'who, with a sincere and steadfast purpose, was minded to walk in the good old ways.' We are introduced to the Lady Helen in a boudoir, where guitar and piano, silks, paints, gold ink and black ink, embroidery frame, easel, writing desk, reading desk, new books, new music, new prints, are jumbled in most admired confusion, while the lady in satin dress, and lace berthe, but with 'no jewellery—it was a vigil of the church,' stands, exclaiming theatrically, 'None rejoices with me, none grieves with me.' This is earnestly denied by a sweet-voiced lady who enters the room, and who proves to be the faultless sister of the faultless curate, Mr. Norman. The case of Lady Helen was, it seems—

'That of numbers in our day, who have felt and responded to the nearer drawings of the Mother of their Souls. This absorbing affection having once taken hold upon the heart, there seems no room in the life for any object or attraction besides. And these times are very worldly. As converts in past ages thronged to the monastery and the convent, so among us the awakened mind, filled with zeal like new conversion, sighs for a retreat; for we cannot live in the midst of our relations, or mix with the families of our friends, or hear, or read, or see what is going on around, without feeling that to keep faithful to such a

love, conquering all the bewildering interests pressed on us from the outward, must be a hard, incessant, and continuous struggle. The reliant mind, the very one most joyfully giving up itself to the invitation of the Church, the Mistress of meekest children, that mind most dreads such struggle, is most fearful of the event of battle with the enemies of the Spirit; and the consequence is that such a one is apt to seek refuge in flight: flight indeed to the arms of the strong, flight to the covering of the wise, but flight that perhaps will forfeit the reward of individual victory.—p. 121.

Therefore it is that Lady Helen is counselled by her reverend adviser to mix with the fashionable world, by way of ‘fighting manfully under Christ’s banner.’—

‘Then he entered into the particulars of the town life from which she was shrinking, supposed its minutest difficulties, and showed their ready remedy. A ball or an opera, or a vainest party, attended in conformity with filial obedience, would become an occasion of more real benefit than a self-imposed task of much apparent piety. And she might carry out in many ways the suggestions already made as to regularity of life, and personal, small, but continual, sacrifices; sacrifices of taste at the table, which no curious eye could note; of superabundant sleep, which none should know of but the holy, watching angels; of ease in sitting or lying, understood by none but the own body denied its desired luxuries; sacrifices of pleasant books, of the gaze at attractive objects, of the utterance of witticisms and vivacious words which would bring a little applause. Unnumbered might be the self-denials of every day, far more really hard and more really beneficial than the total withdrawal from that position in which it had pleased God to place her under the command of her parent.’—pp. 134.

In short, it would seem she was to follow out the laudable plan of ‘Sœur Nativité,’ who was accustomed to turn away her eyes, when any object more pleasing than usual was presented to them, and who always ‘qualified’ her savoury mess of potage with a good spoonful of soot. No wonder, that in gratitude for such ‘priceless words,’ Lady Helen ‘knelt on the ground, to receive his parting blessing.’

The lady goes to London, taking with her the curate’s sister, as a sort of female confessor; but much troubled is she—and, naturally enough, we think—with ‘the warfare’ her spiritual guide has appointed for her. ‘It is impossible to maintain two such contrary existences,’ she exclaims. The answer of her friend is, that Heaven ‘would not permit his little ones to be led astray, if they look up to him in the only way in which he makes his voice audible among men, *in the instruction of the church, in the rule of external authority, and who having heard, determine to follow it, in blind and beseeching obedience.*’ Blind enough, truly! Still, ‘to live in the world, and continue

a life of devotion in such times, and in such a country as this, is an impracticable attempt,' urges Helen.

'The church, my Helen,' replied her friend, 'never commands impossible tasks; what she bids, she imparts strength to perform. It was never known of her that she required the tale of bricks without having supplied the material.'

'How has she supplied me with strength for the necessities imposed upon me?' said Helen.

'Do you ask this, Helen, you, who have known such blessedness of the sacraments, such power of prayer, such vigilance of your holy mother's help in every past season of need? You are unhappy to-day; some secret cloud afflicts you. No, dear Helen, the church never sends her children abroad upon the arena of life without complete and tempered armour, if they will accept it from her outstretched hands.'—p. 173.

As a portion of this armour, they now, every morning, diligently read and sing together the morning service; but it is not attended with the expected benefit, and then Miss Norman's quick apprehension perceives that it is for want of priestly intercession. We must give the following in the lady's own words:—

'As to the present question, I have attempted sometimes to compensate your absence at our hour of prayer, by trying, as it were, to substitute myself for you in going through the office, but I soon felt this could not be; *the vicarious power of prayer is given only to the priests of the church.*

'What!' said Lady Helen, eagerly, 'do you mean that *they* have power to appear in prayer in our place, so that we should receive equal benefit as from our own personal presence?'

'So much as that, I scarcely know whether I should have the sanction of the church in saying, but undoubtedly those whom they remember vicariously in the temple of Almighty God become spiritually in the presence of God, and, if themselves correspond to the high privilege, are in the way of receiving blessings of a high kind.'—pp. 175.

'Lady Helen was thoughtful,'—no wonder! At length she hit on the happy expedient of requesting Mr. Norman to remember them in the daily service—they taking care to fix their reading at the same hour—the very way to be wrong, since as we are told, the parish was some hundred miles off, the 'miserable sinners' might have proceeded to the jubilant part of the service, ere the words of absolution were pronounced, or those wonder-working words might have been said even before the suppliants had made confession. Whether in this case, Holy Church had power to 'annihilate both time and space,' we know not, but the result, we are told, was abundant peace.

'Thus does the Catholic doctrine of the church provide against every distress. She exacts severe obedience, but she opens herself as the free fountain of power and of peace.' What utter deification of 'the church' is this!

But moreover, 'to fulfil the beautiful law' of the church, 'to its utmost letter,' Lady Helen became abundant in almsgiving, especially 'at the holy communion;' for, 'who has tried,' says the writer, 'and knows not the rich efficacy of this good work to the soul's health?' Indeed, we are farther told, that 'the church teaches us to trust that the earnest recitation of the Lord's Prayer, with alms if possible, is a blessed means of purification from the stains of the lesser sins of our daily life, as they pass over the soul! Abundant are the graces which she publishes to the faith of acts like these'—abundant, doubtless! The Lady Helen also indulges in occasional works of supererogation, which are duly rewarded; such as duteously conveying a carriage full of the choicest flowers, as a gift to the altar of one of the West end churches; while the only compunction which she feels during 'her course of obedience,' is—not at time wasted in dissipation—nor at saints' days honored, and Sabbaths neglected—but for the sin of having attended a masquerade on a Friday! 'It was Friday,' she writes in her diary,—we are astonished so puritanic a help should have been allowed,—'and there were we, some hundreds of Christian women, once and for ever baptized into his death, crowned with flowers and with jewels on a day when he wore a crown of thorns.' She therefore notes how, as a judgment, she was filled with pride and vanity, and exclaims, 'Ah, how at such times as these, one sighs for that one and true refuge from oneself, and the crushing weight of one's own infirmities, which our blessed Lord reared up for his weakest children!' 'A very excellent remark,' exclaims some pious reader; but what will he say to the completion of the sentence, and the subsequent remarks?—

'When he uttered the words to his apostles, 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted.' How vigorously one might go on if these constantly accumulating weights could be lightened, as his mercy has provided that they might, if in every hour of spiritual sickness one could go and 'show' oneself 'to the priest,' and be healed, and cleansed, and sent forth strong again.

'Notes of secret wailing like these were not uncommon in the time of which we write; alas! they are too common now. We say, alas! not for their sake, for they are a blessed sign, but because the uttered lamentation often loses itself on vacancy. It is but, comparatively speaking, here and there one Anglican priest who as yet ventures to grasp the magnitude of the apostolical commission, and, in the name of the Merciful One emancipate the trembling spirit from its thralldom. Many and

many a one, like her of whom we are writing, has sighed and sighed in vain for confession and absolution from sin in the bosom of the English church.'—p. 189.

Indeed the writer fears this great blessing can never be completely attained while there is a married priesthood. On reading this, we at first thought she alluded to the acknowledged difficulty of married men keeping a secret; but we find it is for the very extravagant reason, that 'fireside frivolities' must unfit a man for the confessional. Really, the 'jovial priests' and jocund friars have never been discovered, either in past times or present, to exhibit much of the dark shadow of the confessional on their brow. 'The deep lessons of obedience' in which Lady Helen has been trained throughout the whole London season, begin, by the end, to bear fruit. The first is, that she renders herself so unpleasant by her taciturnity—hear this, ye young ladies of England—and by her carelessness to please, that on the last night of the opera, her box, heretofore crowded with admirers, is completely deserted. She despised 'the social popularity of our day,' which is gained by 'a talent for sharpness, liveliness, and that brilliant persiflage, which passes too current, instead of truer and earnest discourse.' But from the added remark, it would seem that even 'earnest discourse' is not permissible to women, for 'St. Basil says, that 'the talk of a woman should resemble water, which is said to be best when it has no taste at all.' This is not the world's opinion, nor does society like its practice; but as the church's holy voice, Helen *knew* it to be right;' Now we remember, that king Solomon has told us, the highest praise of a woman, is 'she openeth her mouth with wisdom,' but then what have the devout disciples of the fathers to do with the bible?—what is the opinion of King Solomon compared with that of St. Basil? It is rather curious to find a *female* writer inculcating such doctrine. If the *talk* of a woman should be insipid as water, how is it that the author of 'Rest in the Church' comes before us not only in print, but with a style far more resembling vinegar—indeed, in some parts, solution of caustic?

But a greater reward awaits Lady Helen than being shunned as disagreeable; this is the return of her father, ere his death, to the bosom of the true church. While the young lady was in London, the pattern curate, who had been dismissed from his curacy for Puseyism, had been resummoned in consequence of 'the invasions of dissent on the unfenced fold;' and ~~as~~ may be supposed, he goes to work vigorously on his return. He buries the dead, 'for none of whom he could be sorry, as without hope, for who can tell the efficacy of the last communion, the inalien-

able power of holy baptism, abiding on the soul through all the wear and wickedness of life? Who can tell the hitherto, of the sacramental mercy which God has invested in his church for the exigencies of men?' But this is only for the children of the church, for the writer goes on to mark 'the hitherto,' and to show it was not in the person of some aged, hardened sinner, but in that of an helpless infant, that mercy was to find no place; and she proceeds to paint the disgusting scene—to the disgrace of some of our rural parishes, no fancied one—of an infant brought for burial, and the priest refusing it 'a little earth for charity,' on the plea of 'not mixing the dust of the baptized and the infidel together in that consecrated ground.' The whole scene is worth reading, in proof of the furious intolerance that rankles in the mind, not of the writer alone, but of a large, and alas! from worldly standing, influential class. After a long speechifying on the part of the curate, shewing how impossible it was 'for the unbaptized to take a place among the once regenerated, however subsequently erring,' which smites the hearts, we are told, of the auditors; they are 'humbled and softened,' and the mother of the poor infant, 'buried with the burial of a dog,' calls next day to request baptism for her other child! Really, a series of the 'Anti-state church Tracts' were grievously wanted in that parish.

So valuable a teacher of the Gospel could not miss his reward; so Lady Helen's father, who is brought to his country seat to die, is so awe-stricken with this humble imitator of Hildebrand that he actually goes to church, is charmed with the comfortable doctrine of priestly absolution, surrenders himself, soul and body, into the power of the insolent young priest, listens to the poisonous opiates wherewith his conscience is lulled, and he finally experiences 'the immeasurable benediction of confession, when the hand of God's priest has conveyed to us the mystical absolution!'

'A few weeks after that saving act, General Riddesdale died; died with the thrilling words yet making melody in his ear and heart—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences: And by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.—'p. 321.

Surely such a priest and such a deed should have their reward; but, strangely enough, there is no 'rest in the church' for Mr. Norman, any more than for Lady Helen. His wonder-working powers are unappreciated by the bishop of the diocese,

who suspends him for disobedience, and the result is, that he passes over to the more congenial church of Rome.

'Rome arose before him with her incomparable constitution, and laws which the lapse of ages cannot contravene; with her perfect ideal, and her shining history, and her mighty saints, and her whole mould the very same from which those saints were formed; and lastly, her imperial claims, her all-absorbing doctrine of the necessity of communion with herself. Fears of schism, scruples of error, love to the 'church of his baptism,' were forgotten, lost, betrayed. One strong and irrefragable conviction mounted over all, whose centre, circle, and consummated ground was Rome! Right or wrong, for blessing or for bane, the Anglican bishop had achieved a convert for the church of Rome.—p. 337.

Lady Helen followed the example of her reverend guide; Miss Norman, alone, clung to the English church, and there waits, 'until the privilege shall be opened to her in common with others, to become an Anglican sister of mercy, in the society which is forming for the holy purpose of administering, by such means, to the poor and sick of London. May the Lord, and brother of the poor, remember at the hour of death, and the day of judgment, those good, and powerful, into whose hearts he has put it to consider this. And in their blessed home, and in the church, and holy sacraments, and in the scenes of heart-rending poverty, and benighted guilt, may those sweet sisters possess his own best gift of peace!'

Finally, anticipating, as the speedy answer of our Lord's Prayer, 'that they all may be one,'—the junction of the Anglican and Roman churches, and prophesying wonderful things to be done through the agency of Pope Pius the Ninth, the work, which might more appropriately be termed 'Disquiet in the Church,' ends.

We have been anxious to bring these works before our readers, especially the last, scarcely so much as specimens of 'Tractarian Teachings for Ladies,' although in this respect they are important, as for the purpose of pointing out the peculiarly *aggressive* character which is assumed by this portion of the English church, and the system on which it proceeds.

The recommendation in 'The Sketches,' of an asylum for orphan children, under the superintendence of a sisterhood; the example of clerical activity in 'Margaret Percival,' parcelling out the women of the upper classes, and giving to each her most appropriate task; the unwearied labours exhibited as the bounden duty both of the priest and his converts, in 'Rest in the Church;' and the exulting allusion to the projected

society of the 'Anglican' Sisters of Charity, all prove the vigorous efforts, and by female agency, too, about to be made, to recover 'the lost sheep to the church's fold.' And even as we write, these efforts are taking a more definite form; schools, where a formulary scarcely to be distinguished from the Roman Catholic, save by being in English, is enjoined; societies for the sick, in which aid is afforded only on condition of accepting the ministrations of the priest, are rising in many a remote village, while the projected institution of the Sisters of Charity has been brought before the public in column-long advertisements, headed by a long array of names well known in the annals of Tractarianism.

With such agencies at work, it needs that we should be more than ever active and vigilant, and thus whatever can throw light on our opponents' proceedings becomes important. It is important, too, to mark the spirit and general character of their popular works. These prove emphatically to us that the day of half speaking, of hesitating avowal, has completely gone by. 'Hear the church,' they each and all cry, authoritatively; and anything but gentle are the denunciations on those who are not disposed to comply with that call. They advance with lance and shield to a war *à l'outrance*, neither heeding to give or to take quarter. Now it would be as well, we think, if many of our writers would imitate, not their intolerance, but their earnestness of purpose, their bold and determined advocacy of all they deem right. They look back upon their own history with proud exultation. Shall we not show them *we* have a history as proud, *aye*, prouder, than their own? Away, then, with timid confessions of dissent, polite lamentations over divisions and sects; let us stand forth in our writings, as those who feel we have a noble heritage committed to us by our fathers, and which, as a sacred gift, we will preserve and maintain.

ART. V.—*The Latin Church during Anglo-Saxon Times.* By Henry Soames, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1848.

THIS work is designed to be a vindication of the author's 'Anglo-Saxon Church,' in reply to the animadversions of Dr. Lingard. In addition to this more immediate object, 'it is an attempt to spread a knowledge of the whole western church, during one particular period.' And it is justly remarked, that no period in

religious history better deserves to be studied, after that of the first three centuries.

'The Anglo-Saxon rule over England comprises an era during which the Roman bishops became temporal princes, image-worship obtained a synodical recognition, and tradition was pleaded as a sufficient justification of it. Great opportunities were thus given for acquiring, extending, and securing influence to the chief Latin ecclesiastic. Popularity could be successfully sought, by pandering to that appetite for Pagan vanities which haunts inferior life and inferior understandings, while the traditional principle has built up a system that flatters clergymen with notions of supernatural privileges, and every body else with hopes of eluding responsibility.'

Mr. Soames has brought to this important task a large measure of ability, learning, and candour; and, though he passes rapidly over the whole field of controversy between Protestantism and Romanism, there is little of the polemical tone in his discussions, and he judiciously avoids the use of trite technicalities. As a historical defence of evangelical Protestantism, we accept his work, thankfully, as a valuable contribution to the cause of truth, and as an antidote to the poison which has emanated from the fountains of 'divinity' in his own church.

'Gregory the Great—Conversions of the British Isles—Archbishop Theodore—Confession and Absolution—Image Worship—Wilfrid—Eucharistic Questions—Development—and the Origin and Progress of the Papal Power,' are the subjects to which his chapters are devoted.

Several of these subjects have furnished topics for separate discussion in previous numbers of this journal. We shall therefore confine our attention at present to the seasonable question last mentioned, *the Papacy*. We say, 'seasonable,' because every reader will admit that the Papacy is now in the midst of a crisis more serious than any that has ever marked its marvellous history.

When the chair of St. Peter was about to be swept away, by the same flood of popular power which the thrones of France and Austria were unable to resist, its doom was delayed by the phenomenon of a pope professing liberality and reform, who, by virtue of this profession, became the idol of the revolutionary party all over Europe. Even those thoughtful men who doubted his sincerity as a Roman pope, rejoiced in his patriotism as an Italian prince. They hoped that for once, the claims of infallibility would be merged in the enthusiasm of nationality, and that in Pius ix., the man would triumph over the priest. As well might they have expected that the Ethiopian would change

his skin, or that Dr. Philpots would tolerate evangelical doctrine. The new pope proved to be animated by the old spirit of the Papacy. He would not abate one jot of his pretensions to rule autocratically; and it was soon found that he had run with the multitude a little way only from policy, to win their confidence, and turn them from the road of freedom.

The people found out the manœuvre, and, conscious of their power, demanded that it should be acknowledged, and constitutionally guaranteed. Accordingly, we have seen, in the heart of the Holy City, a laity, stripped for centuries of every right, revolting against the sceptre of an infallible authority, surrounding its throne with angry menaces, and not only extorting a share of the temporal sovereignty, but:controlling also the spiritual supremacy, constraining the Pope, against his conscience, to banish from the metropolis they were created to defend and exalt, his most devoted servants, the Jesuits, in the hour of his perplexity and agony. The same insurgent and infidel democracy has compelled the holy father to declare war against his old Austrian protector. They have made him a prisoner in his own palace, till he granted their requests; and we know not how soon accounts may reach us that he has been compelled to fly, and give place to a provisional government.

Can these things come over us like a summer-cloud, without our special wonder? Do they not bid us reflect upon the nature of that mystic power which has been so long securely seated upon the seven hills of Rome,—upon its gradual rise, its insidious advances, its millennial era of disastrous ascendancy, during which its arm was felt in every western nation, in every church, in every parish, in every family, almost in every heart,—during which its image and superscription were so stamped upon society, that they could not be obliterated without changing its substance? Can we be indifferent to its decline during five centuries, as it ‘slowly receded like the retreat of waters,’ till, at last, scarcely any traces of its *secular domination* remain visible on the surface of Europe, except the reptile-breeding slime it has deposited, and which has engendered the social plagues that now afflict the nations?

Whence, then, this power? On what did it base its pretensions? How did it gain such a marvellous ascendancy? From what causes has it declined? When and how is it to fall? These are questions which naturally suggest themselves to the reflecting mind. But it requires more space than we have, to answer them fully. The future, indeed, we can but dimly discern, though the signs of the times were never so intelligible, nor did contemporary events ever point out so plainly the things which are

coming to pass. As God's purposes are unfolded, it requires little trouble to translate prophecy into history.

There is no doubt that the Papacy was predicted; but there is as little that it is to a large extent the creation of human policy, favoured by circumstances, and working on an ignorant, superstitious, and barbarous state of society. 'Fixed in the capital of a mighty empire, and long the centre of missionary enterprise, the Church of Rome early eclipsed every other. Her position told most upon the countries to the west and north, eventually the chief seats of civilization.' Christianity could not root itself and flourish in an immense metropolis, without commanding respect and habitual deference over all the provinces. The chief pastor of Rome was the most important of ecclesiastics, because his congregation was in the most important of cities, where were conspicuously concentrated the wealth, intelligence, and greatness of the Roman world.

A church born in such a city, almost inevitably acquired the native instinct of *conquest*. She has therefore constantly striven for the mastery over other Christian bodies. This has been the unvarying tendency of her policy. She *would* be mistress of all churches.

'She talked of unity, and meant subjection.' She could never rest while an independent church remained in the West. Not even in Britain or in Ireland, remote as they were, and barbarous as they were deemed, could this eye-sore be endured. In the space of 500 years,—from the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the Norman conquest,—she secured all the preliminaries to her subsequent religious monarchy. Her missions in those ages were cunning crusades against the rights of existing churches. Wherever she found a married clergy, she denounced them as immoral; a native, vernacular liturgy, she condemned it as schismatic. And against all national opposition, she scrupled not to invoke the arm of the civil power. For the sake of this object, she did not hesitate to bless any blood-stained usurper who was able to head an invading army, and grasp a sceptre. She propagated her doctrines by a system of sanctimonious deceit, and built her infallibility upon forgery. From her inborn lust of power, she encouraged Judaizing propensities, which converted the ministry into a priesthood, the communion-table into an altar, the bread and wine into a sacrifice, and banished simplicity and spirituality from public worship. Her most saintly bishops, from Gregory the Great, down, expressly sanctioned the embodiment of heathenish observances in the Catholic ritual, in order thereby to secure a hold on the minds, or rather the habits, of the ignorant masses.

By intriguing in every court, she induced the chief clergy of other countries to seek her honorary distinctions, of which the *pallium* was the chief, and which became in due time the emblem of her authority and jurisdiction. And wherever she established her jurisdiction, she managed to draw an ample tribute. Twisden, an old writer, tells us that—

‘After the court of Rome began to raise itself a revenue from other churches, this *pallium*, that was no other than a distinctive ornament, not to be paid for, began to be set at so immense a rate, that Canutus, going to Rome in 1031, did mediate with John XIX. that it might be more easy to his prelates; in which, though he had a favourable answer, yet in Henry I. his time, it was so much, the Archbishop of York could not pay the money without a heavy debt.

‘Several things were alleged as the ground of these pretensions. There was first the notion that Peter, assumed to be the prince of the apostles, had been Bishop of Rome, and that his authority descended to his successors; the generally credited tradition that Peter and Paul were put to death and buried at Rome, which drew to that city crowds of pilgrims from all parts of western Christendom; and the fact that Rome was the only *apostolic* see in this part of the world. But neither this fact, nor Scripture, nor tradition, nor all combined, were felt to be sufficient to bear the superstructure of spiritual and temporal supremacy.

‘It rests on an earthly foundation. When Constantine embraced Christianity through state policy, the Bishops obtained wealth, rank, and civil jurisdiction. Their ambition, already great, was rendered intemperate by the most exciting aliment. The Emperor was fond of centralization in his own government, and he encouraged it in the Church. Hence the Bishops of his three principal cities, Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, felt sure of pleasing him, if they could succeed in exercising a territorial authority, similar to that of the secular governors in those places. As names are often useful for obtaining things, the two great oriental Bishops came forward in the fifth century, or it may be somewhat earlier, as *patriarchs*. The Roman Bishop was called a patriarch too, but not usually in his own documents, nor so early, or so commonly. All these three great prelates possessed a customary jurisdiction over the regions which depended upon the governors of the cities in which they severally dwelt; and the Emperor, until a fourth patriarchate arose near his own palace in Constantinople, was ordinarily willing to consider this custom as a right. The fifth patriarchate, that of Jerusalem, never obtained much importance. Thus the see of Rome acquired fresh privileges, and of a very extensive kind. Still these privileges had nothing spiritual in their nature and origin.’—p. 201.

The Bishop of Rome gained rather than lost, by the removal of the imperial court. He no longer dwelt under the shadow of a higher power, but stood forth as the greatest man in the metropolis of the old civilization, where he was surrounded by the most learned men in Europe. Religion, learning, and policy, soon enabled him to obtain an ascendancy over the

northern invaders, while the city itself 'was preserved from ruin by a factitious importance, which kept her in the public eye quite as much as ever. From being the seat of government, she became the centre of western superstition,' and drove a flourishing trade in the bones of martyrs. By such means, and not by any divine right, popes took the place of the Cæsars.

But the popes felt the need of ground more sacred and solid, to satisfy the demands even of a dark and barbarous age. In the seventh century,—

'Western Europe saw an ecclesiastical sovereignty arising within her confines, and an intelligent minority wished for some satisfactory account of its claims upon their obedience. Rome's position, as anciently the capital, and still the centre of information, was an accident which explained existing circumstances, and then left them to shift for themselves. People called for scripture and history, or at least for one of them, to solve the problem which papal power put forward. But scripture was mute; even our Saviour's declared purpose of building his church upon a rock, being almost universally so interpreted, as to give Rome no assistance. Equally powerless to aid them was authentic history. Her partizans, therefore, felt sorely pinched, and one of them was ingenious enough to seek a remedy for the difficulty, by concocting such a narrative as the world called for.'—*Ib.* p. 221.

This was the *Pontifical Book*, a half-fabulous history of the Roman see—the romance of the early popes. It was the age of pious frauds, of false miracles, and forged documents. It was a maxim with some of the best men of the time, that deceit and duplicity were allowable, when the purpose was good,—that the means were sanctified by the end.

The Pontifical Book answered its purpose admirably. It was believed to be what it professed to be, the production of Pope Damasus;—but according to the admissions of the most eminent Roman Catholic authorities, criticism proved that Damasus knew nothing about it,—that it was the compilation of a bungling hand, from some obscure and lying books. The great point which it sought to establish was, that Peter was the prince of the apostles, and that his principedom was inherited by the pope. This clumsy fabrication was trusted long as an excellent authority—the magna charta of the Papacy.

The union of secular and ecclesiastical power produces the most infatuating of all ambitions. The Papacy was the creature of circumstances, though of circumstances foreseen and predetermined. The Emperor, sunk in sloth and pleasure at Constantinople, cared little about Italy, which became an easy prey to barbarous invaders. The rising Carlovingian family yielded the Romans the protection they sought in vain from the East; and in return for spiritual sanction of their claims to sove-

reignty, they were willing to invest the Bishop of Rome with temporal principalities. To justify the possession of these, and the claim to still more, other fabrications were needed, and were readily furnished.—A deed of assignment from Constantine the Great, conveying to the Pope his inheritance in the West, was forged, published, and credited by the most learned men of the times, and maintained an almost universally undoubted authority for centuries. ‘With the consent of his satraps, and the universal senate and chief men, and all the people placed under the Roman empire,’ the Emperor conferred upon the holy see a supremacy over all others. To Sylvester, and his successors, he surrendered the Lateran palace, investing them with the trappings of imperial state. He gave them ‘the city of Rome, and the provinces, places, and cities of all Italy, and of the western regions.’

The circumstances of this story were all at direct variance with the facts of history, with which the inventor seemed to have been totally ignorant. To complete the system of fraud and imposture, other inventions followed—known as the *Decretals*, and the *Capitulars* of Adrian I. They were received without any mistrust, and they served the Pope’s purposes for hundreds of years. Nor when his own ecclesiastics discovered the enormous cheat, did the fabric shake which rested upon it. The Pope had gone with the heathenish current of popular feeling in favour of image worship,—and by artful policy, he had won the adhesion of princes and peoples, till he became too powerful for any man or nation in the West to withstand his anti-Christian pretensions. One after another, the kingdoms of Europe passed under his ecclesiastical yoke. *Appeals* flowed into his court from all quarters. They were invariably so decided, as to favour his interest and advance his power.—The conqueror was always sure of his blessing;—the unfortunate and the moneyless could not escape his anathema.

In every point of view, the effect of this domination was most disastrous. When we contemplate Roman Catholic countries *religiously*, we find the people superstitious, zealous, and devout, in many cases, but priest-ridden and besotted; unthinking themselves, yet intolerant of opinion, and persecuting all who refuse to worship stupidly the image which they have set up; sinning in the midst of penance, revelling and rioting in their pilgrimages, and hoping to redeem a life of crime by offerings to the Church.

Morally, we find them, viewed in the mass, indolent, slothful, contented in dirt and discomfort, distrusting themselves, to others deceitful and treacherous, fickle and fraudulent, lying and cheating.

Socially, they are poor, thriftless, servile, averse to progress, tolerant of vermin, not ashamed of rags, abounding in beggars, trading in ulcers, passively obedient, or savagely seditious. Spain, Portugal, Italy, South America, and every other country where the Papal system has been fully carried out, and has reigned without counteraction, furnish the saddest proofs that that system teems with misery to those who are unfortunately bound by it.

We suspect that few, even of our Protestant readers, are aware of the extent to which Romanism has deteriorated national character, and that people often ascribe to climate, or blood, or other causes, the results which it has produced. Free institutions, the habit of self-government in civil matters, and national independence, greatly counteracted its spirit, where they prevailed; but against these, in every land, Rome instinctively warred, and when she conquered them, her point was gained.

Take the case of Spain, for example :—

‘Civil liberty,’ says Sismondi, ‘was preserved as perfect in Spain as it can be under any constitution. When political liberty was once properly appreciated, religious servitude could not long continue to exist; and the Spaniards, therefore, till the time of Charles v., maintained their independence in a great degree, against the Church of Rome, of which they subsequently became the most timid vassals, when once *deprived of their free constitution.*’

In the twelfth century, the kings of Aragon granted full liberty of conscience to the Paulicians and Albigenses, and also fought for them in the deadly crusade conducted by Simon de Montfort. Peter III. and his successor lived under Papal excommunication during nearly the whole of the fourteenth century, not caring to propitiate that power before which so many nations trembled. In 1485, the whole population of Aragon rose in arms, to prevent the establishment of the Inquisition. The characteristics of the old Spanish character were frankness, honorable feeling, an independent and manly bearing, magnanimity in war, and a generous love of freedom.

Let us now consider what the Papacy has made them, and we shall feel with Baxter, ‘how great a sin tyranny is.’ Again we quote Sismondi :—

‘Cruelty seemed to become the characteristic of the Spanish soldiery, as duplicity of their chiefs. The most celebrated men of the age sullied themselves with acts of treachery, unequalled in history. To the enemy the Spanish infantry presented a front of iron, to the unfortunate an iron heart. They were invariably selected for the execution of any cruel project, from an assurance that no sympathy could stay them.

They conducted themselves in a ferocious manner against the Protestants in Germany, and they displayed equal cruelty against the Catholics, in the sacking of Rome. At the same period, the soldiers of Cortez and Pizarro, in the new world, gave proofs of a ferocity which has been the opprobrium of the Castilians, but of which no instance is to be found in the whole history of Spain, before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.'—*Literature of the South of Europe*, Vol. ii.

The Inquisition, the fiendish crusades against Jews and Moors, *autos-da-fé*, and the ambitious wars and usurpations of Charles v., wrought this effect. Every man lost confidence in his neighbour; every inmate of a family was a spy upon its members. Opinion was the deadliest of crimes; suspicion lurked on every brow. Consequently, 'the people terrified, abandoned every intellectual pursuit,' and that land became an accursed wilderness, which the infidel Moors had cultivated like a garden. We need not say what the Spanish people are now, with intellect prostrated and will subjugated; at once 'imperious and servile, false and self-opinionated, cruel and voluptuous.' With all her revolutions, Spain has not yet been able to shake off this cleaving curse.

The same fatal influence was exerted by the Papacy on Portugal. In 1540, John III. established the Inquisition, and, says Sismondi, 'the national character underwent a complete change.' Then succeeded enslaved and cowardly consciences, mental apathy, beggarly pride, shameless profligacy, and drivelling superstition.

In Italy, the immediate country of the supreme demoralizer, civil liberty was also gradually extinguished. Free republics were converted into principalities for the pope's 'nephews,'—no nearer relationship could be decorously named. 'Men generally advanced in years,' says Hallam, 'and horn of noble Italian families, made the Papacy subservient to the elevation of their kindred, or to the interests of a local faction. For such ends they mingled in the dark conspiracies of that bad age, distinguished *only by the more scandalous turpitude of their vices* from the petty tyrants and intriguers with whom they were engaged.'

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, 'the veil woven by religious awe was rent asunder, and the features of ordinary ambition appeared without disguise. As the cupidity of the clergy in regard to worldly estate had lowered their church every where, so the similar conduct of their head undermined the respect felt for him in Italy.' Excommunication was made subservient to the most selfish purposes, and so fell into contempt.

Clement v., on account of an attack made on Ferrara by the Venetians, in 1309, 'proclaimed the whole people infamous, and

incapable for three generations of any office; their goods in every part of the world were subject to confiscation, and every Venetian, wherever he might be found, was liable to be reduced to slavery.'

Such was the mild rule, and such the modest pretensions, of him who claimed to succeed the prince of the apostles, and to be the viceroy of the Prince of Peace!

Power passed away from the pope, but repentance did not come. 'In the latter part of the fifteenth century, when all favourable prejudices were worn away, those who occupied the most conspicuous stations in Europe disgraced their name, by more notorious profligacy than could be paralleled in the darkest ages that had preceded.'—Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Vol. ii., p. 158.

It was a saying among honourable men in those times,—'I had rather be a priest than do any thing so disgraceful,' so low had the ecclesiastical character then sunk in the estimation of the wise and good, and even in the estimation of the multitude. There was a legend currently believed, which was to the following effect.—At a meeting of fallen angels, duly convened, Satan in the chair, a vote of thanks to the priests for their excellent services to the infernal kingdom was moved and seconded, and carried by acclamation. The comic poets, and ballad-singers, and play-actors, and *Punches*, of those days did not spare the ecclesiastical body. The current of revived literature ran right against the Papacy. All the friends of freedom and reform were its enemies. The human mind, now aroused and active, began to examine its foundations. The art of printing gave rapidity to the communication of thought. The Word of God was freed, and did its glorious work. Those early sects who had preserved and propagated the truth during the dark ages, and to whom Hallam and other philosophical historians ascribe so vast an influence on the masses, had prepared the way for the Lutheran Reformation. Persecution branded them as heretics, but they were true Protestants. They did more confessedly to enlighten and elevate the people, and to promote civilization, than the most splendid agencies which history extols. Tremendous efforts were used for their extirpation; still they sprang up and multiplied in all the principal towns of Europe.

'The Wycliffites in England,' says Hallam, 'certainly produced an extensive reformation. Fostered by the general ill-will towards the church, his principles made vast progress in England; and, unlike the earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and civil influence.'

The Reformation and the French Revolution inflicted the heaviest blows on the Papacy; but it has been declining for five centuries. It decays in proportion as society progresses.

It every where yields to true civilization. It is remarkable that all the countries on which it took firmest hold are now shaken by revolution. It sowed the wind, and is reaping the whirlwind. Those nations which have escaped from its power may well rejoice in their liberty. We are aware that both individuals and communities in the Church of Rome have shown themselves superior to their system, and there are multitudes of Protestants uninfluenced by the principles they profess; but, taking the average of character in both cases, it cannot be denied that Protestant nations have greatly the advantage.

It cannot be otherwise, in the nature of things. The Papacy wars against *reason*, and produces credulity, mental inaction, and imbecility. It allows not a manly, independent exercise of the human mind. It appeals to the past, and to authority, while society looks with ardent hope to the future, lamenting the errors which have retarded its progress.

The Papacy wars against *conscience*, which it would keep for ever bound, destroying the sense of responsibility to God, by which the serf is raised to manhood, and which is the source of the noblest achievements of humanity. When reason and conscience are immolated on the altar of the church, manhood is gone, self-respect is gone; the soul has lost its moral *stamina*, and is fit only to inhabit the vile body of a slave.

The domination which demands this sacrifice has been always maintained by a combination of force and fraud. The principle of force was carried to its legitimate and horrid consequences in the tribunal of the *Inquisition*; while that of fraud, active in the church from earliest times, was perfectly developed in every possible connexion with religion, morals, and politics, by the *Jesuits*. Each was a masterpiece of Satan, in its way. In the Inquisition presided the cowed fiend of cruelty, gloating over its writhing victims. In the Jesuit Society sat the sanctimonious and libertine demon of cunning. Who can calculate the evils they have inflicted on society?—evils which still possess it, and which in its present revolutionary throes it strives to expel.

How happily different is it with nations truly Protestant! We see the contrast every where, in the homes of the people, in the streets, in the fields. Where Protestantism reigns, there is cleanliness, industry, comfort, order, taste. There is practical intelligence, manly freedom, general integrity, energetic enterprise. There is a public opinion, more powerful than law, formed in the atmosphere of scriptural Christianity. God is feared; the sovereign is honoured; the law is obeyed; man is respected; property is secure. The people know their rights, and have the courage to maintain them, and the ability, too, because they perform their duties.

It is a significant fact that the strength of the Papacy lies now in poor countries. It roots itself most firmly in populations that are agricultural, stationary, and unthinking. Commerce, by breaking the charm of local influences, and opening up new worlds of foreign ideas, is hostile to superstition and prejudice. It gives energy to the will, sharpens the mental faculties, and creates wealth, the parent of independence. It was with the true instinct of his office, that the late Pope Gregory forbid the making of a railway through his territories. The Papacy cannot long remain in a land traversed by the steam engine. Neither is its existence compatible with the education of the working classes, now an irresistible demand of the times. Humanly speaking (for we do not touch here on prophecy), the future existence and duration of the Papacy depend on the answer to this one question,—‘Shall the people have power or not?’ If the people possess the power of government, the pope is *nominis umbra*. But they *will* have power, even in Rome; they have seized it already, and, instead of relinquishing, they will increase it.

It is probable, from prophecy, and not less from the signs of the times, that some awful convulsion will suddenly terminate the Papacy, and that the city of Rome, with which it has been identified, both in prophecy and history, will be involved in its ruin. But the system of Romanism, or rather Catholicism, which preceded the Popedom, may survive it a considerable time, until society in every land outgrows its swaddling clothes, and will no longer think and speak as a child. Then will come the millennium. But through what untried scenes, what changes and revolutions, the world must pass before that period, it were presumptuous to attempt foretelling. We wait humbly for Providence to interpret prophecy.

ART. VI.—1. *The Protector; a Vindication*. By J. H. Merle D’Anbigné, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1847.

2. *Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate*. By Daniel Wilson, F.S.A., Sect. London and Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson. 1848.

3. *Lectures on the Public Life and Character of Oliver Cromwell, delivered in substance to the Members of the Manchester Mechanics’ Institution, in the Spring of 1846*. By Edmund Clarke. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1848.

THESE works are all attempts to spread the appreciation of the character of Oliver Cromwell, which has come into vogue during

the last ten years, through different classes of society in England, Scotland, and Europe. Cromwell the execrated has in this time become Cromwell the extolled; and, from being a man of whom nonconformist historians wrote charily, and church historians vituperatively, has become a name held in universal, nay, fashionable admiration in all cultivated circles.

This change in public opinion is very noteworthy. It could not have taken place if the tendencies of the age had not been favourable to it. Royalty, aristocracy, and ecclesiastical authority, have all been losing their hold on the minds of the generation which has come into action, of late years, and hence, many of them, and indeed most of them, are well prepared to receive with favour vindications of the man whose name was, of all British ones, most completely identified with hostility to them all. The believers in the Divine right of kings have all passed away. If any of them still linger in Europe, they are living reliques of the past, and have as much to do with actual affairs as the mail armour in the Tower with the suppression of the Irish rebellion. The superstition which Oliver Cromwell mortally wounded is gone. After the establishment of an American republic, and the struggles of three French revolutions, justice comes to be generally rendered to the memory of the chief of the regicides. The reduction of the aristocratic power is now demanded by the millions of the people; the separation of church and state is approaching; and therefore men are less and less prepossessed against the military dictator, the first ruler in the world whose policy was intolerance only of intolerance. As a consequence of this progress of opinion, the characters of men have come to be regarded less in relation to conventional maxims, and more in accordance with the eternal tests of manhood and virtue. Evangelism, which a dozen years ago was scoffed at, in the manner of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by all the fashionable journals of any pretension, has come to be treated respectfully and sympathetically. This feature, for many years confined exclusively to the Eclectic Review, has spread itself over nearly all our journals of character.

With these influences, the pens of several of our public writers have co-operated, in producing the contrast between the opinions of the generation who are dying away and the generation who are coming into action, respecting the character of Oliver Cromwell. 'A character combining considerable fanaticism with considerable hypocrisy, and great ability, profound dissimulation and vast military genius:' such, in brief, was the general opinion of the puritan ruler. This view was taught by nearly all our biographers and historians, from Hume, Godwin, and Guizot, down to Forster. Prior to the year 1837, the most generous

appreciation which had appeared of the character of Cromwell was in an article by Dr. Southey, in the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Forster's 'Life of Cromwell,' and Dr. Vaughan's 'Protectorate,' then recently published, were reviewed in the number of the *London and Westminster Review* for October, 1839; and in this article, while the literary merits of these writers were duly honoured, their views of the character of the Protector were elaborately examined, and, as it appears, most successfully refuted. This was the first thorough vindication of Oliver Cromwell which had appeared since the Restoration. Though appearing in the anonymous and fugitive shape of a review, this paper attracted notice enough to enable it to unsettle, if not to change, the generally received notions of the characteristics of Cromwell. Mr. Horace Smith, in his introduction to the reprint of an American novel, by Mr. Herbert, entitled 'Oliver Cromwell,' briefly repeated the character of the Protector, with ample acknowledgments, as drawn by the *London and Westminster Reviewer*. Eighteen months after the publication of this vindication, Mr. Carlyle made known his adherence to the new appreciation, in his sketch of Cromwell, in his lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship. When Mr. Carlyle devoted himself to the elucidation of the biography of Cromwell, he knew well that the brunt of the battle of vindication had already been borne, and that he had only to confirm an opinion already very extensively received.

The writers before us, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Wilson, and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, attach great importance to the revolution of opinion which has occurred in regard to the character of the great soldier of religious liberty. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné says justly, the Cromwellian 'epoch is one of the most important in modern times, so far as concerns the new development of nations,' and characterizes the vindication of Cromwell as an undertaking, in his judgment, of the greatest service to the Protestant interest. The three works before us are all devoted to the dissemination of this vindication. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clarke diffuse it in a cheap form, accessible to the most numerous classes of readers. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné took up his pen, and wrote his book, to make the vindication known all over the Continent. The subject, therefore, which these volumes open for us is not the character of Cromwell, but the history of the recent appreciation of it. In these circumstances, we should be guilty of the suppression of a fact in literary history of acknowledged importance, and acquiesce in an injustice to a gentleman who has frequently contributed to our pages, if we did not record that the first of the recent vindications of Cromwell, known to us, appeared in the *London and Westminster Review* for October, 1839, and is well known to have been from the pen of Mr. John Robertson.

We know, on the best authority, that no one has rejoiced more than Mr. Robertson, in the great success with which the view he was the first to teach has been spread by the honest research and picturesque eloquence of his friend. But every man has a right to his own in this world, and, in regard to the Cromwellian appreciation, the merit of Mr. Carlyle was to be among the first to hold it, and to surpass all others in the completion and diffusion of it.

The hypocritical interpretation of the character of Oliver Cromwell is a thing of the past. However, a thorough understanding of the character of Cromwell, a portrait of him to the life, and in relation to the affairs of his time, is still a desideratum. His piety, sincerity, worth, and heroism, have been abundantly established; nobody can henceforth dispute them. Enough of the rubbish which covered this statue of the seventeenth century has been removed, to shew its lofty and noble characteristics. But the rubbish still hides its pedestal, and covers still the scene it adorned and the figures by which it was surrounded. Though Southey has said, 'there is no period of history in which it so much behoves an Englishman to be versed as that of Cromwell's age,' there is none more covered with confusion and contradiction, and in which, if any living man is thoroughly versed, he has yet to shew himself in the fields of historical literature. There is no one knows it. The age of Cromwell is the unexplored Pompeii of English history.

Of the compilations on our table, it is not necessary to write minutely. They are all works of ability, and fitted for usefulness. The work by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné is not likely to raise the reputation of its author. It abounds in mistakes and misapprehensions, and seems to have been too hasty a performance to be worthy of its subject. A work, of the portable and convenient size of Dr. Merle's volume, which should condense the essence of the biography of the Protector in a clear and brilliant style, would equal Southey's *Life of Nelson* in interest, if there were a Southey to write it. Mr. Edmund Clarke has done successfully what he attempted. He has written a clear and brief statement of the chief events from the accession of Charles to the death of Cromwell. Few of our readers, we presume, require to master the contents of these volumes; but to those who have not time to make themselves acquainted with the subject, in the bulky volumes of Mr. Carlyle, these works will afford instruction indispensable to every Englishman who pretends to average intelligence.

Mr. Daniel Wilson censures the royal commission for the adornment of the new Houses of Parliament, for refusing the statue of Cromwell a place among the kings of England, between

Charles I. and Charles. II. Upon this theme there has been a loud outcry. 'The Puritan King' was the greatest of our kings, urges Mr. Wilson; and his exclusion is a wrong done far more to us than to him. We took no part in this fuss when it was loudest. We have no sympathy with it. The question was not worth a straw. Oliver Cromwell was not a king. Of all historical personages, no one could be more out of place among the Tudors, Stuarts, or Guelphs. He was not one of them. He was not the least like them. The reasons which cause statues to be erected in memory of kings and queens have no connection, relation, or application in reference to this man. A statue of Joan of Arc among the beauties of the second Charles would not be more out of place than the statue of Oliver Cromwell among the Stuarts. As a mere matter of taste, the group would have been as incongruous as if La Pieta of Michael Angelo were placed between a Mercury and a Silenus.

Oliver Cromwell was a brewer of Huntingdon, a farmer of St. Ives. He was a puritan layman of the seventeenth century. Protestant nonconformity kindled within him a heroic devotion to civil and religious liberty, the genius of a great general, the wisdom of a great ruler. He was the successful soldier and statesman of liberty of conscience. Brewer, soldier, puritan, there was not a particle of royalty about him. He is not in the least like a king. John Bunyan among the archbishops, Martin Luther among the popes, St. Thomas of Assisi in a *corps de ballet*, rather than Oliver Cromwell among the kings, unless the selection has been made by the royal commission expressly to defy the maxim of Horace—

'Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.'

But a statue of Oliver Cromwell there must be, and we can point out an appropriate site for it. This is not needful for him. Honour enough has been his, who was celebrated by John Milton, when alive, and whose speeches have been edited most faithfully and laboriously by Thomas Carlyle, nearly two centuries after his death. His place is among the greatest servants of mankind. God honoured him to do a great work. But the new appreciation of his character is an ennobling thing for ourselves and our descendants. It is destined to be expressed in many ways, by noble biographies, by great histories, by inspiring pictures, by sublime sculptures. But the time is not come yet. The proposals we have seen of subscriptions, raised by active committees to erect a statue, are premature. We

cannot raise genius by a subscription; and marble pared to order cannot teach the children of our children the saintly heroism of an Oliver Cromwell.

However, we have promised to suggest a spot for the future monument, a site for the statue which is sure to be erected, some time. Near where Hyde Park bursts upon the view from Oxford Street, opposite the end of the Edgware Road, the reader may observe, in passing, a small metal pillar, on which is inscribed, 'Here stood Tyburn Gate.' Looking into the park from this spot, the observer may trace, by a hollow in the grassy sward, the covered course towards the Serpentine of Tyburn,—the Tye Burn. At this spot, we are standing in the near vicinity of the dust of Oliver Cromwell. Tyburn Tree, the famous gibbet of the olden time, had its site here. At the Restoration, the Royalists took the body of Oliver Cromwell out of the vaults of Westminster Abbey, and hung it in chains on the gibbet at Tyburn. Credible witnesses, who saw the body swinging here, have left behind them on record their testimony that they also saw it interred in a deep hole beneath the gibbet. Whether the precise site of the gibbet was within the park, and under the drive over which the equipages and horses of the aristocracy prance in pride, or under the road to Bayswater, on which the ocean-like roar of street traffic never ceases, certain it is that hereabout moulders the dust of the conqueror at Naseby, the soldier of the Puritans, the hero of liberty. Here, we suggest, ought his statue to be.

ART. VII. — *Analogies and Contrasts; or, Comparative Sketches of France and England.* By the Author of 'Revelations of Russia,' 'The White Slave,' 'Eastern Europe, and the Emperor Nicholas.' 2 Vols., 8vo. London: Newby. 1848.

THESE volumes, which the author assures us were nearly completed before the outbreak of the recent French revolution, and which bear every trace of that being the fact, afford striking proof that the convulsion which has arrived was clearly seen in its approach, by thinking men, as an inevitable certainty. Had the author only issued his work from the press a few months earlier, he might have claimed as singular a prescience as any that can be pointed to in the history of letters, and would have produced as vivid a sensation as he did by his 'Revelations of Russia,' which threw a wholly new light on the condition

THE VICTORIAN

There is a theme there has been
The greatest of our
and its exclusion is a wrong done far
We took no part in this fuss when it
The question was
Of all
He was not one of them.
The reasons which cause
have no
reference to this man. A
of the second Charles
the statue of Oliver Crom-
the group
of Michael
and a Suetonius.
a farmer of
century.
a heroic devotion
a great general. the
soldier and
puritan.
He is not in the
the archbishops.
Thomas of Assisi in a
among the kings.
the royal commission ex-

cannot raise genius by a subscription; and marble order cannot teach the children of our children the heroism of an Oliver Cromwell.

However, we have promised to suggest a spot for the future monument, a site for the statue which is sure to be erected some time. Near where Hyde Park bursts upon the view Oxford Street, opposite the end of the Ebury Lane, a reader may observe, in passing, a small stone, on which is inscribed, 'Here stood Tyburn Gate.' From this park from this spot, the observer may trace the course of the Tyburn,—the Tye Burn. At this spot, we are near the famous gibbet of the olden time, had its site of execution, the Royalists took the body of Oliver Cromwell from the vaults of Westminster Abbey, and hung it on the gibbet at Tyburn. Credible witnesses have sworn that they also saw it interred in a deep hole, and that they saw it swinging here, have left behind them on foot the precise site of the gibbet. Whether the drive over which the equipages of the monarchy prance in pride, or under the ocean-like roar of the great multitude which the hereabout moulders, it is that Naseby, the soldier of the Puritan, we suggest, ought his statue to be

and character of that empire, dissipated many needless alarms in the public mind, and, though assailed and opposed by the critics, soon became their text-book and oracle on all concerning it. The stupendous effect which this last French revolution has produced, has necessarily rendered comparatively weak that which these volumes must now occasion; but they are not the less deserving of particular attention. The author has on this, as on his former appearance before the public, shown that he has a profound knowledge of the Continent, its affairs and men. The work abounds with facts and opinions that, at the present moment, we particularly desire to know from a sure source. The picture-gallery which his last chapter furnishes of almost all the conspicuous characters who have lately figured in France, is worthy of being studied by every one desirous of forming a true estimate of men on whom so much of present history depends. We see in it how exactly the greater part of them have acted as you would have predicted, if in possession of the information and insight into character which the author here affords.

As regards that portion of the work which gives the leading title,—that which traces the national analogies between us and our lively neighbours, the features of similitude and of difference between us and them,—it appears to us not only very ably, but very justly, drawn, and calculated to create and cherish a feeling in both countries most conducive to the peace of the world, and the prosperity of these two greatest of its nations. The differences of our national characters he treats as salient, but superficial; the analogies as numerous, profound, and greater than between nations superficially less differing. These differences, again, he regards as perhaps due to political causes, and originating in neglect of, or attention to, liberty and equality, whence democratic feeling, and aristocratic spirit: the chief features of dissimilitude seeming to fit each other for a distinct, but co-operative part in the diffusion of civilization.

This is a doctrine which, if found to be true, is exceedingly comfortable. It is exactly that which, as philanthropists, we could wish to believe, and we think the author gives us ample ground for receiving it as a conviction. He places no reliance on the *entente cordiale* which was attempted to be got up between Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria, which, however sincere on the part of the English sovereign, was soon made evident to be a mere political cloak on the part of the French one; but he is of opinion that the *entente cordiale* may, by the people of Great Britain, be converted into a reality. In asserting this, he does not affect to conceal that there exist in the mind of the French nation strong feelings of jealousy of us, and hostility towards us. On our part, he says, there is an im-

mense majority of the population of these islands, who are convinced that the prosperity of France can alone prove advantageous to Great Britain, whilst, as a matter of feeling, they bear nothing but good-will to the French people; and the wish to bury in oblivion all former animosities, and to establish a permanent good understanding with France, is universal in this country. But, says our author—

‘The vast numerical majority of the French people are indisposed to such an arrangement. In the first place, the diffusion of knowledge has done less than with us, in dispelling the mutual prejudices and hostility to which the last war gave rise. In the second, the result of that war, so humiliating to a people so sensitive on the point of national glory, and previously intoxicated with unprecedented success, was not such as to have been as easily forgotten by the French as by the English people. The winner in a great game may say, let us forget and forgive, but the same good humour can hardly be expected from the loser; and, thirdly, the French population generally disbelieve in our good intentions and professions of amity towards it. This incredulity, it is true, is surely, though slowly, diminishing; but it would be idle to deny that it still exists, to a degree which would assuredly lead to the interruption of peace, if the opinion of the numerical majority of the French people could be taken to-morrow.

‘The knowledge of this fact leads many Englishmen to advocate a repressive system, rather than a cordially conciliatory policy, towards France: not that they do not desiderate a good understanding with that country, but that they consider it unattainable. The masses in France disbelieve in the sincerity of our friendly protestations. The knowledge of that unbelief leads British politicians to regard our good understanding with the French people as hopelessly precarious.’—Vol. i. p. 37.

The author justly attributes this distrust of us to the rancorous enmity engendered by the long and bitter struggle of the last great war, and fomented since by the envious ingratitude of those for whom we fought and paid our money. This has, of course, been still further perpetuated by the contemplation of our enormous colonial possessions, and our commercial exertions, embracing every region of the world. Interested parties, and their own writers and politicians, acting under a natural feeling, to which we ourselves, under the same circumstances, would be as little insensible, have impressed them with a deep feeling that we are banded together to extend British commerce and prosperity, and to impede the commerce and prosperity of the remainder of mankind; that we are leagued in a vast conspiracy, and scatter broadcast through the world the seeds of misery and of calamities, unerringly calculated to ripen in due season into a guilty harvest of monopoly.

But wide and profound as is this national idea, the writer

regards it, from personal experience, as in some degree disappearing, and that it may be successfully undermined by a system of policy which shall bear out practically all our friendly professions, a policy which will shew them that, though we are inclined to push our colonial and commercial advantages, we are quite as determined not to interfere with theirs. How much this national prejudice may be worn off by personal intercourse, the writer shows, and in this respect bears a testimony to the French character, compared with that of other nations, and especially the German, which every one who has resided much on the Continent must attest, as most singularly true.

'The writer has found Frenchmen—usually misinformed as to other nations, but especially regarding Englishmen—prompt to express aversion or hostile feeling towards them. But that Frenchman who will readily confess to you his disgust at everything connected with the English name, and his enmity towards the English people, collectively and individually, turns out, in nine cases out of ten, a good sort of fellow after a few days' companionship. His bark was more than his bite, and even amongst his own people, he will not allow you to be cheated or imposed upon. If you get into difficulties in a foreign country, he will stand by you, and bear his testimony, regardless of consequences, in your favour; and, however difficult to convince, when once you have impressed him with your personal or national superiority on any point, no man will more readily avow, respect, or emulate it. If, on the contrary, you take a German, he is all smiles and cordiality, and, in nine cases out of ten, pretends a national or personal predilection; but he is apt to ridicule and calumniate you, when your back is turned; will allow every dishonest advantage to be taken of you by his countrymen, before your face; invariably abandons you abroad in any scrape; and those proofs which secure the appreciation of the Frenchman will only lead to envious detraction in him. Converse habitually with French travellers, landing, and about to embark from this country, and contrast the fearlessly expressed prejudices of those about to explore, with the frank admissions of those who have examined it; and then take the German, before and after he has travelled in these islands, insincerely fulsome when he lands, and disingenuously envious after his return to his own shores. The sharp angularities of national character, common to both French and English, tend, on being first brought into contact, to generate violent animosities, but when the trituration of time has worn them off, as there exists more homogeneity than is commonly imagined, in the stuff of which both are made, a better agreement than could have been conceived from so inauspicious a commencement is the result of prolonged intercourse. Between many other people and the English, the early is the least unfriendly period of mutual acquaintance, hatred being induced, on one side, and contempt, upon the other, by such increase of intimacy as conveys to each a knowledge of the habits and opinions of the other. In France, it is worthy of remark, that those classes and individuals who have most familiarity with the English are the best disposed towards

them; while in other continental countries, amongst these the aversion is the most profound. French sailors, pilots, and fishermen, who, according to popular notions on these subjects, have more cause of rivalry and hostility than any other class of men, the writer has found better disposed than landmen towards us, because they have seen and tested our nautical merit; yet the same observation does not apply to the Dutch maritime population.'—*Ib.* pp. 108—110.

The author proceeds to show that, comparing the present power and resources of the two countries, we can afford to dismiss all jealousy, and treat France with that generosity which gradually dispels mistrust. He reminds us that the preponderance of France, once truly perilous, is now a mere bugbear. Within the memory of a living generation, France was far more powerful than England, and, on every point, in contact with her. But though, during the lapse of years which has since occurred, France has grown in strength, we have decupled our own, and besides, the two nations having struck out different paths, we have left her so far behind, on that which we have chosen, as to render all chance of overtaking us hopeless. When the Duke of Wellington was born, the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland was only between ten and eleven millions. We had never had credit to borrow more than some seventy millions, to carry on a war of twenty-seven years duration; our shipping did not exceed three quarters of a million of tons; our Indian empire was in its infancy. France had then a concentrated population of twenty-three millions, a navy more formidable, colonies as valuable as our own, pecuniary resources more available, besides powerful national alliances. But now, our population is nearly thirty millions; we have added a prodigious empire to our possessions; our navy more than trebles that of France, doubles that of Europe, and equals that of all the chief maritime states of the world collectively; while the unimpaired credit which enabled us to borrow, during the last twenty-two years of war, nine hundred and seventy millions sterling, would give us, if required, a greater command of capital than all the world besides could accomplish.

The analogies of character between the French and the English, we cannot entirely follow the author in tracing; because this, which is ostensibly the main object of the book, is in reality only one of many of its contents, and could leave us no room to treat on some matters that are of still greater interest at the present moment. We may briefly state that the author shows, that though we generally look on the French character as light and frivolous, it conceals under this exterior much of our own earnestness. He proves this by their eminence in such studies as require this quality, and which produced in us a

Bacon and a Newton, in them a Lavoisier, a Cuvier, and a Laplace. By their zeal in overthrowing political tyranny, and destroying political error, and establishing liberty and social progress, they have exceeded us in throwing down aristocracies, and equal us in our zeal for popular reform, and even for emancipating other races than our own. Like us, they are so attached to the positive and the practical, that the dreamy metaphysics which prevail in Germany, could no more flourish in France, than the fanaticism of Thom of Canterbury, or the drivelling of Johanna Southcote. The chivalrous spirit, he truly observes, may in other countries animate a class : but in France and in Great Britain it pervades society, uniting its most opposite extremes. If not utterly excluded from the counter, it is in France chiefly distinctive of the artizan, the peasant, and the soldier ; in England it descends to the inmate of the pot-house and the club. Of this he gives some curious instances. The faculty of appreciating, and the tendency to recognize, every species of merit, is a further characteristic which assimilates the French and Anglo-Saxon races, and will probably prove the most effective means of eventual fusion. The author refers, as proof of this magnanimity in the French, to their present admiration of Shakspeare, and their copying our equipages, fowling-pieces, and even dress. But it is in restless energy, that the French alone can be at the present day ranked with the Anglo-Saxons. And here he appeals to all history, to parallel the conquests of France and England :—

‘ For which of these, if we look only to the achievements of that combination of cunning and of brute force which constitute political power, afford a spectacle to parallel the French armies bearing the tricolor, not through thinly peopled territories, or amidst the enervate or barbarous populations of the ancient world, but in the face of similarly armed and organized opponents, in triumph, within a few brief seasons, to Rome, Cairo, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow ? Or the recently extended territories of that British empire, the most powerful and vast which has ever yet existed, immeasurably exceeding the vaunted empires of the Roman and Mogul ; upon whose expanse the sun never sets, and which, trenching upon the arctic and antarctic circles, and on both hemispheres, comprises beneath its sway so many millions ? Or finally, to the growth of that Anglo-Saxon colony, the United States, become, almost within human recollection, more populous and powerful than the races which have been cited as most remarkable in their influence on the destinies of mankind, throughout the past.

‘ The armies of Lahore, of Greece, of Naples, of Madagascar, and of Egypt ; the fleets of Turkey, of Portugal, and of the South American states, commanded by Frenchmen or Englishmen ; Bernadotte’s dynasty in Sweden, and the Rajahship of Mr. Brooke in Sarawak ; the French and English travellers, scaling the virgin peaks of Alps and Himalayahs,

eluding Russian vigilance in the Caucasus, or perishing in undaunted succession in the African deserts, whilst tempting the ferocity of the Bokarian despot, or exploring the Mosquito shores,—may suffice as examples, that the adventurous spirit, distinguishing both people, is no less individually, than collectively or nationally, prominent.'—Vol. i. p. 118.

The differences between the characters of the two nations we shall dismiss more easily; they are not in our opinion so striking or well-defined. The French, our author contends, are more attached to equality, the English to liberty; the French to liberty of speech, the English to liberty of the press; the Frenchman prefers the glory of his country to its prosperity, the Englishman its solid well-being to its reputation; the Frenchman is painfully sensitive to ridicule, the Englishman insensible to it. 'Wit in England is powerless to explode an abuse, expose an error, or abash a fool; but the laugh of folly will frequently, in France, disarm genius of its power, and divert wisdom from its path.' In religion, the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon is to fanaticism, that of the Frenchman to superstition. Levity is hence apt to characterize religion with the French, and hypocrisy to disfigure it with the Anglo-Saxon. The Englishman piques himself on originality; the Frenchman is kept in trammels by the fear of ridicule. Pride and ostentation are besetting sins of the English, vanity and conceit, of the French; avidity of gain characterizes the Anglo-Saxon, avarice, the Frenchman. The French are generous and humane on the impulse of the moment; the English, from systematic resistance to injustice, once deeply impressed on their minds. Hence the instances of sudden and heroic magnanimity in French history, and the lasting reforms of the English, as in the case of the negro, the chimney-sweep, the drover's cattle, or the huckster's dog; while deaf and blind to more extensive evils, the latter have allowed the imposition of a grinding tax on their Hindoo subjects, permitted millions to be handed over to the cruelties of vanquished princes, and acquiesced in abetting the dominion of oppressive despots over as many more Europeans. We must here cease to pursue the parallel of differences, which is carried on through literature, philosophy, etc., and notice some of the more miscellaneous matter of the work.

Amongst the most amusing portions of it, are those of an anecdotal kind. One or two of these, regarding passports, will remind our readers of what they themselves must have witnessed in French police bureaux.

'The writer recollects seeing a traveller actually sent sixteen miles on foot, in the custody of a corporal's guard, because his eyebrows were not as described in the passport—blue. Chamois hunting on the higher

Pyrenees, at the time the Carlist war was still raging beyond the Spanish boundary, he witnessed the arrival of a French and English gentleman, the Marquis of P. and Mr. H., who, although their papers were quite in order, and countersigned by the consul of the queen of Spain in Toulouse, were understood to be about to penetrate into Catalonia, on a visit to the Carlists. A consultation took place, in consequence, between the gendarmerie and the custom-house officers, as to whether they might venture to detain either of the travellers, in the absence of any informality; and they seemed to have concluded that it was safest to turn their attention towards their own countryman, who was being cross-questioned, searched, and bullied, whilst the Englishman was about to be dismissed forthwith, when the official, to his intense delight, discovered the following flaw in the *signalement* or description of his person, contained in every French passport.

'This passport had been obtained in a den in Poland-street, established by the French embassy in London, for the purpose of purveying English travellers with these documents, gratis, and with civility, that is to say, providing the traveller consents to purchase of the underling who takes down his name, a sixpenny pocket-book at the price of half-a-crown.

'Here delivered wholesale, and calculated for wholesale inspection, as these adventurers disembark in shoals on Boulogne or Calais pier, the scribe is sometimes hurriedly inexplicit in the details of his pen and ink portraiture, and strikes off those features on which the owner most prides himself with a simple *idem*, or ditto. Thus, 'Thomas Styles, *rentier sujet de Sa Majesté Britannique, natif de Londres, Angleterre*,' is described as being—

Aged—47.

Height—One metre, so many centimeters.

Face—Oval.

Eyes—Light blue.

Eyebrows—*idem*; or ditto.

Hair—*idem*.

Whiskers—*idem*.

Beard—*idem*.

Etc., etc.—*idem*.

'Now our English traveller had been personally sketched in the above loose manner, and though it was obviously preposterous to expect light blue eye-brows, hair, and whiskers, even if all the 'blue blood' of Spain had run in his veins, and though obviously a mere piece of neglect on the part of the French authorities who had delivered the passport, yet, this informality was judged sufficient to detain him on suspicion, and send him under military escort to the nearest residence of a sub-prefect.' Again :—

'A spinster lady, applying for her passport, and disposed to be facetious, remarked aloud to her companion, that the functionary before them, reminded her of the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

'This observation, if apt, was, in this respect, inopportune, that it was perfectly understood by the *employé*, who not only had studied the English language, but being a zealous partizan of the romantic (as distin-

guished from the classic) drama, was deeply read in Shakspeare, and felt in no wise flattered by the comparison the fair stranger had instituted. But the means of retribution was in his hands, in the shape of a pen and a printed form, which, after polite inquiries after the lady's name, age, destination, etc., he proceeded to fill up, until he came to the *signalement*, or personal description, often considerably left blank in a female's passport. Here, in characters as dark as '*Guisot's encre de la petite vertu*' could make them, he inscribed his revenge.

'To the horror of the lady who had been so satirical on the outraged *employé*, she found when the document was handed to her, that he had thus depicted her.—' Hair, false; forehead, low; eyebrows, dyed; eyes, small, greenish; nose, flat (*nez epaté*); and complexion, tanned, (*teint barone*).

'Her age, which had been set down as she had given it, thirty-five years, was accompanied by the remark 'looks fifty-three.' And worse than all, this libel, which the victim was bound herself to exhibit throughout France,—like all libels (at least according to the view taken by the British law, of these matters) was heightened in malignity, by the fact that its truth was undeniable.'—Vol. i. pp. 153—6.

The opening chapter of the second volume gives a deeply interesting biographical sketch of Louis Philippe, and enters very fully into the story of his being not a Bourbon at all, but a changeling. This story, which is supported here by very curious substantial evidence, though a matter particularly *piquant* in his personal history, did not at all affect his claim on the French throne, as that was a matter of national choice, much less can it affect him, now he has lost it. All that must be said here, is this:—

'Writers of memoirs and biographies find it, commonly, convenient to pass over the birth of Louis Philippe, without notice of either locality or date, because it is difficult to disprove, that at the time of his birth, his mother was in the Appenines, and thereby hangs a tale.

'The memoirs of Maria Stella have been declared libellous, and suppressed, but never confuted. Maria Stella appeared at the age of sixteen upon the stage at Florence, where she married Lord Newborough, and after his decease, Baron Steinberg, a Livonian nobleman. It is well known that she claims to be the child of the heiress of Penthièvre, (who had previously only given birth to females) by the Duke of Chartres, afterwards Egalité, her husband, who in his ambitious anxiety for a male heir, had prepared a boy to substitute for the child about to be born, in case it should not prove a male.

'This changeling, the son of Chiappini, the executioner, and jailor, the authoress asserts to be Louis Philippe,—herself the daughter of Egalité.

'The fact, that there were, at one time, thirteen individuals, each claiming to be the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI, supposed to have perished in the Temple, and that the pretensions of most of them were supported by a strong likeness to the Bourbon family, which probably suggested

the imposture, rendered it easy to throw discredit on the story of Maria Stella, and reduced to slight importance her personal resemblance to the family with which she claimed kindred.

'The utter dissimilitude of Louis Philippe in feature and in character to every branch and member of the Bourbon family, the failure of his partizans to meet and expose the fallacy of Maria Stella's charge, and the sudden wealth of Chiappini, a common hangman, which enabled him to give Maria Stella an expensive education, and to divide, excluding her, a handsome competence amongst his children, are far more significant features of the case.'

Wherever Louis Philippe may have sprung from, here is that catalogue of political sins which hurled him from his throne :—

'Now after seventeen years, what is the picture that France presents? An increase of taxation almost in the proportion, that, since the war, Great Britain has been decreasing hers,—from thirty-eight million under the restoration, to fifty-four under Louis Philippe; the liberty of publication restricted by ruinous securities pre-exacted, and heavy subsequent penalties; political caricature forbidden; forty-three in every forty-four adult Frenchmen without more share in self-government or self-taxation than the beasts of the field; and a system of corruption and patronage at their charge, matured to keep them, if they will submit to it, evermore in that condition.

'For this state of things, the people have a right to accuse of complicity with Louis Philippe, not only the Doctrinaires, not only all who have, under whatever denomination, participated in power, but the wealthy classes, and electoral and parliamentary majorities.

'Before the three days of July, we have men like Guizot, Molé, Dupin, Villemain, and De Broglie, from the professor's chair—from the tribune,—from the columns of the press,—stern in the denunciation of the corruption of that day, or unwearying in their attempts to popularize constitutional government. We have Thiers in the '*National*' advocating ultra-democratical ideas, to be realized through revival and conjunction of the principles of the young republic, the glorious and energetic activity of the empire. We have three-fourths of the opposition, we have three-fourths of the press, from the '*Journal des Debats*', to the '*National*', from Thiers, Guizot, Salvandy, on the grave page of his history, to Victor Hugo in the drama, and Beranger, the *chansonnier*, in his songs, teaching us to exact, and promising that we should obtain, forms of free self-government, which, whether or not resembling, by common accord were to exceed in liberality, those of church-ridden and aristocratic England.

'After that revolution, what do we find, but each unteaching the lesson that he had inculcated, and acting in unblushing contradiction to the convictions he had ostentatiously recorded?

'The puritanical Guizot and his school, who had preached the example of Great Britain, in the language of Geneva, gave us of the British constitution only its oligarchic elements, degraded in their hands from an aristocratic oligarchy, to an oligarchy of wealth of the counter, and

of the '*Bourgeoisie*;' but of the extended representation, of the freedom of the press, and of the personal liberty of Great Britain,—nothing!

'Proud, austere, and incorruptible in seeming, this man, within a few months, lowered the dignity of that France, which once spoke trumpet-tongued in Madrid, Rome and Venice, to the intrigues of a brothel at the court of Spain, to connivance with Austrian tyranny abroad, and with the proven dishonesty, at home, of colleagues in its dishonoured cabinet. We have Thiers, the fiery tribune of the people, the ardent promulgator of unbounded freedom, the apologist of Danton, and panegyrist of the *Mountain*, become monarchical and aristocratic,—'giving and executing,' as Cormenin says, 'pitiless instructions, associating his name with the declaration of a state of siege in Paris, with the massacres of Lyons, with the exploits of the *Rue Transnonain*, with the incarcerations of the Mount St. Michael, with the laws on association, on street cries, on the assizes, and the public papers, in short, with all the laws which have tended to restrain the press, to influence juries, and occasion the dissolution of the National Guard.

'We have Duchatel, whose labours had awakened us to the advantages of commercial liberty, become the instrument of suicidal restriction; we have Humann exhorting to retrenchment, and then acting as the tool of unparalleled expenditure; Charles Dupin, who has done so much to remove our prejudices against England, fanning the flame of Anglo-phobia; and Beaumont and De Tocqueville, the energetic denounciators of negro slavery, voting to please the slave-traders of Nantes.

'We have the '*Debats*' whose owner, Bertin de Vaux, a peerage purchases, and the '*Presse*,' whose proprietor has been bargaining for a peerage, supporting the encroachments of one throne, after contributing to overthrow another,—the '*Commerce*,' and the '*Constitutionnel*' following the fortunes of Thiers. It is not only the paper, or the significance of the banner—their title,—which alters, or the writers who desert it, but they are no less versatile in their convictions, no less shameless in their versatility. Emile de Girardin boasts openly of the subsidy he receives to advocate Russian interests in his columns; the muse of Victor Hugo is extinguished beneath the coronet of the peer; and that irrepressible spirit of Beranger, which no prosecution could quell, is quenched in the torpedo-like embrace of the royalty he helped to establish.

'Step by step these men,—the £90 electors who elect, the deputies elected to constitute the majorities which ministers buy, and the ministers who purchase them,—are joint participators with Louis Philippe, in one stupendous breach of trust, which involves a double aspect, and a double motive. Internally, the betrayal of France's interests, moral and material; externally, the sacrifice of her honour.'—Vol. i. pp. 251—5.

There are numerous statistical facts, of great importance in estimating the progress of Europe, that we should have been glad of space to introduce. The following may close our notice of this work. In the United States, every free adult male shares in the government; in Switzerland, nearly every adult male;

in Norway, a large portion of the population ; in Great Britain, about one in every *seven* male adults ; in Belgium, about *one* in every *twenty-one* ; in France, under Louis Philippe, there were about *one* in *forty-four*.

'In the United States are printed annually seventy-five million newspapers ; in Great Britain, sixty millions ; France, less than *one-fourth* the quantity of matter contained in the above figure.'

But, perhaps, the most striking result of statistical inquiries is to show that liberty and good-living go hand in hand. Our author says :—

'These data furthermore suggest so remarkable a coincidence between the political condition of states and their prosperity and power, that, whether cause or effect, whether symptom or disease, we cannot readily escape the conviction that an indissoluble connection exists between the form of a people's government and its greatness and well-being. Accordingly as a nation is arbitrarily governed or popularly represented, do we find the collective wealth of the community, the revenue it furnishes to the state, the quantity of food its individual members consume, the luxuries they enjoy, and the superfluities they interchange with the stranger.

'Beneath the unmitigated despotism and resolute obscurantism of the Czar, the Russian lives, trades, and contributes to the revenue, as follows :—His staple food is rye and cabbage ; his average consumption of colonial produce is 1lb. 4oz. to 1lb. 9oz. of sugar, and 2½oz. tea ; he trades to the extent of 8s., and contributes to the state 5s. The Austrian, under an absolutism locally modified, and with a rigorous censorship, lives on inferior grains, consumes 2lb. 1½oz. sugar, and contributes to the state about 7s. 7d. The Prussian and German, under illusory constitutions, and a preventative censorship, live—the Prussian on potatoes and rye,—the German on inferior grains. They average a consumption of 4lbs. 14oz. of sugar, 1½lb. of coffee. The estimate of animal food in Prussia is averaged from 15lbs. to 30lbs., and the Prussian contributes rather less than 10s. to the royal treasury. If we now take France, with a representative form of government, in which one adult male in every 44 has till lately been sharing, and with a press which the law persecuted, but could not silence : the Frenchman's staple food is wheat ; he consumes from 6lbs. 10oz. to 7lbs. 4oz. of sugar ; he trades at the rate of 54s., and contributes upwards of 39s. to the state. The Belgian, with a more liberal constitution than the French was, giving to one adult male in every 21 a vote, lives chiefly on wheat, consumes 14lbs. of sugar, contributes 18s. to the state, and trades to the extent of 70s. The inhabitant of Great Britain, whose electors are one in seven, lives on wheat and animal food, consuming, at the lowest calculation, 77lbs. of meat, 19lbs. of sugar, 1½lb. of coffee, 1lb. 9oz. of tea. He trades to the extent of 107s., contributes 35s. to the state, and, in its need, has contributed upwards of 100 with far more facility than the Russian pays his five. The United-States man, thoroughly self-governed, and whose vote

is his birthright, has secured a share of material comfort proportioned to the freedom of his institutions. A choice of grains, 19lbs. of sugar, near 6½lbs. of coffee, nearly 1lb. of tea, and, at the *lowest computation*, 200lbs. of meat, constitute his average food. He has traversed his country with canals and railway lines, almost doubling those of the United Kingdom; and his shipping, more than half that of Great Britain, almost equals the collective navies of all Continental Europe. His trade averaged in 1840, 57s., and the cost of his government was five or six.'—Ib. pp. 285—287.

Thus it seems liberty means something more than the mere power of doing as we please: it means good food, good lodging, good clothing, all sorts of comforts, and plenty of them. The government that withholds liberty, withholds all these from the people, and they who neglect to combine and exert themselves in the cause of constitutional liberty, consent to the poverty of themselves and neighbours, and condemn the helpless and their own children to it. This is a point of view from which it may be well to look habitually at this great question.

ART. VIII.—*Borough Elections Bill.* Introduced by Sir John Hanmer, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Baines. May, 1848.

Bill for Disfranchising the Freemen of the Borough of Great Yarmouth. May 9th, 1848.

Act for Disfranchising the Freemen of the Borough of Great Yarmouth. June 8th, 1848.

Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill. Introduced by Lord John Russell. July, 1848.

'*Electors.—Abstract of Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons*, dated March 12th, 1847;—for,

'Return, in a tabular Form, for the year 1846, of the Number of Electors on the Registers of each County, City, Town, and Borough, in England, Wales, and Scotland, returning Members to Parliament, exhibiting the several Qualifications, and distinguishing those who are required from those who are not required to pay Rates and Taxes, to entitle them to be placed on the Registers.

'Tabular Return of the several Qualifications of Electors in the Counties, Cities, Towns, and Boroughs of England, Wales, and Scotland, which returned Members to Parliament previous to the passing of the Reform Act, distinguishing the Qualifications for which the payment of Rates and Taxes was required, from those of which such payment was not required.

'The £10 voters in each Borough to be classed according to the

annual value at which they are rated in the Parish Books, distinguishing those rated at £10 and not exceeding £15; £15 and not exceeding £20; £20 and not exceeding £25; £25 and not exceeding £30; £30 and not exceeding £40; £40 and not exceeding £50; and classing all those rated at a higher value than £50, according to a scale ascending £20 at each step.

‘ Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 23rd July, 1847.’
751.

In this article we shall attempt to sketch an outline of the evils of the representation under the Reform Act. But this is a task for a volume, if every statement is to be supported by proofs abundant enough to satisfy every doubt, and refute every objection. However, time and space, and the immediate object of the paper, prescribe neither an elaborate dissertation, nor a minutely detailed argument, but a brief and descriptive catalogue of electoral criminalities, compressed within the compass of a few pages. Meanwhile, we shall not hesitate to make our statements with the confidence of those who know their views are the results of faithful investigations, and supported by masses of sworn evidence, recorded by parliament, and published by authority. The assailants of such views will not find them more pregnable because they cannot see all the bulwarks and entrenchments which surround them.

A consequence, to some readers, of the design of the paper, must be an impression of exaggeration, if not of libel. Exaggeration is the word which expresses the feeling with which a man regards a statement or an emotion beyond *his* notion of the requirements of truth, or the demands of the occasion. But after all, who is right, depends on the facts, and he who has examined them most, is likeliest to be right in his expression of sentiments, and in his portraiture of circumstances.

Nobody knows the numbers of the present electoral body. Those who have studied the subject most closely, differ in their guesses by a twelfth, a sixth, a fourth of the whole of the electors of the three kingdoms. The number of men who are voters, is a very different thing from the number of electors, which again differs from the number of actual voters. But the numbers of both, the voters who are registered, and of the men who are voters, are unknown and undiscoverable. This is a fact at which our readers will not be amazed, if they accompany us to the end of this attempt to afford them, as if through chinks and crevices, some glimpses into the electoral system of which they are the victims. Oligarchical power in the representative system walks in darkness.

We may state our numerical guesses. The electors of the

three kingdoms number about 1,100,000. Roundly stated, England has 800,000, Scotland, 85,000, Wales, 50,000, and Ireland, somewhat less than 120,000 electors. But we personally know several rich men, who have many votes, each in different boroughs and counties. We personally know one very poor man, who has assured us he is a registered elector for several counties. The dead are on every register, and vote by personators at every general election. The names on the register of 1846 probably amounted to 1,200,000; the men who are the owners of the names, and the actual electoral body, probably did not exceed 900,000, in the three kingdoms.

Guesses and glimpses are all that can be obtained of the moral condition of the electoral body. But 'appalling' is not too strong a word to describe the emotion these inspire.

'Crime,' to use words we have elsewhere used, 'like a bleeding cancer, has sent its fibres through the whole of the electoral body. The ramifications of crime throughout the electoral body are marvellous, when laid bare by the dissecting knife. Every voter of the million is not a fibre of the cancer, which, in bulk, is a smaller thing than the body in which it thrives; but investigation proves every elector to be either a participator or a victim of the fatal fungi of crime, whose tendrils are intertwined with every part of the representative system of this country. How so much evil has come to affect so many; how the swiftly spreading malady has hitherto escaped systematic exposure; how, until the formation of the Anti-Bribery Society, no men have combined on the determination to affect its extermination, —are facts of the strange and startling kind every now and then exposed to the light, to show how very different the progress of civilization is from the progress of morality. Crime, victorious over all our preventive punishments, menaces the vital functions of the representative system itself, and taints the life's blood, and curbs the pulsations of the very heart of our national and popular morality. The lordliest evil afflicting the people is less class-legislation, than it is legislation issuing from electoral criminality.' This iniquity has now reached such a pitch, that if the people do not destroy it quickly, it will destroy the empire.

The parties guilty of electoral crimes may be classified as candidates, electors, and agents. The law at present professes to punish candidates, and occasionally unseats members, and parliament has on rare occasions disfranchised guilty electors; but agents are continually declared to be guilty of bribery and corruption, and are always allowed by the election committees and the House of Commons to escape unpunished. The members unseated since the Reform Act have all been declared by

the election committees to be innocent of bribery or treating themselves ; but they have been ejected, nevertheless, and made incapable of sitting in that parliament. The members have thus been declared guiltless of knowledge or consent, and yet punished. But as for the agents, they have been found guilty uniformly, and as uniformly let off, unharmed, unpunished, and unblamed. The last parliament punished guilty Sudbury with complete disfranchisement, and last session witnessed the extinction of the electoral privileges of the freemen of Great Yarmouth, and many an aspirant after senatorial consequence has found the expenditure of many thousands of pounds, issue only in exposure and expulsion ; but the agents have lived and prospered by the criminalities, always guilty, always well paid, and always scot-free. Disfranchised electors, and unseated members, may grieve, but the electioneering agents always win and laugh !

We shall turn our attention first to the electors. But here we must be permitted to remark, that of all the documents published as statements of sound representative principles, and known to us, the one called the People's Charter is the most objectionable. Half a century before this document was concocted, the disciples of Major Cartwright, Jeremy Bentham, and Charles James Fox, had held and taught the true principles of representation. But in the year 1838, seven London tradesmen, and seven members of parliament, met together, and drew up this document, and published it, announcing that henceforth the friends and foes of the people would be distinguished by the test of the People's Charter. Many thorough liberals resented this arrogance in 1838, and have seen many reasons to scout it since. In the People's Charter there is scarcely an important word that is well chosen. The word 'charter' is misapplied, in every aspect in which it can be regarded. A charter is a document granted by a king, and conferring certain privileges. But this document is a claim or bill of rights. By calling the claim to the suffrage a charter, a thing conferred by royalty, either the divine right of kings is acknowledged, or else the absurdity is perpetrated, of asking the sovereignty of the people from the chief magistrate of the country. Friends of constitutional monarchy cannot approve of the charter, because it recognizes in the monarch a superiority to the people, which has no sanction in the constitution of 1688. This document uses the phrase, universal suffrage, to describe a suffrage which excludes women and children, and which includes only about a fifth of the universal humanity it professes to enfranchise. It is ridiculous to attach importance to annual parliaments, and denounce, as hostile to popular rights, the man who prefers

triennial. Mr. Bentham has given the weight of his authority to annual parliaments, recommending, however, to secure the continuity of business, a clumsy enough contrivance, which he calls continuation committees, to consist of members who have important bills on hand. Reformers, who attach more importance to responsibility than to legislation, will prefer annual to triennial parliaments; and certainly, a single year is eleven months too long of the members who obtain seats by popular pretences, which they use for their personal aggrandizement. But annual parliaments would prove either to be perpetual seats, or annual interruptions of legislative business. However, the difference between annual and triennial parliaments is, according to the People's Charter, too important a matter for reformers to agree to differ about it. There is another mistake in the wording of the charter, of greater practical importance than any of the others, a mistake which is very extensively copied by reformers,—‘equal electoral districts.’ This phrase does not express the meaning of the ‘persons who use it. They mean an equal distribution of electoral power. They mean, that the vote of every elector shall have precisely an equal weight in the vote lists with the vote of every other elector. Equal electoral districts suggest the idea of cutting the country up into squares, like a chess-board. What justice requires is, that every man should be a voter, and every vote equal in legislative influence. The charter, therefore, by using the phrase, electoral districts, does not express what its framers meant, and what justice requires, and needlessly rouses against the cause the hostility of all the amiable associations, ancient prejudices, and practical utilities, connected with the present divisions of the country into counties, cities, and boroughs. There is a practical advantage lost by calling a just distribution of electoral power, equal electoral districts, because reformers are obliged to assume a defensive position, instead of occupying the best aggressive position from which the present representative system can be assailed.

The defenders of the existing system have to prove, that an elector of a small borough ought to have manifold more electoral power, in proportion, than the elector of a large borough. The Reform Act has been uniformly passed off, as a real enfranchisement of the middle classes of the three kingdoms. Upon this false impression, the working classes have been taught by mischievous men to hate them, as their greatest enemies. The middle classes, themselves, until recently believed in their own vast consequence. In truth they are vastly insignificant. But, to persuade them that they would henceforth be supreme, was the great object of Whig eloquence, in the days of ‘the bill,

the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.' They were told they were the safest depositories of political power. Their mental activity, their sterling virtues, their happy attachment both to order and to progress, entitled them to be predominant; and they were lifted into the place of power by the Reform Act. An investigation of the distribution of electoral power will destroy the mischievous belief which the working classes hold, that the middle classes have acted treacherously by them. They say, 'We assisted them at the time of the Reform Bill to gain their rights, and now they combine with the oligarchy to keep us out of our rights.' This erroneous impression is a source of much bad feeling. The middle classes have been admitted into only the most insignificant and fractional share of the electoral power. When the working classes walked in great processions, making demonstrations of their physical and numerical strength in favour of the bill, they knew that the Reform Bill did not profess to represent them, and deprived them of the franchises they had from the days of old. But they believed the deception, that the bill would really enfranchise the middle classes, in whose generosity to themselves they placed a noble confidence. Who can now look back to the flatteries and the gullibility of the time without a bitter smile? We have heard the ten-pound householders publicly prayed for, and specifically described from the pulpit as 'the powers that be.' They began to believe themselves somebodies, and have even been known to make jokes upon dukes. Parliamentary orators told them they were neither the froth at the top, nor the dregs at the bottom, of the social pewter pot, but the good liquor in the middle. There was a monarch of the middle classes set up in France. There was a parliament of the middle classes chosen in England. The shopocracy were declared to be supreme. The reign of the middle classes had commenced. From the highest to the lowest quarters, the word of command passed to all,—'Off hats to his Highness, Prince Counter, and his Majesty, King Till.'

The most extravagant notions prevailed respecting the feat of statesmanship, accomplished by the Reform Act in those days. Deluded patriotism inspired the eloquence of partizanship. Whig wisdom had saved the country. Grey, Russell, and Brougham, had averted the horrors of revolution. The Lord Advocate Jeffrey compared the settlement of the representation to the act of creation 'which divided the waters under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.' Beautiful, indeed, henceforth was to be the political sky, and placid henceforth the political sea. Thanks to the Whigs, there would be storms no more!

The enfranchisement of the middle classes, the false pretence

of 1832, is displayed in its true colours when the distribution of electoral power under the Reform Act is carefully considered. By using the phrase 'equal electoral districts,' the Radicals enabled the Whigs to declaim against 'a geographical reform.' A just distribution of electoral power, according to population, was scouted as 'the rule of three representative system.' But, in fact, in so far as it embodied any notions of justice and improvement, the Reform Act professed to defer to the rule of three. Prescription, privilege, and vested right, were abandoned as the basis of the suffrage. Sixty boroughs were disfranchised, because their population was under 2000. Forty-seven boroughs were disfranchised of half their members, because their population was under 4000. Members were given to several new boroughs, because they had large populations, of many thousands. The authors of the Reform Act, therefore, went upon the rule of three, and worked their questions badly.

The statistical and arithmetical aspect of the Reform Act would be a rich and amusing subject to any one who should bring out all its anomalies. We can only show a few specimens. The populations of Tavistock and Glasgow, according to the Whig rule of three, both hold the same relations to 2, for both return two members. The population of Tavistock is 6000, and the population of Glasgow is 350,000, therefore, according to the Whig way of working the rule of three, as 6000 to 2, so is 350,000 to 2. The following are five of the largest boroughs returning two members, with the number of their electors on the roll of 1846 :—

Glasgow	12,000
Manchester	12,841
Marylebone	15,662
Finsbury	15,921
Tower Hamlets	18,748
	75,172

The following are five of the smallest boroughs returning two members, with the number of their electors on the roll of 1846 :—

Thetford	214
Andover	243
Marlborough	262
Richmond	283
Tavistock	315
	1,317

The five great and the five small boroughs equally count ten in their representatives, before the tellers in the vote lists, and

in the making of the laws ! As 75,172 to 10, so is 1,317 to 10, according to the Whig rule of three ! But we can only indicate the arithmetical sport, if the phrase is pardonable, which this distribution of electoral power affords to the student.

This iniquitous distribution of electoral power furnishes the election agents with a congenial element on which to work successfully.

The foundation of the criminal power of the agent is his attention to the Register. When Sir Robert Peel was building up the Conservative party, he cried, 'Register ! register ! register !' This cry is the motto of the agent. The Registration Court is his workshop. When we wish to look closely at the workings of the electoral system, and to obtain glimpses of its darker recesses, we must observe the agent in the Registration Court.

The superior class of attorneys will not be electioneering agents. These persons are, frequently, men possessed of great knowledge, great talents, and cunning, the natural element of whose souls is dirt. 'It is believed,' says the *Times*, 'that a biographical dictionary of that order of electioneering agents, who force their assistance upon the acceptance of a wealthy candidate, would afford as many examples of cunning and audacious frauds as any edition of the *Newgate Calendar*.' But, of this class of men, more than of any other, the House of Commons is the creature.

The electioneering agent forces himself upon the wealthy candidate. Indeed, he and the property qualification together, take care that no man shall be a candidate who does not pay black mail to him. The agent is the Rob Roy of the constituency, and his alternatives are black mail, or war to the knife. No man is such a stickler for a property qualification in candidates. In fact, the truest definition of this qualification, which could be adopted, would be—*fleecibility* to the attorneys. It is an act for ensuring a feathered class of candidates, for the benefit of those to whom their feathers are beneficial.

The Registration Court, professedly set up for the purification of the Register, is a great scene for the frauds of the Parliamentary agent. He appears in the Registration Court, to attack or to defend votes without any written authority, or being asked any questions. The purification of the Register is the pretext for his appearance, while he, a white-robed innocent, is the author of most of its pollutions. He objects to a vote when the list is made up, without any reference to the law, upon the chance that the vote will not be defended before the revising barrister. The sharpest of sharp attorneys, he speculates upon the legal difficulties. The Parliamentary agent is to the attor-

ney, what the attorney is to the rest of the human race, and to his zeal and worth is intrusted the battle of the Constitution, as fought in the Registration Courts. He makes a hundred objections, on the chance of succeeding in twenty cases. His skill consists in selecting the votes which are least likely to be defended, owing to the age, infirmities, distance, or absence of the voters. He has been known to succeed in placing on the roll, the names of persons who not merely had no votes, but who had no existence. An accident may enable him to strike off the roll, and disfranchise, the most respectable and best qualified of citizens. A futile attempt has been made to stop his career, by imposing upon him the payment of costs for frivolous objections. However, his cunning soon surmounted this obstacle. Liabilities of this description are nothing to men well-known to have often been cunning enough to enfranchise the non-existent and poll the dead! The decisions of the revising barristers are full of contradictions, and the Registration Law is full of disputed points—and he is the very imp of sharpness, trickery, and fraud.

The knowledge he possesses of the Register, and his attention to it, year after year, enables him to force himself upon the candidate, whose wealth he wishes to share. But the Parliamentary agent has a grander and darker aspect. He is the creator of a suffrage. He has brought into existence a class of voters, who live, and breathe, and have their being in him. To enfranchise the non-existent and poll the dead, were small and petty feats, compared with deciding the fate of cities and counties by a spawn of his own, an incubation of perjury, more strange and wonderful, than the marvels ascribed to the electricity of Mr. Crosse. The Registration Court is the scene of this marvellous iniquity. It is in no den of criminal resort, but in the temple set up by the Constitution for the purification of the electoral system, that he hatches his monstrous and obnoxious brood of perjury voters. We say *perjury* voters, advisedly and irrefutably.

The Whig and Tory parties have both employed the Parliamentary agent, in the creation of this perjury suffrage. It is a bootless, a Danaïdes crime. All parties have been guilty of it; but we submit, the guilt rests most on those men who have made the loudest professions of reform, while really engaged in a series of crimes; by means of frauds and perjuries. Almost since the year of the Reform Act, the electioneering agent has been at work in the fabrication of fictitious qualifications for votes, which thousands of men have used by swearing they were real, and themselves *bona fide* electors. It were hard to say if any party has gained by the iniquity. If the Tories have

gained seats in some counties, the Liberals have gained in other counties. The resident and honest electors are cheated out of their rights, public morals are outraged, and the Parliamentary agents prosper by involving both parties in profitless contentions.

To approach closer to this strange and monstrous birth of Parliamentary agency. According to the Reform Act, to be a county voter in England, a man must have property worth forty shillings a-year, and in Scotland it must be worth ten pounds a-year. Himself or his tenants must possess it. He must enjoy the profits of it. Possession on paper, or profits on paper, will not do; the possession must be, and the profits must be, real, actual, and substantial. Legal fictions will not do, and paper will not do, for the Act contemplates nothing but reality. The law says, they must possess or enjoy the profits of land worth ten pounds, or forty shillings—must be duly registered—their qualification specified, and take an oath, the intention of which is, that they shall swear all is right. In the multitude of questions there is safety. By questioning over and over, and questioning again and again, and exhausting every possible supposition, and every possible way of supposing and questioning—by unstopping the ears—by discriminating between the imaginary voices which the desires and prejudices prompt, and the real voices of the things themselves—and by listening humbly to the still small syllabic sounds of the facts themselves, the true nature of the subject of inquiry will be revealed if uncovered at all, and the truth heard, if heard at all, or ever. Now, apply this exhaustive method of questioning to the strange voters who carried the election in Peeblesshire. Were they possessed of freeholds? Not one of them has a foot of land in the county. Did they receive rents or profits from any land? Not one of them received a penny. Did their agents receive rents for them? They had not a single agent in the county. Were they paper voters? Did they hold a fictitious possession, and receive fictitious rents on paper? Were they possessed of sham account books? They were never intrusted with the books and papers relating to their own votes, for a single hour. The political agent of the Conservative party kept them all the while. Possessed neither of lands, rents, nor papers! What qualification had these important voters? What enabled them to carry the election? They were duly registered by fraud, and they swore they were duly qualified by perjury.

This is the suffrage, of which the qualification is simply perjury. The man is a voter because he swears that he possesses what he does not possess—receives what he does not receive, and is what he is not. Infuse into one of these voters a con-

science which will not allow him to swear falsely, and you disqualify him. A qualm of conscience might strike him off the roll. Perjury is the beginning, the middle, and the end of this suffrage. It is not a fictitious or a paper, but it is simply a perjury qualification. Were the political or electioneering agent to be seized with a fit of veracity, the whole fabrication would explode. The system is kept up by the perjuries of the voters, and the electioneering agent protects them with a hedge of ever-sprouting perjuries. False oaths make juggleries, realities; frauds, fair dealings; and forgeries, regular business transactions. Sometimes sums of money are employed collusively in ledger-deman payments, which are all made real by hundreds of false oaths, and then the money is returned just as it was received, like a ring lent to a conjurer,—broken into pieces, and then restored to its owner as whole as ever. The perjury votes are surrounded with as many perjuries as a hedge-hog has bristles. But this suffrage has returned many Honourable Gentlemen. Perjurers and suborners are, by the actual working of the law, liable to become, according to circumstances, convicts in prisons, or transported felons, or the arbiters of elections, or officials of the Government. The deed which sends one man to the hulks, sends another to the legislature. Small criminality in perjury may cause a man to be transported, and very great criminalities in perjuries may elevate him to a place among the advisers of Her Majesty. It is exceedingly unjust to charge these members on any occasion whatever, with a betrayal of their constituents, however they may change their principles to serve their interests. Their constituents are not men, but frauds. Loyalty to principle would be treason to their origin, and an adherence to truth and justice would be a treachery to their constituency, on the part of the representatives of many thousands of perjuries. However, woe be to the perjurers and suborners, had they been found out attempting to obtain by false oaths, the acquittal of any young and mistaught child of crime, guilty of stealing the worth of a few shillings! In such cases the law assigns them imprisonment and transportation. But the law is far gentler to suborners and perjurers, if they only rob a few counties of their legislative power, and send an impersonation of perjuries to the deliberations of the Senate and the councils of the Sovereign.

Some men, from an amiable inclination to think well of persons they know, are unwilling to admit the existence of this kind of franchise; we must therefore adduce proofs. Many men, whose consciences have been rotted by electioneering experience, deny that the enfranchising thing is perjury; we wish we could not prove it.

Ever since the passing of the Reform Act, political agents have been at work, in the fabrication of what are mildly called fictitious, faggot, or paper votes. Mr. Robert Haldane, the Liberal political agent at Galasheils, in his evidence before Mr. Horsman's committee on fictitious votes, (Scotland) 1837, gives us a glimpse of the first appearance in Selkirkshire of the perjury electors. Mr. Haldane's suspicions had been roused by the addition, in 1833, to the small constituency of Selkirkshire, consisting of 180 votes, of no less than seventy-three new Tory claimants, registered as joint proprietors, life renters, or joint tenants. One, Brydon, a farmer at Moodlaw, had enfranchised, among others, his nephew, a Mr. William Brydon. At the election in 1835, Mr. Robert Haldane caused the oath of trust to be administered to Mr. William Brydon. 'It was towards the end of the polling, the sheriff said to him, 'Hold up your hand to take the oath.' He said, 'I want to know what I have to swear first.' The sheriff read, 'I, William Brydon;' and when he came to 'I hold the same for my own benefit, and not in trust for any other person,' he remarked, 'No, I will not swear that, because my uncle did not tell me so,' and then he walked away.'

William Brydon was the fictitious voter of 1835, with a conscience which scrupled at decisively enfranchising himself by perjury. But thousands of electors have become bold in crime, in the last dozen years. William Brydon, be it noted, lost his vote by having a conscience. He would not swear falsely, and had therefore to walk away; but thousands since have hardened their hearts against the risk of a false oath, and the hardness has carried them through the polling booth triumphantly. Whatever legality may say, morality will regard as similarly if not equally criminal, the man who exercises a privilege to which he has no title, while ready to swear falsely, and the man who does it after swearing falsely. The identity of their guilt is dependant upon the accident of the administration of the oath.

We shall avail ourselves here of a statement of facts, which will be found in a speech 'On the Distribution of Electoral Power,' by Mr. John Robertson. He is asserting that the Reform Act gives the largest proportions of electoral power to the worst electors, and the smallest proportions to the best electors, and is proving his point by samples of counties and boroughs. Respecting counties, he says,—

'Middlesex, North and South Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, are the great seats of British commerce and manufactures, of wealth, enterprise, independence, and intelligence. These three counties contained in 1846, 85,422 electors, three-fourths of whom are freeholders. These 85,000 electors return eight members. The Reform

Act gives 10,000 or 11,000 of them the power of returning one member. Now let us turn to eight other counties, which also return eight members. The counties of Bute, Caithness, Elgin, Linlithgow, Nairn, Orkney, Selkirk, and Sutherland, contain 3,770 electors on the register of 1846. When they pass the tellers in the divisions of the House of Commons, the eight members for these 3,700 electors are exactly the equals in the vote lists, and in the business of legislation, of the eight representatives of the 85,000 electors of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex. In Whig arithmetic, 3,000 is equal to 85,000! The independence, wealth, respectability, and intelligence of the freeholders of the three greatest English counties are facts known to all men. But let us look closely at their electoral and legislative equals in Bute, Caithness, Elgin, Linlithgow, Nairn, Orkney, Selkirk, and Sutherland. Let us inspect the 3,000 who, in Whig eyes, are worth the 85,000 independent freeholders. In these counties there are a few independent electors, but they are swamped by servile tenants and fictitious voters. Some of these tenants are well known to me, and have themselves told me, indignantly and bitterly, that they have no alternative between voting for the nominees of their landlords, and seeing the ruin of themselves and their families stare them in the face. Of the fictitious voters, two reports of committees of the House of Commons, in large blue-books, furnish me with impressive characteristics. They enable me, supported by them, and by evidence which has been sworn in courts of law, to declare that these fictitious or faggot voters are enfranchised by perjury. 85,400 independent electors are nullified by 3,700 electors; and in this small body itself, the independent and resident electors are nullified, swamped, and overborne by servile tenants, and strangers who owe their votes to nothing but their willingness to swear falsely. With your permission, I will read the extracts from the report of the committee on fictitious votes in 1838, which prove these facts. Though referring more particularly to Selkirkshire and Peebleshire, the committee say these are merely samples of the Scotch counties. This iniquity prevails also in England, as is proved by the evidence published by the committee on votes of electors in 1846. I will now read the extracts from the report on fictitious votes, or, as they are called, colourable life-rents. 'But where, as has frequently been the case, the franchise has been obtained by a mere colourable acquisition of such life-rents, they think they ought to direct the attention of the House to the following circumstances, which usually attend these transactions. The deeds are made out in the last week in January, so as just to complete the six months' possession necessary for registration. The subject disposed of seldom passes into the hands of the life-renters, but remains in the occupation of the disponent, who receives back a lease of it from the disponees, generally of the same date, and always of the same duration, as his own disposition to them. The price, which is fixed by annuity tables, according to the age of the purchasers, is not paid, but a bill for the amount is given, the interest of which is about equivalent to the rent received by the parties in return. There are few instances of these bills being paid up, nor can it be doubted that payment of them is not expected to be enforced. The transaction, moreover, is not pre-

ceded by search of incumbrances, or any inquiry into the real value of the rent, as is invariably the case in purchases of real property. The delivery of the deed, which is essential in law to the completing of a transaction, is virtually evaded, either by the same individual being employed to act as agent for both buyer and seller, or by a more formal delivery of the disposition being gone through before witnesses, after which it is immediately restored to the party granting it, in whose custody it remains. Lastly, infestment seldom follows on these transactions, though in cases of actual sale, it is not only usual, but essential to the security of the buyer.' But the committee pourtray a darker species of this crime:—'Cases have also been brought before the committee, of individuals making single purchases for the sake of the vote, in which the purchasers, being unprovided with the means of paying, have been assisted with the necessary sum by some political agent or partizan, who takes over the property so acquired as security for the loan advanced. It appears that agents are regularly employed, not only in looking out for properties to be bought for political purposes, but also in affording the necessary facility, by loans to indigent purchasers, who are induced to take them. The consequence is, that the vote thus acquired can never afterwards be exercised but at the will of the creditor. He may demand payment of the sum lent by him, at any moment, and if his demand be not complied with within six days, he may proceed instantly to attach the person of his debtor, and by a second process to obtain possession of the property. It is obvious, then, that in the cause of a poor man thus situated, neither the interest in the property, nor the vote derived from it, belong to him so much as to his creditor, and that he is a mere tool in the hands of another, who, by this species of right, acquires over a considerable portion of the constituency, a power which may be exercised in a very mischievous and objectionable manner.' Realize the position of this debtor, with six days between him and a jail, if he refuses to vote as bidden, or recoils from completing his qualification, by swearing, if called upon, by Almighty God, and as he shall answer at the day of judgment, that he has the property which he has not. The outcast child of the streets who steals a purse may be transported by criminal law; but to make a man perjure his soul in politics is clever electioneering, winked at by the Legislature, and abetted by his Grace the Duke.'

But we must hurry on to complete our brief sketch of the iniquities of which the electioneering agent is the chief actor. There are many before us. In parting with the master-piece of his skill, the perjury suffrage, we cannot help noting the period in which he has successfully done it, and the insight it gives us into the actual morality of the age.

Some journals have expressed their astonishment at the perpetration of fraud, perjury, and subornation, by persons of respectability. The denouncers of their crimes do it gingerly and tenderly. They betray a fear of the social power of the criminals. They hesitate their denunciation. They call perjury-

votes paper-votes, and fraud fiction. They are gentlemen of station, education, wealth,—farmers, lawyers, squires, peers, capitalists, manufacturers, and members of parliament, and members of government. Yet were the fashion of the Middle Ages prevalent in these days, and public questions settled by public disputations, a fearless Abelard, or an admirable Crichton, might maintain victoriously, in a dialectical tournament, against all comers, that the crimes of these gentlemen,—learned, honourable, right honourable, and noble, though they be called,—surpass in criminality, the crimes committed by nine-tenths of the young creatures whom we condemn to fester in wickedness, in our prisons and our penal colonies.

The perjury suffrage has sprung up in the presence of many agitations for universal suffrage, or rather, as it ought to be called, manhood suffrage. In the last fifteen years, a great body of our population have, under different leaders and organizations, been agitating for the possession of the suffrage by every man of sane mind, and unstained by crime. They have had a thousand prisoners for their principles. They have sought the enfranchisement of every man, by means of declamations, demonstrations, and clamour; and the working classes have, in the pursuit of their object, shown great zeal, and much endurance, and many men endowed with the gifts of popular eloquence. Meanwhile, undetected, unexposed, undenounced by these agitators for an infinitesimal portion of electoral power, a few scores of unscrupulous men have seized, by fraud and perjury, the dominancy of many most important seats. But practical efficiency is not the characteristic of the orators of the political tea-parties. While they have been eloquent about universal rights, and indulging in the quackeries of torch-light meetings, or land colonies, or labour banks, or mischievously shedding blood, or seditiously earning imprisonments, perjury has rushed to the poll, and returned the members.

The electioneering agent makes himself powerful in the constituency, and necessary to the wealthy candidate. His traffic in seats is notorious. By means of cliques, he does what the boroughmongers did. The parliamentary agents are as much boroughmongers as ever were the personages partially abolished by the Reform Act, and unquestionably they are boroughmongers of a worse description. Their cliques are called reform societies, or conservative societies. In some of these associations, there is ostensibly a great deal of discussion about the sentiments and characters, the opinions and eligibility of candidates. But these are only the show-subjects of inquiry. The uninitiated members are amused before they are sold. The sum the candidate will spend upon the attorneys is the point upon which

his acceptance really turns. Woe be to the candidate who refuses to spend a single sixpence illegally. No matter how unanimously the society may have selected him, he never will be returned. Every engine of deception, calumny, fraud, and treachery, will do their worst against him. 'The candidate who buys the agent will buy the seat, and while he retains them by satisfying their rapacity, will enjoy his possession snugly and comfortably. Amusing and curious stories are told of the rapacity of these agents. Recently, at Cambridge, Mr. Manners Sutton was severely reprimanded by his constituents for inconsistency as a politician and unfaithfulness as a representative, in having voted for free trade in food. But the real meaning was, 'Down with the ready.' If the money had been all right, the tergiversation would have been all right. But the attorneys of the Cambridge Fens are nothing to the attorneys of the Kent Hills. Mr. David Salomons stood for Maidstone in 1841, unsuccessfully, and paid his expenses duly. But the Maidstone agents told him, 'We will be glad to have you, but nine years ago there was a Liberal candidate who stood, and did not pay his expenses, and we will have no Liberal candidate who will not pay his own expenses, and the old score of the Liberal of nine years ago.'

Seats are sold in divers ways. The agreement most preferred by candidates is to pay a certain sum per head for every voter. Sometimes the agreement between the candidate and the agent is for a certain sum, if successful, and a certain less sum, if unsuccessful. For large sums, the agent will guarantee a successful return. Candidates of experience regard nothing with greater dread than an appearance of generosity on the part of an agent. The candidate 'who has been once burnt' trembles when he hears the agent offering 'to do it as a friend.' The wise candidate prefers to agree to pay exact, even if large sums.

'An eminent tradesman, of the west end of London, tells the following anecdote:—He was asked by a friend if he knew a suitable candidate for a seat. On reflection, he thought he knew 'the very man.' Unfortunately for himself, this very man had some experience of electioneering tricks. After ascertaining all preliminaries about suitable principles and views, the gentleman asked how much money he would be expected to spend. The reply was—that it had been customary, hitherto, for the candidate to pay a third, and the constituency two-thirds, of the legal and proper expenses, but, if he chose, he might be returned purely and for nothing. 'But surely,' said the gentleman to the tradesman, 'you will expect a commission for the recommendation.' 'I have never thought of such a thing, and have not the least wish or expectation of such a thing, but I

will take as much commission as you like.' 'But if you will have nothing,' continued the other, 'the gentleman who introduces me to the constituency, your friend, will expect something.' 'He bid me offer to return you entirely free of expense.' The offer was too good. All could not be right. A panic of suspicion was roused by proceedings so irregular and unusual, and disinterested; and the gentleman lost being returned to Parliament purely, by rejecting the negotiation, in a fit of terror lest he should be ruined by sharpers.'

The agent is frequently a proprietor of the newspaper of his party, which circulates among the constituency. A curious illustration of the connection between a certain class of journalists and the electioneering agents, appeared in an advertisement in the London journals, just prior to the general election of last year. A company of attorneys announced to intending candidates that they had all the machinery requisite to carry out the election of an M.P., including registries, canvassing clerks, and 'writers of eminence.' If the editor be not a man of independence and talent, the agent will, as a proprietor, and attorney for proprietors, often be able to compel him to support a candidate of whom he does not approve. Really 'able editors,' of course, defy such dictation. An electioneering agent at Glasgow, during the general election, ousted Dr. Mackay from the editorship of the *Glasgow Argus*, for refusing to wheel round and attack Mr. John Macgregor, whose unrivalled claims the journal had always supported. The editor, like a man of spirit, spurned the dictation, published the affair, and, proving too strong for the agent, the candidate who paid him was defeated, and the newspaper is defunct. But the fact is well known, that the press is one of the engines at the command of the agents for electioneering purposes.

By his connection with the publicans, the parliamentary agent strengthens the hold he derives from his registration proceedings upon the constituency and the candidate. He gives his I. O. U. to the publicans of the open houses. By hundreds of 'brandies,' and thousands of 'gins,' he keeps the electors together, whom he sells to the highest bidder. His screen, or blind, or cloak, —the reform society, or the conservative association, always meets in a tavern, and commonly one frequented by the different lodges, friendly societies, and clubs of the working classes. Through the publican, the lawyer learns every man's price. The lawyer and the publican have an equal interest in the moral destruction of the electors. They thrive by moral death,—like authentic vampires of souls, as they are! Liquid fire destroys men for them. They prepare the apotheosis of the lawgiver, by means of the fire-waters of the Evil Spirit.

Survey the powers now accumulated in the hands of the ever-busy parliamentary agent. He is the lawyer who enforces the payment of their rents upon needy tenants. He is the man who wields the terrible coercions of seven-day leases, of distress warrants, of executions and ejectments. He is the executioner of the legal tortures by which the needy tenant is degraded into a voting machine. By his cunning, he has struck many righteous voters off the roll, and deterred many men, justly entitled, from lodging their claims, for fear of much cost and great trouble,—of annoyance and vexation in establishing them. His perjury voters overwhelm the roll. Prepared in these multifarious ways for the election, he is not merely indispensable to the wealthy candidate he has preferred, but, in the guise of his slave, he is his lord. When both parties have been criminal alike, and have abundant funds, the contested election is just a battle of crimes.

As the polling day approaches, voters are enveigled away to great distances, or forcibly abducted by fighting-men, until they promise their votes; or, if they refuse, they are kept cooped in the gardens of noble lords, or in taverns, or on river-islands, until the polling is over.

But the night prior to the polling-day is the dark time of electoral crime. The open houses are full. The market of consciences is at its height. The constituency is divided into wards, and in each the electioneering agent has his emissaries, who are flitting about mysteriously, and holding their secret interviews. Cunning-eyed myrmidons of the lawyers' offices enter the houses of honest men on this evening, the thresholds of which at any other time they would not dare to cross. The virtuous wife listens anxiously to the whispered inducements and the golden clinkings, which too often unman and debase the partner of her life. By other hearths, the base wife loudly joins the corrupter in the seduction. Many homes are without their men, husbands, fathers, sons, brothers. These are in the taverns: but there are hundreds of them who will be out all night. Large cellars and lofts are fitted up with every means of drunkenness, and in them the bribed voters are kept confined throughout the night, to be ready for the opening of the poll in the morning. The price some men put upon their consciences can on this night be estimated to a pound. Generally Radicals, they hate both the parties to whom they prostitute themselves, and where a Radical candidate stands, they will come to the committee-room, saying, 'The Whigs pay fifteen and the Tories pay twenty pounds, but we think you best for the nation, and will vote for you for ten pounds.' Five pounds is thus the price of the conscience. Through holes in doors or in walls, the

hands of persons unseen pass the bribery money. In some constituencies, there are some electors who make up their rents from bribes. During the night, they get paid for promises to break their promises, they receive bribes all round, and then vote for the party whose fighting men have kidnapped them, and locked them up, and carried them to the poll at the polling hour. It is a contest of boxes of gold. However, of all the demon scenes, the political agent is the life, and soul, and lord. Of these pandemoniums he is the hero. Of this hideous and monstrous creation of crime he is the king. Fraud has disfranchised for him. Law has entrapped for him. Perjury has enfranchised for him. Gold sparkles with a soul-destroying spell for him. Drunkenness prostrates reason for him. Violence wields brutal bludgeons for him. To help him, on hundreds of tables and in thousands of hands, the pleasant poisons gleam, many-hued, in crystal, amidst the fumes of tobacco, the music of debauchery, and the brawls of riot. As for the candidate, he is the automaton of the agent, going where told, speaking when told, and obediently blind, or dumb, or deaf. It is the hour of the genius of demoralization, and he reigns over all, and pervades all in this dismal midnight market of souls. For the time he is the anarch of the moral world,—

‘With havoc and ruin his game.’

Chaotic crime is creating the British lawmakers !

‘But there are tribunals for the punishment of electoral criminalities,’ it may be remarked, ‘election committees, *qui tau* actions, etc.’ Undoubtedly there are, but the electoral system has been well called, ‘one vast lie,’ and wherever you go into it, you find falseness, and always encounter, beyond the whitewash, rottenness. Of no part of the system is this more true, than of the processes for the punishment of electoral offences.

The committees which sit for the trial of controverted elections have just afforded one chance more for the man of the longest purse. They are machines for taming independent members. Terrified by the prospect of ruin, members of moderate fortune, who would not willingly ask a favour of any party chiefs, find themselves suddenly obliged to entreat them to use their influence to get a petition quashed. Colonel Thompson it was, we think, who once declared in the House, that ‘he had been virtually thrown down at the door of the House of Commons, and robbed of two thousand pounds.’ Mr. Reynolds, the member for Dublin, was returned by popular enthusiasm, without expense. But he has been compelled to ask the aid of the subscriptions of his party, to prevent his being ruined by a vexatious and iniquitous petition.

The first session of this Parliament will be memorable for the exposure which has signalized it, of the rottenness of the Reform Act. Probably, more than five-sixths of the improper returns have escaped notice, been compromised, managed, hushed up. But the effluvia of about fifty cases has reached the public nostrils. Hence the attempts of Lord John Russell to construct sewer traps! These exposures have not taken place because the constitution provides any regular means for the detection of electoral criminalities. The tendencies of the law and practice are all the other way. The exposures have taken place because in the committees the guiltiest, if the richest, candidate, has a machinery provided for him, which gives him a chance of gaining the seat by an expenditure of money.

When Lord John Russell legislates against electoral criminalities, imposture is sure to receive an additional and ingenious illustration. While public indignation was fresh against the exposures, Sir John Hanmer introduced a bill which provided for inquiry on the spot, by commissioners paid by the Treasury. It gained favour with the House, and Lord John said it was so admirable, he would abandon his own, and adopt it. But he adopted it only to abandon it in its turn, and to introduce a third bill, entitled—‘A Bill to provide for Inquiry into the Existence of Corrupt Practices at Elections of Members to serve in Parliament, in certain cases.’ This, in truth, is a bill to prevent inquiry in all future cases. The motive for incurring the risk, expense, and trouble, of the election committees has been the hope or prospect of the seat. Hence the exposures. Lord John Russell has provided against them in future, by two measures of this session, one of them already the law of the land. This is an Act on the subject of Recognizances. No electoral criminalities can be exposed, unless there be £2000 to back the evidence, and the petitioners enter into recognizances for the amount. There is an officer called the examiner of recognizances, whose duty it is to see that they are sufficient. A recognizance is a document in which a man declares himself, on oath before a magistrate, to be bound to pay a certain sum of money, if called upon in certain circumstances specified. Hitherto, the recognizances have been held to be sufficient, if the examiner certified the fact. But by the new Act, the member may contest the sufficiency of the recognizances before the committee, and increase the expenses and uncertainties of the struggle. This is another advantage given to the rich man, or the man backed by riches. This is an additional obstacle interposed to the exposure of electoral criminalities. To be armed with truth is nothing in this affair. Truth without two thousand pounds is nought. But truth, *with* two thousand, (unless every

technicality has met with the most scrupulous compliance, and the preliminary facts and forms connected with the money have come forth victorious from a contest, before the most expensive and uncertain tribunals in the world,) is now good for nothing towards the trial of a controverted election. What is this Act, but one for the hushing up of corrupt practices?

The bill, the third of the anti-bribery bills of the session, will assist the Act, in covering up and concealing the offences for whose exposure it professedly provides. This bill destroys the motive which has caused the exposures,—the prospect of the seat. When the corrupt practices are proved before the committee, it recommends the appointment of a select committee; and if this body report in favour of an inquiry on the spot, the petitioning candidate will not be seated, but the borough will be disfranchised. The corrupt practices will be proved to be customary, and then the petitioner has expended many thousands of pounds for the destruction of his influence in the constituency, and its electoral extinction, with all his hopes of ever representing it, or any borough similar to it. The collection of evidence, the backing it with £2000, the proving the sufficiency of the recognizances before the examiner, and then before the committee, and then establishing the existence of the corrupt practices, by witnesses, whose evidence is disfranchising themselves without benefitting the petitioning candidate, vast expenses, anxieties, and uncertainties, which end, not in becoming an honourable gentleman with an affix to his name, but in being the object of the hatred and revenge of a corrupt and disfranchised constituency, the marked man of the election agents,—who is ever likely henceforth to be a petitioner against an undue return?

The effect of this bill must be, to make agents, candidates, and electors, enter into compacts against petitioning. None of them has anything to gain by it; they must all lose by it. This bill provides for inquiry by making hushing the interest of everybody.

Public opinion is not healthy on the subject of electoral criminality. Such legislation as we have described, could not have been proposed, if the people regarded these iniquities as they appear in the light of the Bible. A bribe is a price paid for the power to oppress. The fruit of electoral bribery is oppressive taxation—taxation bearing lightly on the bribers and bribe-takers, and heavily upon the industrious and the poor. The chief shape in which the unhealthiness of the public mind shows itself, is in an unwillingness to believe in the extent of the criminality. But attention to the subject would destroy all doubts. A gentleman, long a member of parliament, has de-

clared the result of his knowledge to be, 'of the six hundred and fifty-eight members, there are not more than the odd fifty-eight who are returned purely.' The indisposition to receive painful convictions, which is the chief screen of evil and crime, and in some, a sign of sympathy with the criminalities, will induce many persons to regard this statement as an exaggeration. But ask the *habitués* of the political clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's street. They will reply, 'The six hundred bribers are easily found, but who are the pure fifty-eight?'

Different, indeed, is our actual morality from the morality of the Bible, on the subject of bribery and corruption. Thanks to the temperance movement, drunkenness is regarded with an increasing, though not a sufficient abhorrence. Fraud, robbery, and murder, are regarded by public opinion with aversion and indignation, approaching the scriptural standard. But this is not the case with bribery. Who ever heard a sermon upon this national crime? In what volume of sermons is there one upon it? But, if the immense majority of the members of both houses of parliament are bribers, is it not true that nearly all our pulpit occupiers stand uncovered before them, conniving at their sin by silence? The moral atmosphere of the people is favourable to the electoral crimes of their rulers. There is a parliament of bribers, and a sacerdotal order of connivers.

In the inspired denunciations, oppression, hypocrisy, and bribery, go together. The demand of the righteous Samuel was, 'Whom have I oppressed? from whose hands have I taken a bribe?' The Psalmist prays, 'Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men, in whose hands is mischief, and whose right hand is full of bribes.' 'The upright man,' says Isaiah, 'despiseth the gain of oppressions, he shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes.' Amos, the prophet, cries, 'For I know your manifold transgressions, and your mighty sins; they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right.' Eliphaz the Temanite, in the book of Job, declares, 'The congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.'

Why are these texts muzzled by the clergy? Is this the work done for advowsons, benefices, endowments, and royal gifts? But why do the religious teachers of the people see the bribe-taker carrying his soul to market, and let him pass unwarned? why do they speak of bribers as honourable, right honourable, and noble?

Most humbly do we submit, that a ministry faithful to the Bible and the people, ought to expound such texts as we have quoted, at every election time.

ART. IX.—*Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe, with his North American Indian Collection.* With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1848.

THIS work realizes an object of much general importance, for which several centuries have furnished ample materials; and which Mr. Catlin's opportunities, turned to an excellent account through his honest zeal in a good cause, have enabled him to present with rare fidelity and force.

That object is, the characteristic portraiture of the North American Indian, when visiting our towns, and mingling familiarly with civilized men. Mr. Catlin had already drawn, with success, a full-length picture of the Indian in his native haunts; here he describes as fully the same poor child of Nature in the centre of refinement and wealth:—‘When, with all his rudeness and wildness, he stands among his fellow-men to be scanned in the brilliant blaze of the levée, the dignified, the undaunted, and even courteous gentleman, he gains his strongest admirers, and the most fastidious willingly assign him a high place in the scale of human beings.’

Mr. Catlin's residence in Europe was devoted to the exhibition of a valuable collection of Indian curiosities and drawings. Spending several years in London, Paris, and elsewhere, for this purpose, he was eagerly sought by parties of Indians, also visiting Europe, as their friend and protector. He was ‘their interpreter at the hospitable board, and the soirées of the nobility and crowned heads of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Belgium; and justly thinks it due to them, to record the scenes and anecdotes he had witnessed in those hospitable and friendly efforts of enlightened and religious people, to elicit the true native feelings of their benighted fellow-men.’

Such is Mr. Catlin's account of the object of his work, so far as respects the Native Indians seen at his rooms. He has, also, given a narrative of his own visit to Europe, with the incidents during several years' exhibitions of his Indian collection; and the testimony of the press in favour of that collection, and of his former book on his travels among the Indians.

The whole forms a deeply interesting account of the impressions made on the public, by a laborious effort to enlighten the civilized world, respecting the history and character of its uncivilized brother, and to excite a warm sympathy in his hard fate.

Mr. Catlin's present volumes contain many curious things, of

which the following trait of the late Mr. Murray, the publisher, in regard to the first work, may be taken as a specimen :—

'The Notes,' says Mr. Catlin, 'of my Eight Years' Travels amongst Forty-eight different Tribes of Indians in America, to be illustrated with more than 300 steel plate illustrations, were nearly ready to be put to press; and I called on my good friend John Murray, in Albemarle Street, believing that he would be glad to publish them for me. To my surprise he objected to them (but without seeing my manuscript), for two reasons which he at once alleged: first, because he was afraid of the great number of illustrations to be embodied in the work, and secondly for (certainly) the most unfashionable reason, that 'he loved me too much!' I had brought a letter of introduction to him from his old friend Washington Irving; and from the deep interest Mr. Murray had taken in my collection and the history and prospects of the poor Indians, my rooms (which were near his dwelling-house) were his almost daily resort, and I a weekly guest at his hospitable board, where I always met gentlemen of eminence connected with literature and art. Good and generous old man! he therefore 'loved me too much' to share with me the profits of a work which he said should all belong to me, for my hard labour and the risks of my life I had run in procuring it; and as the means of enlarging those profits, he advised me to publish it myself. 'I would advise you,' said he, 'as one of your best friends, to publish your own book; and I am sure you will make a handsome profit by it. Being an artist yourself, and able to make the drawings for your 300 illustrations, which for me would require a very great outlay to artists to produce them, and having in your exhibition-room the opportunity of receiving subscriptions for your work, which I could not do, it will be quite an easy thing for you to take names enough to cover all the expenses of getting it up, which at once will place you on safe ground; and if the work should be well received by Mr. Dilke and others of the critical world, it will insure you a handsome reward for your labours, and exceedingly please your sincere friend, John Murray.'

'This disinterested frankness endeared me to that good man, to his last days, and his advice, which I followed, resulted, as he had predicted, to my benefit. My subscription list, my kind friend the Hon. C. A. Murray had in a few days commenced, with the subscriptions of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT,

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,

H. M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS,

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

H. R. H. LEOPOLD DUC DE BRABANT,

After which soon followed a complimentary list of the nobility and gentry, together with the leading institutions of the kingdom.

'My work was published by myself, at the Egyptian Hall, and the only fears which my good friend John Murray had expressed for me

were all dispersed by the favourable announcements by Mr. Dilke, of the Athenæum, and the editors of other literary journals, from which it will be seen that the subjoined notices are but very brief extracts.

'It may not be improper also here to remark, that for all the Royal copies subscribed for above, the Hon. C. A. Murray was ordered to remit me double the amount of the price of the work; and that, on a subsequent occasion, when my dear wife and myself were guests at the dinner table of John Murray, he said to his old friend Thomas Moore, who was by our side, 'That wild man by the side of you there, Mr. Catlin, who has spent enough of his life amongst the wild Indians (sleeping on the ground and eating raw buffalo meat) to make you and I as grey as badgers, and who has not yet a grey hair in his head, applied to me about a year ago to publish his 'Notes.' I was then—for the first time in my life—too honest for my own interest, as well as that of an author; and I advised him to publish it himself, as the surest way of making something out of it. My wife here will tell you that I have read every word of it through, heavy as it is, and she knows it is the only book that I have read quite through in the last five years. And I tell Mr. Catlin now, in your presence, that I shall regret as long as I live that I did not publish that work for him; for as sincerely as I advised him, I could have promoted his interest by so doing, and would have done so, had I known what was in the work when he proposed it to me.'—vol. i. pp. 50—52.

Mr. Catlin is an artist, and has told his own story most agreeably, in a brief record of his artistic labours.

'As a painter,' says he, 'often works at his easel with a double thought, one upon the subject he is creating upon the canvas, and the other upon the world that is about him, I kept constantly at work, and pleasantly divided my extra thoughts upon the amusing little tricks that were being played around me, and the contemplation of scenes and events of my life gone by. I ran over its table of contents in this way: 'My native valley of Wyoming—the days and recollections of my earliest boyhood in it—my ten years in the valley of the *Oc-qu-a-go*, where I held alternately the plough, my rifle, and fishing-tackle—my five years at the classics—my siege with Blackstone and Coke upon Littleton—my three years' practice of the law in the Courts of Pennsylvania—the five years' practice of my art of portrait-painting in Philadelphia—my eight years spent amongst the Indian tribes of the prairies and Rocky Mountains—and since that, my eight years spent in the light of the refined and civilized world, where I have been admitted to Palaces, and into the society of Kings, Queens, and Princes—and now at my easel, in my studio, with my dear little babes around me, thanking Him who has blessed me with them, and courage and health, through all the vicissitudes of my chequered life, and now with strength to stand by and support and protect them.'—vol. ii. pp. 317, 318.

ART. X.—1. *View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe since the Sixteenth Century.* A Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, in Michaelmas Term, 1846, and Lent Term, 1847. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Political Economy, and Fellow of University College, Oxford. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. 1847.

2. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. London: John W. Parker. 1848.

THESE works are very different from one another, but we place them together to indicate the progress of political economy. The former is a concise history of the chief theories and discoveries that brought the science to its present condition, the latter is a complete development of the science as it is now known, with a considerable extension of its boundaries. The former making no pretensions either to discover truth or apply it as a rule of conduct, being a history rather of errors which time has exploded, than of principles at present applicable, requires but a brief notice; the latter more ambitiously aspires to correct and extend existing knowledge, to teach on several points an improved policy, and deserves a more detailed criticism. They throw light on each other. Dr. Twiss's history of the successive errors of statesmen, now encouraging, like Sully, agriculture, and crushing the industry of towns, then encouraging, like Colbert, the industry of towns, at the expense of agriculture, strengthens the doubt as to Mr. Mill's wisdom in becoming a staunch advocate of one particular species of industry; and Mr. Mill's discussions explain some dark points in Dr. Twiss's last lectures on population, and on the industrial revolution of England. Each deserves the praise of being the most complete of its class, and both, in respect to method, style, and careful thought, confer honour on the politico-economical literature of England.

The work of Dr. Twiss consists of nine lectures, exhibiting the germs of political economy in Italy; its progress, from observing the effects of Sully's policy, and from the natural growth of trade to the end of the reigns of the Stuarts, with the theories that at that period came into vogue; its extension, from the successive systems of policy subsequently adopted in France and England, which impressed on mankind the refutation of many plausible errors; the rise of the systems of the French economists, and the

natural system of Smith; the history of the modern theory of population; the doctrines of free trade, especially connected with the name of Say,—the French having been taught, by an almost complete absence of free trade, more effectually than the English, at least in theory, its importance; and finally, exhibiting the doctrines of the currency, as they have been practically applied for the last sixty years. All these subjects, Dr. Twiss treats more in principle than in detail, selecting and confining himself to those broad divergencies of thought which have formed, for a considerable period, the basis of systems, and dictated a policy to nations. He does not encumber his pages with trifling differences of opinion, growing from mere controversy, and having no lasting influence; nor does he notice many writers, though much talked of in their day, who tried to retard, but only contributed, by their opposition to the progress of scientific truth. In this respect his work is far more a valuable dissertation on the science at different periods, than a catalogue *raisonné* of authors. Some perhaps important principles, yet tossed on the troubled sea of controversy, he passes over, and will wait till they get firmly anchored in the public mind, or are known only by the wreck of that policy they have set afloat, before he deems them,—though latterly, some of them have had great influence on society,—worthy of being recorded. As a concise history of the prevalent errors of former times, of the best established principles of the science, and of the writers and circumstances which have contributed to its progress, the work of Dr. Twiss is complete. It is the work of a careful artist. A copious synopsis at the head of each lecture, and the copious index at the end of the book, make it extremely valuable as a work of reference for opinions, facts, and authors. Taking no account of Dr. Twiss's own opinions, and regarding his work as a history of the science, it is a great enrichment of our literature.

Mr. Mill, inheriting the searching analytical spirit of his father, with a more urbane temperament, and a more polished and fluent style, is undoubtedly one of the first writers of the day, on the severer parts of the moral sciences. Criticism of the fine arts on sound principles is a specimen of the lighter moral sciences. Political economy, logic, and metaphysics are specimens of the severer moral sciences, and in these Mr. Mill is a foremost man. He has inherited, perhaps, some of the materials of his book, as well as the spirit for ordering, enlarging, and adorning them, from the writings and discussions of his father. He belongs to a great political party, has wide literary connections, and neither great talents in producing his work, nor favourable means for bringing it into notice, will be

wanting to ensure for it a durable popularity. Aware of the many claims it has on public respect, we shall consider it with some deference, but with the utmost impartiality, doing our homage rather to truth and science, than to Mill and reputation.

In his preface, Mr. Mill tells us 'that many new ideas and new applications of ideas,' suggest 'that the field of political economy should be resurveyed in its whole extent.' But 'to supply the deficiencies in former treatises is not his sole, or even his principal object.' Then praising the 'Wealth of Nations' 'for associating principles with their applications,' he says 'the idea he has had before him, is to combine Smith's practical mode of treating his subject with the increased knowledge since acquired of the theory of the science.' His especial object then is to make a practical application of the science, which he implies other writers have neglected. In the present condition of society, when men are every where crying out for means of salvation on earth, which are to be found, if any where, in the application of the principles of political economy, as it ought to be studied, to the purposes of life, Mr. Mill's design, properly carried out, must, just now, be of singular importance. Keeping his object in view, we shall direct our remarks chiefly to shew how far he has attained it, and how far society may look to political economy for help in these times of trouble and confusion.

Mr. Mill divides his work into five books, '1. Production. 2. Distribution. 3. Exchange. 4. Influence of the Progress of Society on Production and Distribution; and, 5. Of the Influence of Government.' The first book contains thirteen chapters; the second, sixteen; the third, twenty-six; the fourth, seven; the fifth, eleven; in all, therefore, seventy-three chapters. Every chapter is subdivided into several sections, there is a preliminary discourse and an appendix, being a republication of some letters which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the division of land in France. We will quote the titles of the chapters of the first book, 'Production;' and the sections of one chapter, to shew the care with which the whole subject is treated. The titles are these, 'Of the Requisites of Production.' 'Of Labour as an Agent of Production.' 'Of Unproductive Labour.' 'Of Capital.' 'Fundamental Proposition respecting Capital.' 'Of Circulating and Fixed Capital.' 'On what Depends the Degree of Productiveness of Productive Agents.' 'Of Co-operation or the Combination of Labour.' 'Of Production on a Large, and Production on a Small Scale.' 'Of the Law of the Increase of Labour.' 'Of the Law of the Increase of Capital.' 'Of the Law of the Increase of Production from

Land.' 'Consequences of the foregoing Laws.' As a specimen of the contents of the chapters, we will take Chapter X. book 2. 'Means of Abolishing Cottier Tenancy.' It is divided into eight sections, 'Mode of Disposing of a Cottier Population, the Vital Question for Ireland.' 'To convert them into Hired Labourers, not Desirable, nor Practicable.' 'Limitation of Rent by Law or Custom, Indispensable.' 'Fixity of Tenure Considered.' 'Tenant Right.' 'Location of Peasant Proprietors on the Waste Lands.' 'Resources Supplementary to the Waste Lands.' 'Probable Consequences of the Measures Recommended.' In the same manner, every subject is broken down into its minutest parts, each of which is carefully examined and treated.

It will instantly strike every one conversant with the subject, that Mr. Mill discards all consideration of consumption, which has hitherto been considered one branch of the science, and takes in the influence of the Progress of Society and of Government as branches of the science, which before have been only incidentally mentioned. He has, too, a book, devoted to Exchange, which has heretofore been considered as one of the elements of distribution. The novelties of his arrangement deserve notice. Of Consumption it has been said:—

'Those to whom much is distributed, or who have the power of appropriating much, will consume or use much; or they may give it to others to consume, with a view to subsequent profit, or for the pleasure of giving. The particular manner in which they dispose of what they receive, may ultimately affect production; but their consumption or use will be co-equal with what they receive. Landlords and opulent capitalists will fare sumptuously every day themselves; they will keep a number of servants to minister to their luxuries, or they will set labourers to work for the sake of obtaining a profit on their labour. On the contrary, those who receive or own little, cannot consume much. Labourers have a bare subsistence. The mode in which wealth is distributed, has a vast influence on subsequent production; but for all practical and scientific purposes, distribution and consumption are precisely the same. In consuming wealth, the object is to support life, or give a zest to existence; and the most agreeable methods of consumption, must be settled by the taste of each individual. If they be in any respect the subject of scientific consideration, they do not fall in the department of the economist, but in that of the cook, the physician, the moral philosopher. Consumption may, therefore, be discarded from political economy.'—'Popular Political Economy,' p. 5.

That was published upwards of twenty years ago, yet Mr. M'Culloch continues, in the last edition of his 'Principles of Political Economy,' published in 1843, an unmeaning chapter on Consumption. Mr. Mill wisely follows the author we have

quoted ; he is sensible that for all scientific purposes, consumption and distribution are identical, and he leaves consumption to the cook and the moralist. We cannot equally approve of separating Exchange from Distribution. In latter times, Exchange has undoubtedly occupied a great share of the attention of economists, too much we think ; and the subject is swelled in Mr. Mill's book to a very disproportionate magnitude. It occupies twenty-six chapters, and in it money credit, and *international* trade, (an epithet, be it observed in passing, full of error,) are treated of. The consequence of this division of the subject, is, that some of the most important circumstances influencing distribution, and influencing production are not treated of, nor referred to under those heads ; and the most important of all exchanges, those between the labourer and the capitalist, and the labourer and the landowner, are twice referred to, but treated of chiefly under distribution. It would have been more logical to treat of value and cost, on the principles which determine exchange as a part of, and preliminary to distribution ; exchange or the higgling of the market, of which foreign exchanges are only a part, being in fact the means by which, after division of labour begins, the share of each in the product which results from the labour of all, is determined. Mr. Mill has added neither to the simplicity nor to the clearness of the science, by this new arrangement.

It is worth while to notice the temporary influence and the permanent error which has led to this aberration from logical precision. Within the last few years, owing to the agitation for the repeal of the corn laws, and the rapid extension of commercial intercourse, questions connected with foreign trade have occupied a paramount share of public attention. The diffusion of the precious metals through different communities, the price of commodities in different countries, have had a great charm for men of subtle and minute minds, and have made them discuss, at a wearisome length, both in parliament and in the public journals, numerous subjects that properly form part of the business of the merchant. It is the especial business of a philosopher to distinguish between evanescent and permanent interests, and in a work like this to assign to each its due share of importance. Mr. Mill, however, carried away, we think, by the popular sentiment, has treated of exchange at undue length, though it is palpable that the business of the merchant, of which as he treats it, it forms a part, is not of more importance than any other branch of production. Besides being misplaced, the subject is improperly exalted.

The permanent error which lies at the bottom of the whole, and to which Mr. Mill is evidently yet a victim, or he would not

speak of international trade, is that of supposing, because politicians have interfered much more latterly with foreign than domestic trade, that there is a trade between nations, and that the trade carried on between Messrs. Baring and a house in New York, is different in principle from that carried on between the Messrs. Baring and a house in Manchester or Glasgow. Trade is altogether a business of individuals, and not of nations. There is a trade which grows from *division of labour amongst individuals*, whether they live under the same or different governments, as the merchant who imports cotton is the trader between the cotton-grower in the United States and the spinner and weaver in England, and as the merchant who buys hops in Kent, and sells them to the brewer in Lincoln, is the trader between the hop grower and the brewer; and there is the trade which grows from *territorial division of labour*, of which the growth of hops and cotton in different places, and the exchanges made of them for wheat and cloth, may also serve as examples; and these distinctions founded on great natural differences, are known by the incorrect names of home and foreign trade. In the strictly natural science of political economy, we distinguish a trade arising from diversities in individuals, and from diversities of climates and soil, from diversities in men, and from diversities in the external and material world, but these have no connexion whatever with the political distinctions which usually constitute nations. They both exist within our own empire and country, and they both exist in our own and other countries. It has pleased statesmen, to attempt to regulate the trade which takes place between an individual at New York and an individual in London, while they have not attempted to interfere with that carried on between an individual at Lincoln and one in London; but both trades are carried on by individuals, for their own advantage. There is nothing national in them, and international is a misleading and unscientific term.

When exchange is treated of in the larger sense of term, as the whole body of rules which determine how much of one commodity, or one species of labour, shall be given for another, it cannot be too much exalted, but then it ought to have a different place in Mr. Mill's treatise. It is not as a rule, determining all distribution amongst all the individuals engaged in production, that Mr. Mill treats it, and the place he assigns it is the condemnation of the length at which he treats it.

Nor has he conferred any benefit on the science by separately considering, in his fourth book, the influence of the progress of society on production and distribution. The progress of society means only the increase of population, which depends on pro-

duction. The subject really worthy of consideration is the mutual relations of population and production, which belongs to Mr. Mill's first book. This is a most important subject, for all the improvement in production is connected with the progress of population, but of this Mr. Mills is not aware. We believe, too, that the influence of the progress of society on distribution, depends exclusively on its influence over production. But by his method, Mr. Mill is driven to treat of the most important element both of production and distribution, namely, the effects of population, which both adds to productive power, and forces the cultivation of inferior soils, enhancing cost, after he has apparently disposed of those subjects.

Nor can we approve of the introduction of the influence of government, as part of the natural science of wealth. It is wholly extraneous to it, and whatever may be its influence on society by taxation or otherwise, the laws which determine the production and distribution of wealth are no more under its influence, than they are under the influence of spendthrifts and gamblers. Both must feel the effects of those laws; both, but particularly Governments, are bound to observe, but cannot alter them. Mr. Mill has needlessly complicated and confused the science by his new arrangements, which is the more to be regretted, as it requires, to make it clear and comprehensible, to be separated from all matters which do not properly belong to it. So much we say, as objecting to his arrangement of the parts of the science; we now pass to his manner of dealing with its details.

The titles, quoted above, of the chapter on the means of abolishing cottier tenantry, will at a glance inform the reader, that Mr. Mill really carries out his intention of applying the principles of the science to practice. He treats the occupation of land, unquestionably a subject of great importance, at great length, 'disproportioned,' as he admits, 'to the dimensions of this work;' and far from confining himself to our own country and times, he goes back, and abroad, for illustrations. He discusses the question of slavery economically, of great proprietors and peasant proprietors, of metayers and cottiers, and day-labourers. To some extent he is a defender of the metayer system, and a warm advocate for peasant proprietorship, the advantages of which he expounds, and largely illustrates. We miss, however, in this, as in other parts of his work, the influence of a great and guiding principle. It is scarcely necessary that we should refer to the examples of New South Wales, where a successful farmer requires a run of several square miles for his cattle; or to Belgium, where six acres may be the average size of a farm, to illustrate the fact, that the occupation of land in large

or small quantities, is at all times beneficially determined by the amount of population in a given space. The appropriation of the soil of Ireland and of England by Norman Barons, in vast masses—whole counties or many parishes, being comprised in single estates—was, eight or ten centuries ago, a bearable evil ; but to continue such a species of appropriation now, when the land carries about six times as many people, though that has been one of the objects of our legislation, causing much misery both in England and Ireland, is absolutely ruinous. For one man to hold with a view of cultivating one thousand, or two thousand acres of land in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, would be out of the question, but in Northumberland, or parts of Scotland, many farms are met with of that size. A beneficial occupation of the soil, therefore, is at all times, and in all countries, contingent on the amount of population. Circumstances connected with the same principle, and contingent on the progress of industry, determine economically the advantages and disadvantages of slavery, of the metayer system, and every other system of occupation, with a view to cultivation ; and Mr. Mill would have discussed these important subjects with greater advantage to his readers, had he kept continually in view the over-ruling effects on the occupation of the soil of a dense or dispersed population.

The term proprietor, Mr. Mill connects with the term peasantry, and so makes out an excellent case for small divisions of the soil, which should be referred to the independent ownership. A market gardener, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, owning and using only a few acres of ground, is on a par with the many aced boors of Holland, or farmers of the north of England. Each has the advantage of security and ownership, and the quantity of acres that he uses is of minor importance. It is the same with peasant proprietors ; the independent ownership is the source of the benefit, and the size of the farm occupied by each man might, according to the amount of population, be very different, with equal advantages. There can be no doubt of the consequences of the soil being owned by those who cultivate it, but that subject is totally distinct from the size of the portion which each man should own and occupy. In Mr. Mill's book, as in many other writings, however, these distinct matters, which ought to be kept separate, are confounded, and advantages which belong exclusively to the owners of the soil, being free from all restrictions, are attributed to the division of the soil into small pieces.

This part of Mr. Mill's book is written with much animation, and is particularly rich in knowledge and illustrations. After examining the occupation of land in all the countries of Europe,

and pointing out the evils of the cottier system of Ireland, he comes to the conclusion, that this is the 'most urgent of practical questions.' 'The very foundation of the economical evils of Ireland, is the cottier system.' 'Cottiers must, therefore, cease to be. Nothing can be done for Ireland without transforming her rural population from cottier tenants into something else,' —'into landed proprietors.' The principle he adopts is that of 'fixing the amount of rent,' as between peasant and landlord, 'in perpetuity, thus changing the rent into a quit rent, and the farmer into a peasant proprietor.' He thus describes how this important change may be brought about, and briefly adverts to its consequences:—

'The mode which first suggests itself is the obvious and direct one, of doing the thing outright by Act of Parliament; making the whole land of Ireland the property of the tenants, subject to the rents now really paid, (not the nominal rents), as a fixed rent charge. This under the name of fixity of tenure, was one of the demands of the Repeal Association during the most successful period of their agitation.

'But though this measure is not beyond the competence of a just legislature, and would be no infringement of property if the landlords had the option allowed them of giving up their lands at the full value, reckoned at the ordinary number of years' purchase, it is only fit to be adopted if the nature of the case admitted of no milder remedy. In the first place, it is a complete expropriation of the higher classes of Ireland; which, if there is any truth in the principles we have laid down, would be perfectly warrantable, but only if it were the sole means of effecting a great public good. In the second place, that there should be none but peasant proprietors, is in itself far from desirable. Large farms, cultivated by large capitals, and owned by persons of the best education the country can give, persons qualified by instruction to appreciate scientific discoveries, and able to bear the delay and risk of costly experiments, are an important part of a good agricultural system.

'There are, then, strong objections, as well as great difficulties, opposed to the attempt to make peasant properties universal. But, fortunately, that they should be universal is not necessary to their usefulness. There is no need to extend them to all the population, or all the land. It is enough, if there be land available, on which to locate so great a portion of the population, that the remaining area of the country shall not be required to maintain greater numbers than are compatible with large farming and hired labour. For this purpose there is an obvious resource in the waste lands; which are happily so extensive, and a large proportion of them so improveable, as to afford a means by which, without making the present tenants proprietors, nearly the whole surplus population might be converted into peasant proprietors elsewhere.

'It would be desirable, and in most cases necessary, that the tracts of land should be prepared for the labours of the peasant, by being drained and intersected with roads at the expense of government; the interest

of the sums so expended, and of the compensation paid for existing rights to the waste land, being charged on it when reclaimed as a perpetual quit-rent, redeemable at a moderate number of years' purchase. The state would thus incur no loss, while the advances made would give that immediate employment to the surplus of labour of Ireland, which, if not given in this manner, will assuredly have to be given in some other, not only less useful, but far less likely to repay its cost. The millions lavished during the famine in the almost nominal execution of useless works, without any result but that of keeping the people alive, would, if employed in a great operation on the waste lands, have been quite as effectual for relieving immediate distress, and would have laid the foundation broad and deep for something really deserving the name of social improvement. But, as usual, it was thought better to throw away money and exertion in a beaten track, than to take the responsibility of the most advantageous investment of them in an untrodden one.

'When the formidable difficulties in which the government of this country is becoming more and more deeply involved by the condition of Ireland, shall be met instead of evaded, by men capable of rising superior both to their own indolence and prejudices, and to those of others; we may hope to see, from the present lazy, apathetic, reckless, improvident, and lawless Ireland, a new Ireland arise, consisting of peasant proprietors with something to lose, and of hired labourers with something to gain; the farmer attached to peace and law by the possession of property, the latter through the hope of it, while the agriculture of one-half of Ireland would be conducted on the best system of small cultivation, and that on the other half on the best principles of large farming, and combination, and labour. Would it be too much to hope, that when the number of hired labourers was duly proportioned to the soil on which they were employed, and a peaceful 'clearing' had made the country safe for English capital to dwell in, the rate of wages would be sufficient to establish a tolerably high standard of living—and the spirit of saving, fostered by the desire of acquiring land, would prevent that standard from being again depressed through an imprudent increase of population?'

We quote this, rather as an exemplification of Mr. Mill's style and manner of applying his principles, than as altogether approving of all his suggestions. That the claims of the land-owners to the waste lands of Ireland, which are entirely the offspring of unjust legislation, should be instantly abrogated, and the land given up to the people in full property, is indispensable and just; that the government should take measures to share it fairly amongst the Irish, assuming that the ownership is due to them, as a small compensation for the evils it has—we had almost said wantonly—but certainly with unexampled and even brutal ignorance, inflicted on them; but putting them in quiet possession, and securing them as far as possible in quiet possession, it should leave the

draining, and all other necessary labour, entirely to the people. Though we differ on minor points from Mr. Mill, we cordially agree with him on the principle of allowing the Irish to seize and hold the waste lands as property, as one of the best—perhaps the only means by which the regeneration of Ireland can be safely begun. It will be the removal of the hand of landlord tyranny. It will first emancipate a part, and then the whole, of Ireland from the injurious restrictions of the British government—it will be the return, so far, to a natural system of society, or an approximation to freedom, and will pave the way for the growth of a town population, and the extension of all other productive arts, as well as agriculture, without which there is no steady and enduring progress in society, and no security for civilization. Mr. Mill deserves the thanks of every honest politician and every good man, for his earnest and enlightened advocacy of the best interests of the Irish.

In the same excellent spirit, and with similar clear and eloquent statements, Mr. Mill discusses the remedies for low wages, which he finds chiefly in the labouring classes imposing, of their own free-will, restraints on population, in education making them better acquainted with the economic laws, and in measures of colonisation. The information and instruction given on this topic are admirable, but rather too remote in their effects to be of much present usefulness. They have this defect, too, that they imply restrictions on one class almost exclusively, and carry with them by implication the principle, that productive industry is always to be under the control of the middle classes.

In a very practical spirit, too, Mr. Mill discusses the incidence and effects of taxation, and the grounds and extent of government interference with various portions of society. Though we differ from some of his views on this part of the subject, we cannot deny to him the merit of discussing it clearly, and ably supplying some of the best arguments we have yet met with, for the interference of government with matters in which we reject its claim to interfere. Such an extensive work offers many points for controversy, but we do not propose to enter into that, nor even to enumerate the differences of opinion between us. We pass on to a subject which we regard as of great importance, and which should, we think, on Mr. Mill's plan, of improving society by the application of economic truth, have peculiarly engaged his attention.

Low wages in England, and the vast destitution of the cottier population of Ireland, are obviously but parts of a great disorder that at present affects all Europe. It is now universally admitted, that the evils of France, which have led within the

memory of living men to three or more great revolutions, are social rather than political, and hence mere political changes, substituting one form of government for another, one set of rulers for those of a different name or title, have given and can give no relief. Not that it is asserted or meant, that the distribution of political power and the form of the government have no present influence over the welfare of society; and far less is it asserted or meant, that the distribution of political power and political organization is perfect, either in France or in any other part of Europe. But the acts of statesmen having long been subjected to the control of public opinion, which is more enlightened on politics than economical science, political tyranny, such as flagrant violations of person and property, and even flagrant violations of religious feelings, has been a good deal checked; and it seems to be generally agreed, that further political changes merely, are not sufficient to meet the existing evils of society. We ask for political changes, as a means of getting social improvement. The progress of every part of society is not simultaneous. At one time, literature, as in the reign of Elizabeth,—and at another, mathematics, as in the time of Newton,—and at another, mechanics or chemistry, as at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, jump a-head, and the other parts of society afterwards reach an equal or similar stage of progress. For a long period, forms of government and political institutions have commanded attention, and being successively much changed, if not improved, it is now the turn of the masses to interest the intellect and the heart, and it is generally admitted, that their wretched condition can only be amended by some improvements in economical and social relations, rather than by changes in the form of government, or the distribution of political power. At present, it is perceived that imperfect social relations are the causes of political evils; and it is of more importance, therefore, now to amend those social relations, to bring them forward on a level with the general progress, than merely to change political institutions without a certainty of amending them.

When the distinction between social and political institutions is fully analyzed, it results that the latter are directed principally to maintain the right of property, whatever that may be, which exists in a community; while the social arrangements,—at least, those which most concern the masses—are directly dependent on that right of property; and hence, all political changes which are subordinate to preserving that right unaltered, have little or no influence on the social relations of men; and the poor continue after, as before, any great political change, in the same abject condition. At present, the degrada-

tion of the masses is the plague of all Europe. It is the source of the Revolution in France. There are, it is asserted by M. Leroux, 8,000,000 beggars in that country. It is heaving all Germany into convulsions. It is the cause of rebellion in Ireland. It excites perpetual uneasiness and alarm in England, which are daily augmenting. It rouses philanthropy into activity. Its existence is evidenced by 2,000,000 paupers, and an increase, last year, of 14·84 per cent. of commitments for crime in England and Wales.

The great problem for the present age to solve is, how the social and economical condition of the masses is to be raised. A different distribution of political power may have some tendency to improve it, but the consequences of political revolutions abroad, and of our own Reform Act, do not much encourage us to place our trust exclusively in such movements. We must look elsewhere for hope and confidence. If we could not trace to very distinct causes, the aggravation of the condition of the multitude since 1845, we might be inclined to say, too, of the free-trade measures, that we could not trust to that source for improvement; but, knowing the existence of those other causes of deep distress, such as the failure of the potatoes, the measureless and profligate extravagance of the government, the prodigious miscalculation and avarice of our great capitalists, we still rely on the abolition as speedily as may be, of legislative restrictions on honest industry, as one means of improving the social condition of all.

But with the exception of a general recommendation to accomplish freedom for industry, which has grown into an enduring principle, and daily extends its influence, and augments the number of its votaries, we are not aware that political economy, or any branch of the social sciences, has suggested any feasible scheme for raising the general condition of the masses. Compulsory division of the soil as in France, a rigid monopoly of it, with a restrictive succession and entails as in England and Ireland, poor-laws and workhouses, criminal laws and prisons, home colonization and colonization of the wastes of the world, improved agriculture, and extended manufactures, though all praiseworthy as far as they go, are obviously inefficient. They have been tried, and failed. For this great social disease, political economy, we think, supplies no remedy. It is as much the opprobrium of the science as consumption is of medicine. Here and there, particularly in the writings of Mr. M'Culloch, there are some warnings of mischief from the division of property in France, from the rapid increase of manufacturing towns in England, and generally there are warnings in all political economical writings, against the effects of an increase of popula-

tion ; but none of the political economists foresaw, any more than the statesmen of France and Germany, the convulsions that are shattering all the political institutions of Europe, and they are not likely, therefore, now to suggest a remedy for the social causes of those convulsions. Believing that even the great political commotion we now witness, has its source in social arrangements, it is a great reproach, we think, to all the political economists of Europe ; it is the disgrace of their science, that these convulsions have been allowed to come upon us unprepared, and that, now when they have come, politicians and political economists can find no better cure for them than the creation of a new felony, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in one country, and the establishment in another of a state of siege and military law.

Though Mr. Mill is not superior on this point to other political economists, and suggests no adequate remedy for the evils of a very poor and degraded multitude, his work has the merit of enabling us to see and to tell the cause of the insufficiency of political economy to guide society out of its difficulties. With the exception of some eulogies on security of property as necessary to production, which may be safely asserted without approving of entails, and of 6s. for working fourteen hours during six consecutive days, political economists have slurred over the question of property, and made it no part of their science. Mr. Mill departs from the beaten track, and begins his book on Distribution, by treating through three chapters on Property. The subject is far too delicate for a fearless popular discussion, and we only wish to borrow from Mr. Mill, the proofs that the distribution of wealth has always been discussed by political economists in subserviency to an existing right of property. He says in his preliminary remarks, that 'unlike the laws of production, those of distribution are partly of human institution, since the manner in which wealth is distributed in any given society, depends on the statutes or usages therein prevalent.' He dwells on the same subject in his chapter of Property, Book ii. Chap. 1 :—

'The distribution of wealth is a matter of human institution solely. The things once there, mankind, individually or collectively, can do with them as they like. They can place them at the disposal of whomsoever they please, and on whatever terms. Further, in the social state, in every state except total solitude, any disposal whatever of them can only take place by the general consent of society. Even what a person has produced by his individual toil, unaided by any one, he cannot keep, unless it is the will of society that he should. Not only can society take it from him, but individuals could and would take it from him, if society only remained passive ; if it did not either interfere *en masse*, or

employ and pay people for the purpose of interfering, to prevent him from being disturbed in the possession. The distribution of wealth, therefore, depends on the laws and customs of society. The rules by which it is determined, are what the opinions and feelings of the community make them, and are very different in different ages and countries ; and might be still more different, if mankind so chose.'

Guarding ourselves against being supposed to assent to every part of this passage, we quote it to show the fact, that all the doctrines of political economy concerning distribution, are framed in subserviency to the existing right of property. Adam Smith stated the same fact, but it was overlooked by most of his successors, and they discuss the distribution of wealth amongst different classes, including all the effects of the ancient monopoly of the soil, and the ancient slavery of the labourers, always maintained as far as possible by the law of the land, as if it were wholly determined by natural laws, uninfluenced by the statutes at large and the customs connected with them. Smith said, adverting to the general fact of the monopoly of the soil, but expressing it in the form of a principle :—' The original state of things, in which the labourer enjoyed the whole produce of his labour,' (the natural law, let us intercalate,) ' could not last beyond the *first introduction of the appropriation of the land, and the accumulation of stock*. It was at an end therefore,' (the original state of things, in which the labourer enjoyed the whole produce of his labour, not the natural law which gives all produce to labour, and confers it on individual labourers, for that is still in existence,) ' before the more considerable improvements were made in the productive powers of labour, and it would be to no purpose to trace further what might have been its effect on the recompense, or wages, of labour.' Provokingly enough, therefore, Adam Smith refused to inquire into the effects of the very circumstances which most influence the condition of the labourer, viz., the appropriation of land and its consequences, the profit on accumulated stock ; and throughout his treatise he assumed these circumstances and their consequences, as beyond the reach of science. He was at liberty to fix the boundaries of his own discussions, but that limitation, followed by all his successors, without notice or remark, till Mr. Mill's book appeared, now prevents political economy from supplying any rules to help society out of its present difficulties. In France, especially, it is the profit, or reward, of the capitalist of which the bulk of the labouring classes complain. In Ireland, it is obviously the appropriation of the soil, on unjust principles, which is the chief source of evil. But that appropriation and profit on accumulated stock, are assumed as first principles in political economy, or beyond the reach of investigation. The author of the science

declined to trace their effects. The profit on accumulation and the present appropriation of land may both be right; into that question we do not enter, we confine our remarks to the fact, that the science which takes both for granted, can afford no satisfaction to the French, and no relief to the Irish, and can supply them with no rules of conduct. Both in France and Ireland, and we may say in all Europe, the complaint made by the lower classes, the source of their discontent and their insurrection, which excites chartism in England, and revolution in France, is, that the laws and customs of society do not fairly and justly distribute wealth; and political economy, far from discussing the justice or the propriety of those laws and customs, assumes their existence, stands up for their defence, and too often insists that the distribution of wealth, brought about by means of them, is the inevitable consequence of natural and necessary laws.

What political economy has not done, communism, and socialism, and co-operation societies, meeting the wishes and hopes of the bulk of the people, have attempted to do. The authors of those systems, however much mistaken in the means, have at least comprehended the end. They have been profoundly sensible of the existence of great social evils, and have proposed plans to remedy them. So far as their plans have been carried out, they have egregiously failed, but on that account they are no more to be blamed than Sully and Colbert, than Pitt and Peel, than the whigs and the tories, than the contrivers of state-churches and of coercion laws, who all proposed to remedy some social evil, or introduce social improvement, and have all completely failed. By their methods, which at different periods have had a far more extensive, full, and fair trial than communism and socialism, they have inflicted great injury on society. They may have secured power and wealth for themselves, and have confounded their own aggrandizement with the public welfare, but their schemes, balancing continuousness against intensity, have done quite as much mischief as those of Fourrier, Cabot, and Louis Blanc.

To all these schemers—Sully, Colbert, Louis Blanc, in France; Peel, Pitt, and state-churchmen, in England—one error has been common. They have all thought that they could improve society, and make it other, different, and better, than God has made it. They have all been discontented with man as he is, and have supposed they could improve human nature. Each of them, when he has attained a profound conviction that the others have acted erroneously, has not been contented with removing the error; he has invariably thought that he could do better for society than nature, and has substituted, as the rule of its government, an error of his own.

When the instincts, sentiments, and faculties of man are examined, they are found to be adapted to secure the welfare of the individual and the preservation of the race. Hunger warns in time, of the necessity of supporting the body in health, by food, and an impulse, so irresistible as to surpass in the estimation of many philosophers all the bounds of reason, provides for the continuance of the species. Anger, revenge, charity, the desire of wealth, the desire of society, have each and all their appropriate objects, but they all operate through individuals, and only bring about the benefit and preservation of society by preserving and benefiting them. There is no instinct, no passion, no sentiment, which has for its immediate and direct object, the welfare of society, as hunger has for its immediate and direct object, by indicating the necessity of food, the preservation of the body in health. In individuals there is a desire to improve their condition, which, steadily followed as gradually enlightened by knowledge, is the parent of all excellence. But this is no more a guide to social improvement, except as it operates to improve individuals, than are any of the animal instincts. It is, therefore, an enormous error, common to all these schemers, that they infer the susceptibility of society to improvement by schemes and contrivances, because the aspirations of the individual for the improvement of his own condition, tend to bring about the general improvement. The aspirations only operate to improve society by improving the individual, and man cannot be made different from what he is, nor society improved by schemes and regulations borrowed from the aspirations for improvement in individuals. Society seems destined to be indefinitely improved by such aspirations, as it is destined to be preserved by the animal instincts, but they can no more be made the guide of society, than the ambition of Lord John Russell, or the hunger of Sir Robert Peel. The perfection of society consists in the perfection of the individuals who compose it, each in his own sphere and place; and each one has a sphere and a place of his own, peculiar to himself, and different from the place and sphere of every other. A whole society composed of perfect statesmen, perfect priests, or any other class perfect in itself, is an impossibility. Hence it is a palpable absurdity, whether it be practised by Louis Blanc or Lord John Russell, or a dignitary of the church, to attempt to model other men, or model society, according to the ideal after which he or any one else thinks it good to strive. We repeat, that the aspirations of individuals after excellence, can only help them to improvement, and help to improve, by their example and influence, the circle in which they move; but those aspirations are no better calculated than the animal instincts, to dictate

general rulers for the guidance of society. We have yet, therefore, to seek for such a guide; and the present condition of society, after political economy has for some years had much influence, may convince us that we cannot find in that science such a guide. It confirms the account we have given of its limited nature, as unwisely restricted by Smith, followed by his blundering successors.

By bringing distinctly before the world the arbitrary limitation which economists have placed to their science, Mr. Mill explains why he, like other economists, though he professes to teach social wisdom, has really done little, and cannot do much, for society. It is remarkable, too, that the chief of what he has done, lies beyond the usual boundaries of the science, and proceeds on the principle of violating and overturning the appropriation of land, as it now exists in Ireland, and setting at nought the claims which a few landowners make to the unoccupied as well as the occupied soil of Ireland. His few practical applications of the principles of the science, are far less important than his distinct exhibition of its narrow limits, and the practical steps he has taken beyond them. That we consider to be the great merit of his peculiar opinions and recommendations. His long discussions about large and small farms, and the metayer system, belong more to abstruse speculation, or to the history of the past, than the practical daily life of Europe. His sentimentalism, favourable to a stationary condition of society, when progress and development are as much the law of its being, as growth and decay are of individual life, though much praised by several journalists, is quite unworthy of his name and reputation. His discussions on the functions of government, though acute, do not embrace the whole truth; but we can no more enumerate all the points on which we differ from Mr. Mill, than we can advert to all those on which we agree with him. Several circumstances that may be almost elevated to the dignity of principles, such as this, that the 'demand for commodities, is not,' as perhaps it ought to be, and is usually said to be, 'a demand for labour,' he has made bright and clear by illustrations. We have adverted to a few points, both of agreement and disagreement, both in the plan of the work and in the details; we have shewn how little the science is applicable to correct the present evils of society, and explained the reason and grounds of its inefficiency; and we must be content with further saying, that notwithstanding the minor defects we have pointed out, and more that we have not noticed, Mr. Mill's book is the most elaborate and complete work on political economy that has ever issued from the press of Great Britain.

Brief Notices.

Christianity ; its Perfect Adaptation to the Mental, Moral, and Spiritual Nature of Man. By Athanase Coquerel, one of the Pastors of the Protestant Church of France, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Translated by the Rev. D. Davison, M.A., with a Preface, written expressly for the English Edition, by the Author. London : Longman and Co.

THIS is a work of more than common interest. The Preface explains the position of the protestant church of France as reconstituted, after its long and bitter persecutions, by the Law of Germinal, in 1802. It has long been a mystery to many persons on this side the Channel, how so motley a collection of men could be embraced under the name of a protestant church, professing to be successors of those who upheld and subscribed the old confessions. But it now appears that this church has literally no creed to which even assent is required, and the door therefore is wide enough to admit all, whether believers or unbelievers. The author, with commendable candour, enters into an explanation why the efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society have been so coldly met by the French protestant clergy, and why still they do not co-operate in popularizing the use of the Divine word. It seems very inconsistent to us, that those who claim the free use of scripture, and assert it as the only standard, to the utter exclusion of all human authorities, do not employ their utmost efforts to bring this authority to bear upon every conscience. The state of the public mind with regard to God's word, in both countries, is justly and strikingly put by this author. He says : '*In France, when a man, totally unprepared, receives a Bible, he has never in his life seen it opened in a place of worship ; it has never been under his sight as a school-book or a church-book ; no early associations are recalled to his mind ; no dim recollections of his youth remind him of a time when the volume was put into his innocent hands.*' These facts, instead of being any apology for not aiding the distribution of the Bible, would be, with us, irresistible arguments for urging every Frenchman to procure and peruse it. But the French Protestant Church comprises all castes of opinion—as is evident from the statements of this volume—made, we must say, with the utmost candour and sincerity. What M. Coquerel's creed is, will appear from his volume, which is pregnant with thought. We cannot exactly determine to what school he belongs—for, while disclaiming rationalism, he is always rationalising—and has constructed his exposition of Christianity mainly in the spirit of the transcendental philosophy. The work is the result of much labour, and will certainly repay an attentive perusal. It is not a book for ordinary readers, but for the thoughtful and critical. It is probably designed

to uphold and vindicate the philosophising clergy of the Reformed church of France, who have departed so far from the original creeds and confessions, 'that most probably not one of the ministers of the church would sign the old confession as it is.' It is time such an establishment were dis-established, which, we trust, it will be, under the Republic. A voluntary church will be a new thing, and develop new powers in that remarkable country. Other nations besides France, are ripening for it. But the laity and the literati are before the clergy upon this question.

Sacred Geology : or the Scriptural Account of the World's Creation maintained ; and reasons assigned for questioning that geological hypothesis concerning the sedimentary formation of strata, from which the inference has been drawn, that inconceivably long periods of time elapsed between each of these formations, and before the Creation of man, etc. 12mo. London : Painter.

The Mosaic Creation viewed in the light of Modern Geology. By G. Wight. Recommendatory Note, by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.S.A.S. 12mo. Glasgow : Maclehose.

THESE are works of more than ordinary interest, both from the subject of which they treat, and the able manner in which the respective authors have performed their part. They are equally anxious to vindicate the inspiration of the Mosaic record ; but they do so upon opposite principles. The author of 'Sacred Geology,' whoever he may be, disputes many of the first principles of the geologists, and denies that they have adequate ground for their theories. Mr. Wight, on the other hand, admits the theories as proved, and then proceeds to reconcile them with the sacred testimony. His task is very respectably performed ; and upon the supposition, that the inferences of the geologists are founded on facts, or founded upon a sufficient induction of facts, and are not chargeable with hasty and immature generalization, his work is as complete and reasonable an exposition of the case between the scriptures and geology, as the believers in both have yet supplied. It is vastly to be preferred before that of Professor Baden Powell, in his article on 'Creation,' in Dr. Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature.'

The author of 'Sacred Geology' repudiates the entire system of stratification, as laid down in the accredited theories of the geologists, and strenuously maintains that, apart from the authority of scripture, they are inconsistent with the facts already well known, and becoming increasingly so by fresh discoveries in different parts of the world. Among these men of science, it is not for ordinary readers to arbitrate and decide. The friends of revelation, however, may rest perfectly content. Science will ultimately correct its own errors ; and though, for a time, its conclusions may seem to be at variance with scripture, as in its past history they have often been, yet time will reprove the hasty theorists, and bring them, however

reluctantly, to the conclusion, that, though revelation does not profess to teach natural science, yet it is guilty of no foregone conclusion that science has proved to be false. Had it so long ago anticipated the modern theory, before the facts on which it is built were known, it would have neutralized its religious teaching, by affirming what all the world then would have believed, and could only have believed, to be false. But as it did not anticipate science, so neither does its language, when fairly interpreted, contradict science. Let it have fair play, and we cannot doubt that it will come out of its present trial with an ample justification. We recommend both these works to those interested in such inquiries. They have here an alternative suited to the present position of the controversy. They may, if they so judge, dispute the theories of the geologists altogether, with no little show of reasoning, or they may take refuge in the harmony which Mr. Wight has supplied. Time and continued investigation can alone help us to determine which is the true solution of the difficulties at present surrounding this highly important and interesting subject.

England, Rome, and Oxford Compared, as to Certain Doctrines: in Six Lectures. By the Rev. A. Boyd, M.A. London: Seeley and Co.

TRADITION, Justification, the Sacraments, Reserve, Unity, Development, are the six subjects treated in these Six Lectures. They are all designedly handled in a popular manner, and exhibit a very adequate acquaintance with the Puseyite heresies, as at present desolating the established church; and a very fair amount of scriptural argument against them. They are not the most learned and elaborate of their class: nor are they eminently calculated to recover those infected with the Romanizing leaven, but they may serve to fortify the minds of church people who yet abide by the doctrines of the Reformation. Thorough church of England men cannot lay the axe at the root of the tree; and hence the most able arguments against the new doctrines which have yet appeared, have been from the pens of dissenters. All the evangelical party in the church who have taken up the controversy against Puseyism, appear to us afraid of going into the subject in all its extent. They argue well from scripture, and insist upon its finality; but then they have never harmonized this with that other finality which is said to have 'authority in matters of controversy.' Their allegiance does not seem to be single; and they constantly betray the awkwardness of having to adjust the assertion that it is so, with the consciousness that it is divided. They fail to reconcile the language of their *offices* with their own interpretation of scripture. Their appeal to the articles and homilies is not satisfactory, while the language of the baptismal, communion, burial, ordination, and other services, unquestionably favours the interpretation put upon them by the Puseyites. To such men as Mr. Boyd, we always feel disposed to say, better repudiate these authorities, than endanger the Divine one, or allow your opponents to wield against

you so formidable a weapon. Let God be true, though every man were found a liar. But this singleness of appeal would endanger the theory of a state-church, and the consequences would be unpleasant. Hence the necessity for all the attempts to harmonize the church with the Bible.

Is Christianity from God? or, a Manual of Christian Evidence for Scripture Readers, City Missionaries, Sunday School Teachers, etc. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.

THIS is a useful manual, affording, within a small compass, and at a moderate price, a concise, but tolerably comprehensive, summary of the various topics involved in the Christian evidence. The author has skilfully condensed the matter of many elaborate treatises, and availed himself of the powerful arguments of the most celebrated authors. Thus, for instance, Foster's reasoning against Atheism, that no man can assure himself that there is no God, unless he knows all things, and is omniscient, is expanded and forcibly applied by Dr. Cumming. Such an original and striking thought, although put into a very different style, might have been acknowledged. We are not, however, disposed to quarrel with so useful a performance. There are various marks of haste, which a revision will no doubt correct. The work would be improved by a condensation of some of the more lengthy arguments, and an expansion of such as treat of miracle and prophecy, both of which struck us as treated superficially, and yet they are the main stays and bulwarks of revelation. A short defence of miracles as against Hume's argument, and two or three of the more striking instances of prophecy abridged from Keith or Davison, would greatly improve the work. But as it is, we commend it to the classes for whose service it is intended.

'It is Written: ' or every Word and Expression contained in the Scripture, proved to be from God. By Professor L. Gaussen. London: Bagster.

The Bible not of Man; or, the Argument for the Divine Origin of the Sacred Scriptures, drawn from the Scriptures themselves. By Gardner Spring, D.D., of New York. London: Religious Tract Society.

THESE works, though analogous, and nearly identical in their object, are widely different in their contents. Professor Gaussen stoutly opposes that notion of inspiration which restricts it to the idea or conception of the inspired man, leaving the selection of phraseology to his taste and judgment. The argument for verbal inspiration is very ably and even elaborately stated. Many of the objections to it are greatly mitigated, and the difficulties of the opposite opinion forcibly exhibited. It is altogether one of the ablest defences of verbal inspiration that we have met with. Those who incline to the author's opinion will hail his services, and admire the learning and acuteness with which he has maintained his theme. Others who adopt the

common hypothesis will do well to ponder his arguments. All theologians, and especially those in their noviciate, will find much matter for mature deliberation, and some valuable items of information in this neat and cheap little volume.

Dr. Spring's work, which comes forth under the auspices of the London Religious Tract Society, is intended to display the evidence of inspiration from the character of the Scriptures themselves. This is adapted both to convince gainsayers, and confirm the faith of believers. It is an able and eloquent display of those peculiar marks of inspiration, which ought to satisfy every candid reader that the Bible is not of man. This volume will be read with great delight and profit by all believers in revelation who possess themselves of it, whether they hold verbal inspiration or conceptional. We can cordially commend both volumes as superior treatises, well deserving the careful perusal of all believers and all unbelievers. We wish them an extensive circulation.

Sermons by the late Reverend Nathaniel Morren, A.M. With a Memoir. Edinburgh : Blackwood. 1848.

THESE posthumous sermons are the production of an accomplished biblical scholar, one of the not very numerous men of piety who continued in the church of Scotland after the disruption. They have many of the characteristics of Scotch preaching, a uniformity in the simple textual arrangement, a superabundance of divisions, sometimes a rather tedious elucidation of what was never dark ; but there is withal about them a prominence given to evangelical truth, a constant recurrence to Biblical language, an energy and a manliness that comes up to the apostle's notion, ' speaking boldly as I ought to speak.'

Testimony to the Truth ; or, The Autobiography of an Atheist. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a very interesting account of the experiences of an intelligent and sincere mind, on the subject of religion. It describes the author's passage from atheism to Christian faith and character, in circumstances, and by means, that impart peculiar worth to the narrative. The outward history is striking, the inward still more so. Truthfulness, sagacity, and considerable graphic power, mark the whole of the volume. We do not adopt all the author's views ; should interpret differently from him some of the facts of both his mind and life, which he records, and imagine that a deeper acquaintance with certain subjects discussed, would have led to a revision or omission of portions of his book ; but we can honestly recommend it to the notice of our readers, as containing much, both in matter and form, that is worthy of serious consideration. The Christian cannot peruse it without gratitude and instruction, while the sceptic will derive from it many lessons of sound wisdom, and often find the thoughts of his heart vividly exposed.

The Duties and Defects of Dissenters of the Present Day, in reference to the Ecclesiastical Establishment of this country. In Twelve Lectures.

By the Rev. W. Thorn. London: Jackson and Walford.

MR. THORN'S labours in 'the great controversy of the age,' are well known, and by those who have carefully examined them, are highly estimated. Such readers as make an author a sinner for a word, may turn from them with distaste; but those who can appreciate sound views, strong convictions, unfaltering zeal, and genuine earnestness, will rejoice in his society, and listen deferentially to his counsels. His tracts are admirably suited for popular effect. They lay hold of the passing occurrence, avail themselves of the impulse of the hour, and blend with happy skill the temporary and the permanent, illustrating the principles of immutable truth by the passions and prejudices which distract many of their professed admirers. The substance of these lectures was delivered before large and highly-respectable audiences, at Southampton, and they are now issued in an amended form, in the hope of extending their influence through a wider sphere. 'In preparing the work for the press, the writer has aimed especially at three things: *Comprehension*—to omit nothing of moment in the exposition of the entire question under consideration; *Conciseness*—to state in as few words as possible, the facts and reasonings deemed essential to the discussion of the subject; *Perspicuity*—to make every argument plain and convincing to the most ordinary reader.'

This threefold object has been effected to a very happy extent, and we cordially recommend the publication to our readers.

Literary Intelligence.

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The Biblical Repository and Classical Review. Conducted by J. M. Sherwood. Third Series. Vol. IV. No. III. Whole No. LXXI. July, 1848.

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An Inquiry into the Existence of a Personal Devil.

Outline Scripture Maps. Palestine; the Journeys of the Israelites; the Travels of St. Paul; and Jerusalem. By J. R. Major, M.A.

A Key to the Outline Scripture Maps (as above). By J. R. Major, M.A.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

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- ART. I.—1. *The Works of the Rev. John Howe, M.A., as published during his life: comprising the whole of the Two Folio Volumes, Edition 1724. With a Life of the Author.* By the Rev. J. P. Hewlett. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Tegg and Co. 1848.
2. *Bishop Jeremy Taylor, his Predecessors, Contemporaries, and Successors.* A Biography. By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. London: John W. Parker. 1847.

AFTER two centuries of vulgar execration, the period of the British Commonwealth is beginning to be understood. The advocates of civil and religious freedom, especially, turn towards it a reverential eye, for all that is great in genius, patriotism, or undefiled religion, and mourn that the mantles of the mighty dead should never have fallen upon their degenerate children. Amidst the dangers and tumults of that soul-stirring period, religious men were not ashamed of their patriotism, nor patriots of their religion; and from the combination of the two most powerful principles of action arose that general earnestness of character, which gave to England her wisest statesmen, and profoundest theologians, as well as her sublimest poet, and her loftiest song. What Switzerland is to the other countries of Europe, such is the age of the Commonwealth to the other periods of British history,—an age of Alpine glories, where, amidst the roar of storms and cataracts, forms of colossal grandeur are seen, towering into the sky, as though they had less to do with earth than heaven.

Amongst the great theologians of that day, there are two, of

opposite parties, who stood out prominently from the rest : Jeremy Taylor, born at Cambridge in 1613, and John Howe, at Loughborough, on the 17th of May, 1630, the same year in which Charles the Second was born. Besides the similarity of their fame and occupation, as divines and each the *facile princeps* of his party, there are several points of resemblance, in the birth, history, and personal endowments of these illustrious men, which, considering their opposite interests, are not a little remarkable.

Jeremy Taylor's father was the lineal descendant of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom for his protestant principles, in the days of Mary. The father of John Howe was also a sufferer, though in a less degree, for conscience sake, having been driven from his flock and country by the intolerance of Laud; and to this resemblance we must add the privations which Howe and Taylor themselves experienced, the latter in the service of church and state, the former for civil and religious freedom. Both of them, moreover, arrived at eminence through precisely the same course of preparatory study, beginning at Cambridge, and finishing their academical career at Oxford—Taylor at All Souls, Howe at Magdalene. Each of them graduated in the two universities, and each arrived at the honours of a fellowship, after having made the Holy Scriptures, together with the philosophy of the ancients and the learning of the Schools, their principal study.

By a similarity of personal good fortune, both Howe and Taylor were remarkably graceful and handsome-looking men; and, with nothing but their portraits, the mere shadows of what they were, to look upon, we may conclude that, in a room of perfect strangers, either of them would have attracted universal notice; though there is no other resemblance of form or feature between them. In the exquisitely regular and well-turned features of Taylor's calm and open countenance, we see a beauty which Phidias or Apelles might have coveted for a model, greatly heightened by an air of devout though melancholy sadness, which throws a relieving shadow over the whole. It may be regarded, as it was by Rust, without much extravagance, as the thoughtful, ethereal beauty of an angel; but, we must add, of a dejected angel, whose brightness had been dimmed with sorrow. The features of Howe, though less distinguished by that chiselled smoothness which we have noticed in those of Taylor, are much more expressive of masculine strength and dignity, and, taken as a whole, are equally handsome and impressive. In his aspect the same devout thoughtfulness, together with a loftier earnestness, is conspicuous; but along with it, a humorous wit, which,

though subdued, could evidently be employed on suitable occasions with great effect, either in the way of sarcasm or amusement. His eye, less open and full, is that of a person who had the power of looking within as well as without; and, though like Taylor he has evidently had a close acquaintance with adversity, his countenance also assures us that he has risen above its power. We discover the same benevolence, courtesy, and refinement of taste, in the lineaments of the one and the other; but, combined with great modesty, there is in those of Howe, the magnanimity of one who was accustomed to meet the great Lion of the Commonwealth face to face, and stood prepared, if conscience required, to beard him in his lair. Taylor was above the middle height, but Howe was very tall and graceful. 'He had,' says Calamy, who knew him, 'a good presence, and a piercing but pleasant eye, and there was that, in his looks and carriage, that discovered he had something within that was uncommonly great, and tended to excite veneration.'

In the attitudes in which Howe and Taylor are drawn, we discover the same difference between them as in their features; that of Taylor is more inclined and flexible; that of Howe, more stately and erect. It will be seen, however, that both, notwithstanding the difference of their appearance, were very handsome men; and it is not a little remarkable, that to personal appearance both were indebted for the very similar offices to which they were raised—the latter as chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, the former to Charles the First, whose illegitimate daughter became afterwards his wife. In speaking of Taylor,—

'His youth, his eloquence,' says Mr. Willmott, 'and *his exceeding beauty of appearance and charm of manner*, made a lively impression upon his congregations, who took him, in the inflated language of Rust, 'for some young angel, newly descended from the visions of glory.' Rumours of his powers and reputation quickly reached Lambeth, whither he was summoned, to preach before the primate. . . . Rust tells us that the sermon of Taylor excited the wonder of Laud: 'it was beyond exception and beyond imitation; yet the wise prelate thought him too young, but the great youth humbly begged His Grace to pardon that fault, and promised, if he lived, he would mend it.'—Willmott's Bishop J. Taylor, &c. p. 93.

The irresistible impression which the fine appearance of Howe made upon the mind of the great Protector of the Commonwealth, is yet more remarkable.

'In the life of Howe, prefixed to his works and published in 1724, Dr. Calamy says, 'Mr. Howe, having occasion to take a journey to London, was detained there longer than he intended. He had the curiosity to go one Lord's-day (and it was the last that he designed to

continue in town) to be an auditor at the chapel at Whitehall. . . . Cromwell, who generally had his eyes everywhere, spied out Mr. Howe in the auditory, knew him by his garb to be a country minister, thought that he discerned something more than ordinary in his countenance, and sent a messenger to him, to desire to speak with him when the worship was over. Upon his coming to him, Cromwell requested him to preach before him the Lord's-day following.

'Mr. Howe was surprised by the unexpected motion, and modestly desired to be excused. Cromwell told him it was a vain thing to attempt to excuse himself, for he would take no denial. Mr. Howe pleaded that, having dispatched what business he had in town, he was tending homewards, and could not be absent any longer without inconvenience. Cromwell inquired what great damage he was liable to sustain by tarrying a little longer? Mr. Howe replied that his people, who were very kind to him, would be uneasy, and think he neglected them and alighted their respect. Cromwell promised to write to them himself, and to send down one to supply his place; and actually did so; and Mr. Howe stayed. . . When he had given him one sermon, Cromwell still pressed for a second and a third, and at last . . . nothing would serve . . . but he must have him to be his household chaplain. . . . Mr. Howe did all that lay in his power to excuse himself, but no denial would be admitted; and at length (though not without great reluctance) he was prevailed upon . . . to remove his family to Whitehall, where several of his children were born.'—Hewlett's Brief Memoir, p. 13.

The resemblance, thus conspicuous in the early lives of our great Churchman and Nonconformist, grows stronger in the subsequent stages of their history. For it was through trials, difficulties, and dangers, of precisely the same kind, that they were led into the scenes which afforded them the leisure, disposition, and, perhaps, in some degree, the ability for those wonderful productions which have rendered them so illustrious.

At the outbreak of the civil war, Taylor held the rectory of Uppingham, a small market town in Rutlandshire; where, by his exemplary life and brilliant talents, he appears greatly to have endeared himself to the people. At the downfall of Charles, a general sequestration of the livings of the clergy who had followed his standard took place; and, after some delay, Taylor was ejected. His biographer, Mr. Willmott, complains most bitterly of this step, as an act of flagrant persecution; and manages, by the aid of very doubtful facts and a thoroughly clerical imagination, to give to the transaction as dismal a hue as possible. But, upon what grounds his ejection can be regarded as an act of persecution, or even of injustice in the mildest sense of the term, we are at a loss to perceive. He was the avowed champion of a church which had made herself drunk with the blood of saints, and continued to hold the deadly chalice in her hands until Cromwell dashed it from her lips. He had been the known follower,

flatterer, and favourite of Laud, who had not only deprived the Puritans of their livings, but had fixed them in pillories, with their noses and ears cut off, or hunted them down to prison and death. He was the chaplain and son-in-law of that perfidious and cruel monarch, who had doggedly pursued his purposes through the wreck of the British constitution and the horrors of civil war. Under the banner of Charles, from the moment it was unfurled at Nottingham, Taylor had taken his stand; not simply as a chaplain, but, if we may judge from his subsequent conduct, as a partizan and soldier. And if, at the time of his ejection from Uppingham, he was found at the parsonage instead of the camp, it was only when the standard of despotism was trampled in the dust.

After all this bad prominence in a bad cause, Taylor, had the parliamentary leaders followed the course so long pursued by the opposite party, would certainly have lost his life. But, with that singular freedom from religious rancour which generally marked their proceedings, they merely ejected him from a living which they could not, consistently with their duty to the Commonwealth, allow him to retain: nor were they in haste to inflict even this punishment. Mr. Willmott asserts, that his ejection was accompanied by circumstances of brutal profanity; and, after sifting in vain the very dregs of history, has endeavoured to substantiate the charge, by a ridiculous and incredible story, from an anonymous scribbler in the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a royalist newspaper of the day. With Mr. Willmott's hatred of Puritanism, it was not to be expected that this anonymous morsel would be despised. But in the silence of Taylor himself, and even of Heylin, whom our biographer would have quoted if he could, what credit can he expect for a tale, about as authentic as 'Gulliver's Travels,' or 'Tom Thumb?' Had Taylor confined himself to his pastoral duties, he would never have been annoyed: but he merged the character of a Christian minister in that of a political partizan and soldier; and in this, it will be seen from the following quotation, he was not alone.

'It is not uninteresting,' says Mr. Willmott, 'to remember that four of the most eminent of English theologians were brought into scenes of difficulty, that put their nerve as well as their piety to the proof. Pearson was chaplain to the king's troops at Exeter, under Lord Goring, and Chillingworth acted as *engineer* at the siege of Gloucester, in 1643, and was only prevented from trying on English fortifications the implements of Roman science, by the sudden advance of the parliamentary army. Barrow was not summoned to the standard of his sovereign; but, much as he admired Horace, there is no reason to think that he would have imitated his flight. Upon one occasion, at least, he stood gallantly to his gun, and succeeded in beating off an Algerine privateer, sailing from Italy to Smyrna.'—Ib. p. 111.

Taylor, of course, was the fourth of these fighting divines; and, without stopping to ask, whether the 'nerve' or the 'piety' of his military services was the most conspicuous, it is clear that he left nothing undone to enrage the government, into whose hands he afterwards fell. If his office as royal chaplain should serve to explain, though it cannot justify, his presence in some of the bloody scenes in which he mingled, there were others in which he was evidently a volunteer. He not only followed the royal army in all its marches and battles, till the defeat of Newbury, and was afterwards shut up, with the king and his shattered forces, within the walls of Oxford; but in 1644 we find him, on a kind of forlorn hope, in an enterprise of great danger in Wales, and one much more illustrative, in our humble judgment, of the 'nerve' than of the 'piety' of the preacher.

'The circumstances were these: Colonel Gerard . . . besieged the castle of Cardigan, at that time held for the parliament by Colonel Poole, and procured by stratagem an entrance into the town. In the hope of intercepting the supply of provisions, he cut down the bridge, and summoned the castle to surrender, but without success. In the meantime, Poole found an opportunity of communicating intelligence of his danger to Major Langhorne, who speedily arrived to his assistance with a strong detachment, and conveyed a letter into the castle upon an arrow, directing the garrison to make a vigorous sally, while he attacked the besiegers on the other side. The result is thus described by Whitelock: 'All which was performed so successfully, that Gerard's forces were all routed, two hundred of them slain upon the place, four brass pieces of ordnance, six hundred arms, and one hundred and fifty prisoners taken, whereof were Major Slaughter, divers inferior officers, and Doctor Taylor.'—*Ib.* p. 115.

Such, then, is our biographer's own narrative of the facts upon which he would have us regard Taylor as a 'persecuted pilgrim of the Cross.' But alas for Mr. Willmott! what doctrine or precept of the Cross did Taylor exemplify by his attacks on the liberties of the British people, and in seeking the destruction of men who, if not more devout, were far more evangelical in their views and feelings than himself? Which of the holy gospels was it that drove him, with guns, and swords, and brass cannon, and 'Major Slaughter,' to the attack of Cardigan Castle? Instead of being persecuted, Taylor was himself a persecutor; and, if he became a pilgrim, it was only when he was so thoroughly beaten that he could be no longer a soldier. The facts recorded by Mr. Willmott himself sufficiently shew, that he was not only an advocate, but a champion, of arbitrary power in church and state; that, in support of a cause which contained the very essence of persecution, he was prominent among those who plunged the nation into all the horrors of civil

war ; and that, in such a service, there was no enterprise, however foreign to his office, in which he was not ready and even eager to embark. It only remains that we should lay before our readers his own account of the treatment which he received from the Puritans, when he fell into their hands, in order that Mr. Willmott's candour may be duly understood. In his dedication of the 'Liberty of Propheying,' Taylor remarks :—

'In the great storm, which dashed the vessel of the church in pieces, I was cast on the coast of Wales ; and in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor ; and, thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous a violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor. And here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He, who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of the waves, and the madness of the people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the contents of quietness and study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or *the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.*'—Heber's Edition, Vol. vii. p. 394.

In this passage, his rhetoric has more of fancy in it than truth. Instead of being driven from his anchorage by a storm, it is evident, from the unseemly part he took in the attack on Cardigan Castle, that he weighed anchor 'in his little boat,' to seek and offer battle to the storm which upset him. It is clear, however, from his own confession, that he fell into the hands of a noble enemy ; and that, instead of being bitterly persecuted, he was enabled, through their 'gentleness and mercies,' once more quietly to pursue his studies. Indeed, a short and lenient imprisonment seems to have been the only punishment inflicted on him, for the misery and death which he had inflicted on others.

Prior to these events, he had lived under the protection of the Earl of Carbery, whose castle was seated on one of the banks of the Towy, which flowed through the grounds of Golden Grove, in the neighbourhood of Grongar Hill, whose beauty is so well celebrated by Dyer. As we have occasionally gazed upon the mountains, woodlands, and green meadows, through which the Towy, in a silver stream, spotted with salmon-boats, winds and widens in its course towards Cærmarthen, we have often thought the scene one of the most enchanting to be met with in our island. Here it was that Taylor, though in comparative obscurity and poverty, spent many of the happiest and most useful years of his life ; surrendering up his soul to those devout musings and sacred contemplations which the scene, to

a mind like his, was so well calculated to inspire. It was here that he seems to have stored his fancy with that infinite variety of natural images, which throw such bloom and fragrance over his works. Here, with a genius as verdant and fertile as the landscapes around him, he produced some of his noblest treatises ; his 'Golden Grove,' his 'Holy Living and Dying,' 'The Great Exemplar,' with Fifty-two Discourses, or a Series for the whole Year, were natives of this lovely spot. And it was here, in daily conversation with the amiable Countess of Carbery, that he witnessed those virtues, which he has embalmed so richly, in the funeral sermon occasioned by her death.

But the noblest memorial of his residence in Wales is his 'Liberty of Propheying,' which was published in 1647, three years after his imprisonment for the attack on Cardigan. The liberty which he advocates falls very far short of the true standard of religious freedom, extending no further than to a toleration of those who believe in 'the Apostles' creed.' But the spirit which breathes throughout the noble Dedication and the work itself, is truly catholic, and serves to shew that 'the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy' had driven him to his better principles, subduing, for the time, his warlike propensities and love of arbitrary power. But party-feeling again revived in his bosom, and in his preface to 'the Golden Grove,' published in 1654, he indulged, as Heber candidly confesses, in 'expressions which were likely to provoke, to the utmost extent, both the Presbyterian and Independent clergy, and some which Cromwell himself might reasonably conceive insidious or insulting.' Either for this vulgar and ungrateful attack, or on account of his supposed connection with the insurrection of Penruddock and Groves, or for some other cause unknown, he was thrown a second time into prison, a second time to experience the clemency of the offended party. 'Even his second imprisonment at Chepstow,' says Heber, 'was neither severe nor long ;' and Taylor himself writes respecting it, in a letter to Warren, 'the gentlemen under whose custody I am, as they are careful of their charges, so they are civil to my person.'

In the same year, his 'Unum Necessarium ; or, the Doctrine and Practice of Repentance,' with a 'Further Explication of the Doctrine of Original Sin,' involved him in a paper war with a host of opponents of different parties, of whom the principal was Dr. Henry Jeanes, a Presbyterian minister, by whom he was beaten out of both his argument and his temper. In neither respect does Taylor seem to have been equal to the occasion. Like Æolus, he had let loose the winds ; but he soon found that it required a stronger god to drive them back again to their caverns.

After these disasters, military and polemical, in Wales, he appears, if Wood's testimony confirmed by tradition is to be received, to have taken the pastoral charge of a small congregation of Episcopalians in London. But Royston, his publisher, having appended to his 'Collection of Offices' a picture of Christ, contrary to a statute lately passed against idolatry, he was taken into custody by the Lieutenant of the Tower, at the beginning of 1658. Notwithstanding however his known hatred to the existing government, so little disposition was there personally to molest him, that, at the intercession of Evelyn, on whose bounty he at this time chiefly depended, he was immediately set at liberty.

In June of the same year, through the interest of Lord Conway, he was appointed to a lectureship at Lisburn in Ireland, for which a pass was granted him under the sign manual and privy signet of the great and generous Protector; and, through the liberality of the 'Triers,' he was permitted to officiate alternately with a Presbyterian minister, as well as to preach to an Episcopalian congregation in a neighbouring church. He fixed his residence at Portmore, where he enjoyed all the happiness which a country, exceedingly rich in picturesque scenery and the most splendid associations, could afford. This spot was destined afterwards to be the retreat, under similar circumstances, of his great contemporary, Howe: the following description, therefore, will be regarded by our readers with double interest:—

'At Portmore, he found scenes of rural beauty that reminded him of the woods and streams of Golden Grove. 'The park is washed by the great lake of Lough Neagh, and by a smaller mere, called Lough Bag (or the little lake), each studded with romantic islets, to some of which, according to the tradition of the vicinity, it was Taylor's frequent practice to retire for the purposes of study or devotion. Ram Island, in Lough Neagh, and a smaller rock, in Lough Bag, are said to have been his favourites; the one a mile from Portmore, and the other half the distance. The first is distinguished by the ruins of a monastery, and by one of those tall, round towers, of uncertain use and origin, which are a romantic and characteristic feature of Irish scenery.' Both were described by Heber as scenes where a painter, a poet, or a devout contemplatist, might delight to linger. . . . The tranquillity and sweetness of the landscape contributed to soothe his spirits, so long agitated by hopes and fears.'—Willmott, p. 181, 182.

Such, according to our biographer's shewing, was the ultimate persecution inflicted on a man, who had been taken sword in hand against the liberties of the people, by those 'dark puritans,' who, if we are to credit their traducer, had hardly a particle of religion, learning, honesty, or humanity, among them. In this

'charming recess,' he found leisure to complete his 'Ductor Dubitantium,' the most learned, and, we believe with the author himself, the greatest of all his works; and, thus grievously persecuted with peace, liberty, and all the comforts of life, he continued till the Restoration; when he was nominated to the see of Down and Connor: to which was added the Vice-Chancellorship of the University of Dublin, the adjacent diocese of Dromore, and a seat in the Irish Privy Council. All this we might have supposed was ample preferment for one man. With Mr. Willmott, however, it is only an evidence that Taylor was treated by his own party with neglect. The favour of Taylor's friends seems to afford his biographer as little satisfaction as the forbearance of his enemies; and, with about equal injustice, he accuses the one of ingratitude and the other of persecution.

Happy would it have been for Howe, had the Restoration, without raising him to the honour he deserved, suffered him to enjoy his humble lot in peace. But the same wind which wafted Taylor, full sail, into the desired haven, where he rode quietly at anchor till he died, threw Howe among the breakers of a lee-shore. The promises and oaths of the royal profligate, Charles the Second, who now became the head of the church, and owed his crown less to the courage or power of the royalists than the forbearance and mistaken confidence of the nonconformists, entitled such men as Howe to expect the utmost freedom from annoyance at his hands. From the constitution of his mind, as well as from long habit, Howe was notoriously a man of peace. During a long siege of the town in Ireland, to which his father had fled from the persecutions of Laud, young Howe, with the rest of the family, was in great danger of losing his life. But he had never suffered a sense of his own or his father's wrongs to embitter his feelings against the adverse party. The civil wars had filled all England with tumult and strife; but his youthful genius, like a tree in full blossom on a battle-field, bloomed amidst carnage and death; and, bathed in the dews of heaven, shed a calm and hallowed fragrance over the scenes of discord and woe. Though he generally, no doubt, approved of the parliamentary cause, he had never suffered it to draw him away from his higher calling as a minister of Christ; never, like Taylor, left his flock in the wilderness, to seek the glitter of the court or camp; never, even in the cause of freedom, took up arms, or mingled in any scene where, if conscience had whispered, 'What dost thou here, Elijah?' he would have been at a loss for a reply. Though he had filled with great honour the office of chaplain to Cromwell and his son, it was a distinction he had never sought, and one which nothing but the importunity of the Protector could have in-

duced him to accept. While in office, he entered into no political strife with the Episcopal party, nor wrote a syllable in depreciation of their ministers: but, on the contrary, as in the well-known cases of Fuller and Ward, laboured with a noble and disinterested generosity to procure for them favours, which he never asked, though poor, for himself.

Had there been no royal oaths to shield him, freedom from persecution was the smallest boon which such a man had a right to expect. But perfidy and cruelty ran in the very blood of the Stuarts; and their engagements, at all times mere matters of convenience, were, without a moment's scruple, whenever caprice or expediency required it, given to the wind. When Richard Cromwell abdicated, Howe's chaplaincy, as a matter of course, came to an end; and, with no little delight, he settled down once more with his beloved flock at Torrington. But, by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662, two thousand ministers were deprived of their livings; and Howe, like Taylor, after holding a royal chaplaincy—at least, royal in every thing but the name—was driven, from an obscure parish and a weeping flock, into poverty and silence.

In 1665, the Act of Uniformity was followed by the infamous Five Mile Act; and, though Howe, who saw nothing revolting to his own conscience in the oath it imposed, escaped the direct penalties it was designed to inflict, he had the mortification of seeing two of his relatives and many of his dearest friends thrown into prison; and, with a rising family around him, of sharing in the poverty, reproach, and danger to which his brethren were everywhere exposed. His father-in-law, George Hughes, and his brother-in-law, Obadiah Hughes, were both thrown into prison,—the former in the Isle of St. Nicholas, the latter at Plymouth. In writing to the latter, he speaks of—

'The unkindness and instability of a surly, treacherous world, that still retains its wayward temper, and grows more peevish as it grows older, and more ingenious in *inventing ways to torment* whom it disaffects. . . . Spite,' he adds, 'is natural to her; all her kindness is an artificial disguise—a device to promote and serve the design of the former, with the more efficacious and piercing malignity: but patience will elude the design, and blunt the sharpest edge. . . . This will make it at last despair, and grow hopeless, when it finds that the more it goes about to mock and vex us, the more it teaches and instructs us; and that as it is wicked, we are wiser. If *we* cannot, God will outwit it, and carry us, I trust, safe through to a better world, upon which we may terminate hopes that will never make us ashamed.'

A soul inspired with such hopes and armed with such fortitude is one, which it is not in the power of tyranny to subdue.

Howe felt that, if he could no longer preach, he could write ; and to the persecutions of this period we are largely indebted for his 'Blessedness of the Righteous;' that unrivalled production, by which he has become a preacher to all generations, as long as time itself shall last. Before this period (1668) he had published only two separate sermons, one of which 'appears to be irrecoverably lost.' But, among all parties, his 'Blessedness of the Righteous' at once secured for him an influence and a reputation, which can never die!

But whatever might be his fame, Howe was still left to struggle on with poverty and anxieties of every kind till 1671, when he became the chaplain of Lord Massarene, and took up his abode at Antrim Castle. It was in this very neighbourhood, as our readers have already been reminded, that Taylor had found an asylum from similar poverty and disquietude. The congenial stillness and romantic beauty of the spot seem to have operated on the contemplative mind of Howe, as powerfully as they did upon that of Taylor. It was here that his sublime discourses on 'Delighting in God,' and the 'Vanity of Man as Mortal,' were produced, together with the first part of the 'Living Temple.' Here, too, like Taylor, he was treated with the utmost respect by men of all parties. The bishop of the diocese, without any demand of conformity, gave him full liberty to preach in the parish church ; and the archbishop, with a yet larger stretch of liberality, declared, in a meeting of the clergy, that, to such a man, he would have every pulpit thrown open, in which he could feel himself at liberty to preach.'

In 1675, under a measure of the government which was called 'King Charles's Indulgence,' Howe left Ireland and became the pastor of a church in London, previously under the care of Dr. Lazarus Seaman. Charnock was a candidate for the same office ; and it is no little proof of the unparalleled excellence of Howe's preaching, that a congregation, capable of attracting the notice of two such men, should have preferred him to so illustrious a competitor. In this situation he laboured, several years, with great usefulness and honour, receiving the most marked respect, not only from his dissenting brethren, but from some of the most distinguished members and dignitaries of the Establishment. Yet, from the jealousies, caprice, and merciless tyranny of the government, the position of the dissenters was full of annoyance and danger ; and, in 1684, Howe, in a letter to his flock, assured them that he considered it no longer safe even to be seen in the streets of London. He accordingly, at the request of Lord Wharton, accompanied that nobleman in his travels through a great part of Europe ; and the next year settled at Utrecht, as an asylum from the dangers which still threatened

him in his native land. While at Utrecht, the Earl and Countess of Sutherland took up their abode at his house; and besides enjoying the friendship of Burnet, Mead, and other illustrious countrymen, he was distinguished by the attentions of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who continued their intercourse with him, both before and after their accession to the British throne.

During his stay in London prior to his exile—for such really, though not formally, it was—he published the first part of his ‘Living Temple,’ written, as we have seen, in Ireland; the ‘Reconcilableness of God’s Prescience of the Sins of Men, with the Wisdom and Sincerity of his Counsels,’ in compliance with the request of the Hon. Robt. Boyle; his ‘Letter on Dean Stillingfleet’s Sermon against Dissenters;’ his discourses on ‘Thoughtfulness of To-morrow,’ ‘Charity in reference to other Men’s Sins,’ ‘Prayer from the name of God,’ ‘Self Dedication,’ ‘The Death of the Rev. Richd. Fairclough,’ and ‘Union among Protestants;’ and his noble treatise on ‘The Redeemer’s Tears wept over Lost Souls.’ These admirable productions, together with his celebrated ‘Letter of Consolation to Lady Rachel Russel on the execution of her husband,’ shew how indefatigably he was employed, by his pen as well as his voice, to promote the present comfort and eternal welfare of his fellow-men.

In 1687, James the Second issued his ‘Declaration for Liberty of Conscience;’ and Howe, at the urgent request of his flock, returned to London, where he was courted by the tyrant. But the Dissenters, who knew that the ultimate object of the king’s proclamation was the establishment of Popery, were neither to be bribed nor duped, by the name of liberty, to his purposes; and Howe, when, in a private interview with the royal fanatic, he was consulted on the subject, replied, ‘that, as a minister of the gospel, it was his duty to preach and do good to the souls of men; but, as for meddling with state affairs, he was as little inclined as called to it, and must therefore beg to be excused!’

In 1688, the Revolution, which seated William and Mary on the throne, placed the Nonconformists in circumstances of comparative ease and comfort, and Howe was selected to deliver the congratulatory address of the dissenting body on the occasion. Various tracts, sermons, and treatises, on ‘Yielding ourselves to God,’ ‘On the Inquiry whether we really love God,’ ‘The Case of the Protestant Dissenters Represented and Argued,’ ‘Humble Requests both to Conformists and Dissenters, &c.,’ ‘Carnality of Religious Contention,’ ‘Doctrine of the Trinity,’ ‘The Redeemer’s Dominion over the Invisible World,’ ‘Patience in Expectation of Future Blessedness,’ ‘Duty of Civil Magistrates,’ ‘Enmity and Reconciliation between God and Man,’

'Deliverance from the Power of Darkness;' together with a number of funeral discourses, and, above all, the second part of his 'Living Temple,' were published during this latter period of his life. And thus, in the pulpit and through the press, he continued to labour in his Heavenly Master's service, till the 2nd of May, 1705, when, towards the close of his seventy-fifth year, he entered into his rest.

Thus on comparing the lives of Howe and Taylor we find, notwithstanding the opposition of their party interests, many most remarkable points of resemblance. Both were the children of persecution, descended more nearly or remotely, from persons who were the victims of superstition. Both spent their youthful days in the same university, in pursuit of the same studies, and with the same degree of academical success. Each was raised in early manhood to a flattering station, near the throne of the potentate whom he served. Both of them saw the ruin of the party to which he belonged, and after passing through similar circumstances of degradation, poverty, and alarm, found in the same spot in Ireland an unexpected asylum and home. Each of them, under his sufferings, was consoled by the admiration and sympathy of the opposite party. Precisely the same kind of succour, which Taylor received from Lords Carbery and Conway, Howe derived from the friendship of Lords Massarene and Wharton: and by a singular identity in the termination of their lives, each of them after long depression, saw the cause for which he suffered partially restored, and was permitted to die in peace, full of hope and imperishable renown.

It is remarkable too, that Howe and Taylor wrote, each of them, a History of his own Life and Times; but, as if nothing were to be wanting to complete the resemblance between them, both these histories were burnt; Taylor's by an accidental fire at the Custom House, London, Howe's at his own dying request, by the too dutiful hands of his son. To Englishmen, the restoration of the Alexandrian Library would hardly be a compensation for such a loss; since, by two such men, of opposite parties, but each so high in moral and intellectual worth and stationed so near the best sources of information, it is impossible to say what light might not have been thrown on the chief actors in the scenes, before or behind which they were themselves perpetually moving. Happily, however, each of these great men has left behind him stupendous proofs of his piety and genius; and, with their volumes spread around us at this moment, we are powerfully reminded of the sublime close of Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's—'*Lector si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*'

Similar, however, as were the scenes and occupations of their

lives, in mind and character they differed very materially from each other; and, to this difference, it is difficult to say, whether original constitution or the influence of party associations was the largest contributor. The piety of Taylor, always ardent and sincere, had its root, unquestionably, in a rational and unwavering faith. But, at the same time it was sadly darkened and disfigured, in its manifestations, by the influence of the cloister and the schools. Mortifications, penance, and idle ceremonies enter largely into his devotions; mechanical rules and formulas, rather than living principles, seem often to direct his course; and it is evident that the facts of Christianity, especially those which figure most in the painted windows of cathedrals, have a much stronger hold than its doctrines on his mind. His religion indeed is too often that of Laud, or of a monk, who, though he may have severed himself from Rome, still drags behind him many a heavy link of the broken chain, and derives, through morbid feeling, a ghostly pleasure from the rattle which it makes. Hence, though not absolutely necessary, he thinks that 'hair cloth upon our naked bodies,' 'journeys on foot,' 'laborious postures in prayer,' 'saying many prayers with our arms extended in the fashion of Christ hanging upon the cross,' or 'rolling naked upon nettles or thorns,' &c. &c., may occasionally be very edifying, and ought, when enjoined by an ecclesiastical superior, to be attended to.

On the other hand the piety of Howe, equally ardent and sincere, was not only free from these drivellings, but infinitely above them; the living practical exhibition of a Divine philosophy, of which the grand and immovable centre was the cross of Christ, not so much historically as doctrinally considered. Evangelical truth, apart from forms and ceremonies, and philosophically viewed in all its vast relations to God and man, is the element in which he lives, and moves, and has his being. His piety, however, though of a profoundly contemplative cast, is at the utmost remove from that which is merely theoretical. His profoundest speculations are as full of life, as of light; he never muses but the fire burns; he always glows and kindles as he shines. His faith was not the formal reception of a creed, but the substance of things hoped for, the realising conviction of things unseen, the humble yet joyous confidence of one who had *fled for refuge*, and *laid hold of the hope set before him*. His devotion, wholly untrammelled by fanaticism or slavish forms and full of reverence, hope, and love, is the free, spontaneous breathing of a soul thirsting after God; the natural longing of a filial spirit for communion with the Father of Spirits, and humbly hoping for access through the mediation of the cross. Taylor belonged to a community

which, like the Jewish Christians of old, is still to a great extent in bondage with her children. Howe, in the conscious freedom of the evangelical spirit, had cast out the bond-woman and her son; *rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.*

Taylor, though equally conversant with the letter of the Word of God, was far less deeply imbued than Howe with the spirit of the gospel; and, consequently, never equals him in the statement or enforcement of evangelical truth. To say nothing of his dismal notions respecting original sin and the intermediate state of existence, Taylor's references to the atonement are not only less numerous than they should be, but sadly vague, defective, and erroneous; discovering not unfrequently more of the crucifix than the cross: while Howe expatiates on the mighty theme with the clearness, fulness, and frequency of one, who not only understood it, but constantly felt and gloried in its saving power; rising in some of his loftiest flights, like the angel of old, amidst the odours of the sacrifice and the flames of the altar. Taylor speaks of the heavenly world like one who had *heard of it with the hearing of the ear*, believed the report, and devoutly longed for its joys. But his conceptions of heaven are often more earthly than heavenly. Ringing changes on the senses, and running out into childish fancies and details, he often throws a dubious, or ludicrous, air over some of his noblest exhibitions; while, generally, he may be said to utter what he fancies, or simply believes, rather than what he feels and enjoys. It is rarely, on the contrary, that Howe discourses of heaven but like a man inspired. His ideas of the heavenly state are the 'full-orbed visions' of a soul that in *God's light has seen light*; and has not only looked into eternity, but *risen with Christ and sat down with Him in the heavenly places*. What foretastes of bliss, what premonitory glimpses of the beatific vision, what deep and habitual communion with the high, the heavenly, the unseen, and eternal, must that mind have enjoyed, from which such works as 'The Blessedness of the Righteous,' or 'Delighting in God,' could proceed! In speaking of the satisfaction which the saints enjoy in heaven:—

'This,' says he, 'is as far as love can go. It is love to the uttermost; it doth not satisfy itself, till it satisfy them. Divine love is now at rest. It was travelling big with gracious designs before; it hath now delivered itself. It would rather create new heavens every moment than not satisfy; but it hath now done it to the full; the utmost capacity of the soul is filled up; it can be no happier than it is. . . . Now is the eternal sabbath of love. Now it enters into rest, having finished all its works, it views them all over with delight, for lo! they are all

good ; the works of pardon, of justification, and adoption ; its works of regeneration, of conversion, and sanctification ; its establishing, quickening, comforting works ; they are all good, good in themselves, and in their end, the satisfaction and repose of blessed souls. Now divine love puts on the crown, ascends the throne, and the many myriads of glorified spirits fall down about it and adore. . . . Now they are permitted to feed their eyes with divine glory, to view the face of God. He sets them before his face for ever. And that eternal vision begets an eternal likeness ; they behold and partake glory at once. . . . Love cannot permit that heaven should be their affliction ; that they should have cause to loathe and be weary of themselves in that presence. It satisfies them, by clothing and filling them with glory ; by making them partake of the divine likeness as well as behold it. . . . What amazing love is this, of the great God to a worm ! not to give over till he hath assimilated it to his own glory ; till it appear as *a ray of light begotten of the Father of lights !*—New Edition, vol. ii. pp. 144—146.

How justly might Watts, who was acquainted with Howe in his old age, describe him as standing ‘alone,’ ‘amidst the crowd,’ ‘with his starry pinions on,’ ‘dressed’ and ‘ready for his flight’ to the realms which he has thrown open in such an apocalypse of glory to the soul !

In describing the condition of the lost, Taylor’s representations are often terrifically sublime : but they are too minutely, dubiously, and unwarrantably physical ; far too demon-like, and, sometimes, even ludicrously vulgar and brutal, to create a proper impression. Sadly wanting in the sublime reserve of scripture, and full, to overflowing, with the horrors of the inquisition and purgatorial romance, it is impossible, in some of his grim descriptions, to recognize the necessary consequences of sin, or the inevitable inflictions of a righteous God. Unalarmed because unconvinced, the sinner shields himself under what is fabulous, from the impression of what is true ; if he is not prompted to the sallies of a profane wit against religion, by the quaint absurdities of the preacher. What effect, for instance, would it produce upon our readers, were a preacher now to tell them, literally, that ‘each body of the damned is more loathsome and unsavoury than a million of dead dogs, and all those pressed and crowded together ;’ and that ‘the devils, though spirits, send forth no better smell !’ Yet the reader of his ‘Contemplations of the State of Man,’ will meet with notions, equally gross and unscriptural, in almost every page, in which he treats of the torments of the lost.

But what a contrast to all this do we find in Howe. Faithful to his mission, he preaches the threatenings as well as the promises of God : but the terrors with which he endeavours to persuade men, are invariably *the terrors of the Lord*. These,

moreover, he presents, not in formal descriptions, but in awful suggestions and appeals to the heart and conscience of the sinner respecting the nature of sin; the righteous claims of an infinitely holy God; the inveterate depravity of the impenitent unbelieving heart; the stupendous efforts of Divine mercy to save a ruined race; the blood which the Saviour shed and the tears which he wept for the lost. It is by representations like these, as well as his own entreaties, arguments, expostulations, and yearnings over the impenitent, that he arouses them to terror or remorse. It is a truly grand and surpassing excellence in Howe, that he is as deeply and tenderly evangelical when discoursing on the threatenings as on the promises of God; so that while he thrills the soul with a terrific dread of the Divine wrath, he leaves the sinner no escape from the conclusion that, if he repents not, he *must* and *ought to be* for ever lost. We know of nothing, in Howe or any other uninspired writer, more worthy of the profoundest study of the Christian ministry, than the manner in which this melancholy duty of the sacred office is discharged.

On the important subject of Christian morals, Taylor has left behind him several invaluable treatises; in which the beauty, force, and subtlety of his genius, as well as the purity of his heart, are strikingly displayed. Mentally or morally considered, they are most extraordinary productions, and entitle him to our lasting gratitude and praise. Here, however, we discover the same want of evangelical power as in his doctrinal disquisitions; together with such a minute and wearisome love of detail, as utterly defies the grasp of the reader's memory, if it does not very soon exhaust his patience. The spirit with which he handles such subjects is generally that of a casuist or a lawyer, rather than a preacher of the cross; nor is the vain conversation, which he received in tradition from the fathers, or the prerogative-loving school of Laud, forgotten or laid aside. Howe, on the contrary, though he has written nothing which can be regarded, or was intended to be regarded, as a complete treatise on Christian morals, ever shows, in his discourses upon individual duties, the profoundest acquaintance with the principles and motives of evangelical obedience, or, in other words, with the law written in the renewed heart by the Spirit of God. Not contented, as is too frequently the case with Taylor, with inferior motives, he shows, in the very spirit of the gospel, the obligations under which we are laid by the cross of Christ; the great centre from which they all radiate and in which they all meet; as if his whole soul were pervaded with the sentiment, so finely expressed by Young,—

' Speak they of morals ! O thou bleeding love !
Thou maker of new morals to mankind !
The grand morality is love of Thee ! '

In pointing out, however, the comparative excellence of these eminent men, we by no means wish to convey the impression, that some of the qualities ascribed to the one were never exemplified by the other ; but simply that they predominate in their works and lives, in the way described. Taylor sometimes rises to the evangelical, heavenly, and ethereal tone of Howe ; while Howe occasionally descends to the casuistical, or, rather, scholastic, turn of Taylor. But the latter is seldom deeply evangelical, nor is there in the former a particle of what is monkish, servile, or traditional.

If, indeed, from the loftier we carry on the comparison into some of the minor shades of character, we shall find, along with many points of resemblance, the same kind of difference. Both of them were men of high polish ; born, as well as educated, to adorn a palace or a court. But Taylor, with all his great virtues and engaging manners, was vain and ambitious. At the commencement of his career he eagerly sought and courted promotion, even at the hands of Laud ; and at the close of life, we find him prostrate, in fulsome adulation, at the feet of the second Charles ; though he must have known that lies and perjury were the steps by which the royal profligate had mounted the throne. The well-known frequency with which he exhibited his own likeness to the world, as an embellishment to his works, shows that his self-admiration descended even to personal appearance. In most of his productions, he writes like a person who has not wholly lost sight of himself ; often bespangling his pages with little fancies and conceits, that exhibit the author rather than the subject, or with such admiring allusions to the mere outward distinctions of life, ' the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' as serve to show that one of the ' three things ' which his godfather and godmother had ' promised and vowed in his name,' had been but very imperfectly remembered.

Howe, though equally acquainted with thrones and palaces, had a soul into whose composition not a grain of vanity or ambition ever seems to have entered ; combining, with uncommon greatness and dignity, a modesty and lowliness of mind, which recoiled from promotion and shuddered at the sound of praise. Nothing but the resolute kindness of Cromwell could have dragged him at first from obscurity ; nor is there, throughout his writings or his subsequent history, the slightest trace of an improper consciousness of worth ; and,

though he never cavilled at the distinctions of life in others, he never attached to them the least value for himself. Indeed, Howe's was one of the most majestic natures that ever dignified this mortal soil with its footsteps; and, in his great soul, there appears not to have been a spot, to which any of the little vanities of life could cling.

In common with all the truly great, Howe and Taylor were men of high courage and indomitable spirit; but, in this quality also, there was a marked difference between them. Taylor's courage was of a more active and animal turn, Howe's altogether moral and passive. Taylor's was seen in the readiness with which he drew his sword, and rushed into the field of battle; Howe's, in the invincible patience with which he endured the wrongs and insults of enemies, or in the fearless intrepidity with which he rebuked the errors of his most powerful friends. Taylor, with all his courage in the field, suffered the barbarities and profligacy of his party, both before and after the Restoration, to pass without censure; and it is a humiliating sight to see a man of his 'nerve,' to borrow an expression from Mr. Willmott, crawling like a parasite, in an attitude of the most abject and profane flattery to the feet of a tyrant, by whom all respect for the decencies of life, and for the honour of his country, seemed equally forgotten. But neither the defects of Cromwell, nor the follies of his court, could escape the censures of Howe; and it is a truly sublime spectacle to see, in union with so much gentleness and humility, a moral heroism that could awe the mightiest spirit on earth into silence, and compel the iron soul of Cromwell to bow. But it was so; the hero of Worcester was vanquished by the hero of the cross—all honour to them both!

We never read the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' especially the 'Dedication,' without feelings of intense admiration and delight. Here we see that Taylor, however warped by party influence, was endued naturally with a noble soul, with enlarged views, catholic feelings, a generous and sympathising heart. Yet he allowed these high tendencies to be so entirely overpowered by his false notions of loyalty, his personal ambition, and the prejudices of education and party feeling, that he struggled, to the last gasp, for one of the most merciless tyrannies in church and state that ever cursed the earth; leaving nothing untried to quench the sparks of our civil and religious freedom in the blood of its defenders. Heber, though evidently ashamed of what he defends, has done his best to shield the conduct of Taylor in Ireland, and before the Houses of Parliament, from the just animadversions of Orme. But with what consistency, to say nothing of Christian duty, could the man who had

written the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' hold office, for a single day, under such a government as that of Charles the Second, with its 'Five Mile Acts,' and Acts of Uniformity! Where, especially, was his consistency in flattering that government, in becoming in fact its hireling, to silence those ministers, who, he had contended, ought not to be silenced; or in attempting to poison the Irish legislature with the execrable trash which he uttered in his sermon to the two Houses of Parliament! In that sermon he tells them that dissenters were diseased children, 'whose disorders were to be cured, if possible, by emollients, if not, by the lancet;' that Charles the Second was 'the best king in the world,' and 'since God has blessed us,' he adds, 'with so good, so just, so religious, and so wise a prince, let the sentence of his laws be our *last resort*, and *no question be permitted* after his judgment and legal determination: for wisdom saith, 'by me princes rule, by me they decree justice:' and therefore the spirit of the king is a divine eminency, and *is as the Spirit of the most High God.*' Taylor, in the fullness of his power, seems to have lost his intellect and piety, through the virulence of priestly pride and insolence.

Happily there is nothing like this, to check our admiration, in the life or writings of Howe. His, on the contrary, was a spirit essentially catholic in its feelings and views, genial and diffusive as the very sunshine of heaven; a fountain of holy love into which, neither education nor party strife, neither injuries received nor power enjoyed, had been permitted to infuse a particle of bitterness. Full of candour and meekness, we find him making every allowance for those who were enemies to all liberty but their own; aiding them when in distress, and putting the most charitable construction upon their abuses of power. Not the most chilling circumstances could freeze the sympathies of his heart; still it gushes forth in a charity as fervent, as the warm springs which force their way, through the frosts and snows of an Iceland soil. Even in old age his charity still shines and glows, like a window in the setting sun covered with stars of gold; throwing back on every thing without the beams of that heavenly love, which shines at the same time so brightly and warmly within, to illuminate all the chambers of the soul. If he resisted the measures of James the Second on behalf of the Papists, it was only because he knew it to be the determination of that deceitful monarch, as Sir James Macintosh among others has clearly shown, to establish a system that would have deluged the country in blood, and extinguished all the charities of life.

As to the intellectual merits of two such men as Howe and

Taylor, to form a complete estimate would require a genius of similar dimensions with their own. But there are points of contrast or resemblance which, even here, lie open to the most common observer. In each we see a mind of immense calibre and range. The extent of Taylor's memory is perfectly astounding; the variety and number of his allusions, in the way of imagery and quotation, all but infinite. With the exception of physical science his memory seemed to range, as with an eagle's eye, over the whole field of human knowledge; and with a vision as quick, clear, and minute, as it was far-seeing and comprehensive. His memory, however, either through defect of judgment or the ease with which it could retain every thing, was too omnivorous to be select: and, with a little modification, we may apply to him what Milton said of the fathers. 'Whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance, hath drawn down from of old in her huge drag net, whether fish or seaweed, whether shells or shrubs, unpicked, and unchosen'—such is his learning.

In Howe's writings, there is enough to shew that his reading had been equally and, upon some subjects such as mental and moral philosophy and physical science, more than equally extensive: but his memory, though one of prodigious power, does not appear to have been equally prompt or capacious, or so redundantly stored. But, if the stores, which he had gathered either from books or the scenes around him, were less ample or immediately at command, they were more valuable and select. In amassing literary treasure, Taylor, in his credulity, appears to have laid up gold and copper, base coin and genuine, diamonds and broken glass, with equal avidity; while Howe's high taste and philosophical discernment allowed him to receive nothing but genuine silver, or the purest gold. Howe's memory therefore, though less capacious, less gushingly full, is nevertheless a vast reservoir, that has been fed from purer streams, and is not encumbered with reptiles and weeds.

In some of his treatises Taylor has displayed a prodigious amount of thought, and, in logical clearness, closeness, and subtlety, he is not inferior to Howe: but in grandeur, depth, originality, loftiness, sublimity, and philosophical power, Howe stands unrivalled and alone. Taylor rarely ventures into a field of thought unoccupied by other men; and, though full of original fancies, there is little of what is original in the substance of his thoughts; but Howe's imperial intellect reigns over regions exclusively its own. The commonest subjects in his hand, by the unusual light which he throws upon them, or the unexpected relations in which they are viewed, are rendered strikingly new: while from the boldness of his generalisations, as well

as the breadth and suggestiveness of his strokes, his representations derive a truthfulness and power, which no elaborate minuteness can supply. With whatever aptness or beauty Taylor quotes or even discusses a passage of scripture, he rarely shews us anything in it which we did not see before. But a passage, discussed or merely alluded to by Howe, often bursts like a new revelation on the soul ; unfolding a world of important meaning, before unthought of or unknown.

Guided by that Spirit which *searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God*, he dives downward into the profound, fetching, out of the very depths of revelation, pearls of great price. At the same time, there is such an ethereal loftiness and massive grandeur in his conceptions, such a solemn and subduing earnestness as well as fitness and sublimity in his appeals, as leave him without a superior or even an equal amongst our theological writers. He appears, on principle*, to have been opposed to an artificial style of composition : but what reader, of taste or sensibility, is there, who is not lost in the solemn grandeur, the hallowed feeling, the sublime philosophy and power, of the following description of a soul in ruins ; which, though well-known, we cannot forbear to quote.

‘ The stately ruins are visible to every eye that bear in their front (yet extant) this doleful inscription,—HERE GOD ONCE DWELT. Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to show that the Divine presence did sometime reside in it ; more than enough of vicious deformity, to proclaim he is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overturned ; the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with so pious fervour ; the golden candlestick is displaced and thrown away as a useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness ; the sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, is exchanged for a poisonous, hellish vapour, and here is, ‘ instead of a sweet savour, a stench.’ . . . ‘ What have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary !’ How have ‘ they broken down the carved work thereof,’ and that, too, ‘ with axes and hammers,’ the noise whereof was not to be heard in building, much less in the demolishing this sacred frame ! Look upon the fragments of that curious sculpture which once adorned the palace of that great king ; the relics of common notions ; the lively prints of undefaced truth ; the fair ideas of things ; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold ! with what accuracy the broken pieces show these to have been engraven by the finger of God ; and how they now lie torn and scattered, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish. . . . You come, amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and

* See ‘ Delighting in God,’ vol. ii. p. 570.

useless among heaps of dirt. . . . So that, should there be any pretence to the Divine presence, it might be said, 'If God be here, why is it thus?' The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state, in all respects, of the temple, too plainly show the *Great Inhabitant is gone!*'—Living Temple, vol. i. pp. 225, 226.

In some of Taylor's principal works, an English landscape of great breadth and beauty is spread out before us, richly dimpled and undulating, every where, with a profusion of blossom and more valuable produce; not however without poppies, thistles, and darnel, mingled with the corn. But, in the 'Living Temple,' or any of the greater works of Howe, we have a region of crag-built mountains, whose roots shoot downward to the centre of the earth, their summits upwards above the clouds: while, round their base, huge masses of rock, tumbling in disorder, or even crumbling to pieces, shew, in the very waste of intellect, the stupendous resources of the mind which threw them off. Here we behold the inexhaustible quarries from which Paley, in his Natural Theology, and other writers have drawn not only their thoughts but their illustrations. Here, in deep glens, we wander through regions of thought, but rarely trodden by the foot of man; or mount some ethereal top, that commands, at a single view, the earth and sky. Here, in torrent or waterfall, we see the first gush of many a pure mountain-stream, which, through the contributions of subsequent minds, has swelled and widened to a mighty river: while occasionally we stand thrilled into astonishment, at those strokes of holy indignation, which dart in thunderbolts on the enemies of truth, or at the vast accumulations of argument, hurled down, like an avalanche, to crush and bury them for ever. Nor must we forget those fruitful regions of devout and tranquil contemplation, so frequently interposed; nor those bright spots of alpine flowers, which, though wildly scattered as by the hand of chance, appear dyed in the very hue of heaven.

In mere fancy, however, Taylor, if not more original, is certainly more varied and affluent: but, in sublimity of conception, in the higher imagination, or that inventive power which throws open, at a glance, a whole region of thought to the view, he is decidedly inferior. Nor is there always in his figures, beautiful and brilliant as many of them are, that fitness, subordination, or good taste which are generally to be seen in those of Howe. It is remarkable too that Taylor, though he often sports with his own bright fancies, in all the eagerness of a child blowing glass or bubbles for amusement, never seems inclined for sport with anything besides. Some of his quaint phrases, idle allusions, and 'old wives' fables,' are irresistibly droll; but much of the drollery arises from the devout seriousness and undoubting

gravity of the writer; nor do we recollect a single instance of intentional sarcasm or humour. But Howe, though equally solemn and much more earnest in his appeals, has shewn in his letters and conversations, as well as his graver productions, considerable powers of wit, which on suitable occasions, he could employ with great force, either in the way of pleasantry or satire. It should be observed however that he never suffers his wit to run away with his temper or his argument, but is just as philosophically calm and logical in his banter, as in his graver discussions; of which the following sentences from the 'Living Temple,' in which the dreams of the epicurean philosophy are held up to ridicule, may serve as an example.

'Only consider what is said of the constitution and nature of the human soul itself, which is said to be composed of very well polished, the *smoothest* and the *roundest* atoms, and which are of the neatest fashion, and every way, you must suppose, the best conditioned the whole country could afford, of a more excellent *make*, as there is added, than those of the fire itself. And these are the things, you must know, which think, study, contemplate, frame syllogisms, make theorems, lay plots, contrive business, act the philosopher, the logician, the mathematician, statesman, and every thing else. . . . And now, because it is not to be thought that *all* atoms are rational (for then the stump of a tree or a bundle of straw might serve to make a soul of . . .), it is to be considered by which of those properties [mentioned], an atom shall be entitled to the privilege of being rational, and the rational atoms distinguished from the rest, . . . Epicureus would here have us believe that the least are fittest for this turn. . . . Here, sure, the fate is very hard of those that come nearest the size, but only by a very little too much corpulency, happen to be excluded as unworthy to be counted among the rational atoms. But sure, if all sober reason be not utterly lost and squandered away among these little entities, it must needs be judged altogether incomprehensible why, if, upon the account of mere littleness, any atom should be capable of reason, all should not be so, and then we could not but have a very rational world,' &c. &c.—Living Temple, vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

Of all folly, that which offers itself to the world in the garb of philosophy, is the most nauseous; nor is it easy to say, in what way, Howe could better have handled the absurdities of atheistical philosophers, than he did. But to *answer a fool according to his folly*, was a task from which, however lawful, his habitually devout and earnest mind recoiled. No sooner, therefore, is the painful work over, than he apologises for what he has done, pleading as an excuse, the necessity of the case, and the example of Elijah.

In point of style we accord to Taylor, as many of our readers will readily anticipate, a decided superiority. His sentences are

more rythmical and flowing, his combinations more diversified and happy, his expressions more distinct and transparent; and, though remarkably free from triteness and common place, he never seems at a loss for language, or to experience the least difficulty in bending it to his purpose. In all these respects, as well as in the smoothness of his transitions, he far surpasses Howe, whose words are often ill-chosen, and loosely thrown together. Howe's sentences, too, are many of them long, intricate, and unmusical; with parenthesis within parenthesis, and the several clauses thrown together, with so little subordination to each other or the leading idea, as to perplex and weary the reader. Taylor is often guilty of dividing and subdividing with unmerciful prolixity; but Howe not only equals him in this particular, but leaves the skeleton deformities of his method so prominent and bare, as greatly to interfere with the unity and beauty of his composition.

In Taylor's style, however, there is an affected mannerism and an occasional coarseness, from which Howe is altogether free. His antitheses and analogies are often strained beyond their power. When his imagination feels the breeze, not contented with crowding sail, he hoists such an array of gay flags to the wind, that we lose sight of the true signals of thought, amongst a number of flaunting colours and idle decorations. The formal manner in which he introduces a favourite figure, with the preliminary 'so have I seen,' 'so have I seen a lark,' 'so have I seen a river,' 'so have I seen the pillars of a building,' not only stops the current of thought and feeling, but creates the unpleasant impression, that the preacher is thinking more of himself and his figures, than of the subject or of his hearers. In the midst of his most solemn musings and appeals, if an idle fancy, or some old monkish story, happens to cross his path, he breaks away after it with as little propriety, as if, in charging an enemy, he were to gallop off, in chase of a butterfly, from the field of battle. The way, too, in which he joins together a string of epithets, or the several members of a sentence, by a frequent repetition of the little particles *or*, *but*, or *and*, instead of weaving them into each other, or linking them differently together, has always appeared to us a considerable blemish in his style. We do not mean to say, that where the several epithets or clauses may require a distinct, emphatic utterance, a writer, or rather speaker, may not find an occasional advantage in such a repetition, provided it be done sparingly, and obviously with such a design. But in many of Taylor's sentences we find the particle '*and*' repeated twelve or fifteen times; and in one, to which our attention is this moment accidentally turned, there are no less than twenty repetitions. It is when

he intends a climax, that he generally has recourse to this expedient. But, instead of mounting by a ladder of such rude construction, and by artificial steps all formed alike, it surely is a nobler thing to take the wings of the wind, and soar upward in a direct flight to the sky.

Barbarisms and new-coined words disfigure the works of both writers, in about an equal degree. But Howe's style, with all its faults, is remarkably free from affectation or self-conceit. The inartificial sentences, through which the mighty tide of thought rolls on, seem to tumble hither and thither, as carelessly as the waves of the sea; but, on that very account, they are frequently thrown, as if by chance, into shapes of great beauty and power. His expression is often redundant, or, at other times, defective and obscure; but no impertinent fancy, no childish allusion, or straining after effect, is ever suffered to disturb the steady movement of thought, or the irresistible earnestness of his appeals to the conscience or the heart. Whether he interrogates, argues, or expostulates, it is invariably with a most solemn and subduing effect, and as if God by him were saying, *Come now and let us reason together.*

Of all Taylor's works, his 'Ductor Dubitantium,' though less popular than his 'Holy Living and Dying,' his 'Liberty of Propheying,' and a few others, was considered by himself, and we think justly, the greatest. Its object is to furnish a perfect system of casuistical theology, for the relief of conscience, under all the difficulties and dangers, whether speculative or practical, to which it may be exposed. It is less distinguished by dazzling imagery, than some of his other compositions, for he seems intentionally to have kept his fancy under rein; nor can a work, so casuistical, so minutely speculative, or so deeply tinctured with the political and ecclesiastical prejudices of the author, be regarded as one of great practical utility. But it contains a world of subtle thoughts, admirably expressed; and those who wish to see the vast range of Taylor's mind, or the chief excellencies of his style, will find them there: though that part of the preface in which he addresses Charles the Second, under the names of David and Job, and describes him as coming down, like Moses from the holy mount, with the two tables of the Law in his hands, to bless the people with his hallowed ministrations, is such a stretch of fancy, as Charles himself must have wondered or smiled to behold.

The same place which the 'Ductor Dubitantium' holds among the works of Taylor, is generally ascribed to the 'Living Temple' among the productions of Howe; and, considered simply as a stupendous monument of thought, it is perhaps entitled to the praise. We have always, however, deemed it a misfortune, that

the author should have chosen a figurative passage of Scripture, as the platform for a body of divinity, which he evidently intended that work to be. The necessity which he supposed himself under, of keeping up the figure through a long work, and at the same time, of pressing into his service all the scriptural allusions to a temple, however variously applied, has not only cramped his genius, but thrown him into a confusion of ideas, which no ingenuity, not even his own, could prevent. In this respect, Howe's 'Living Temple,' composed of a number of little temples, raised up from a pattern temple sown in the earth, has always appeared to us a far less beautiful and harmonious structure than the 'Spiritual House' of the apostle Peter, composed, not of living temples, but of 'living stones.' On this, as well as some other accounts, we cannot but regard the 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' 'Delighting in God,' 'Redeemer's Tears,' and the 'Vanity of Man as Mortal,' as more interesting, though perhaps less wonderful, displays of his genius.

With all his celebrity, few writers appear to have suffered more than Howe, from the careless manner in which his works have been issued from the press; nor can we withhold from the editor and publishers of the edition now before us, our cordial thanks for the pains which they have taken, to place the works of so unrivalled an author, in an intelligible shape before the world. It comprises all that remains of what was published during the life-time and with the concurrence of the writer; and the editor appears to have laboured, with very commendable care, to restore the text as closely as possible to its original state, placing in brackets every word which he has deemed it necessary to add. The punctuation Mr. Hewlett has avowedly taken upon himself; and, though we are not sure that such a liberty should be ventured on by any editor, with the writings of such a man as Howe, we cannot but regard Mr Hewlett's alterations, which sometimes amount to twenty or thirty in a page, as proofs of a very diligent concern to render the meaning of the author as intelligible as possible to the reader. If by this means he has taken from Howe the benefit, whatever it might be, of his own punctuation, he has certainly, on the other hand, done his author the justice of sweeping away a vast amount of dust and cobwebs, with which time or chance had obscured the beauty of his writings.

Instead of Calamy's Life of Howe, Mr. Hewlett has prefixed a brief memoir of his own, in which, though it is little more than an abstract of Calamy's Life, he has shown himself to be an interesting writer, and corrected several inaccuracies into which previous biographers have fallen. In Calamy's sketch, however, there is a freshness and truthfulness of tone and ex-

pression, arising from his personal acquaintance with Howe and the times in which he lived, which none but a very extraordinary writer of the present day could be expected to equal; and on this account, as well as another which we feel bound to mention, we regret the editor's substitution of his own.

Though we should be extremely sorry to suspect a dissenting minister, either of not understanding or appreciating the non-conformity which he is employed to teach and of which Howe was so high an example, there are two or three paragraphs in Mr. Hewlett's Memoir, which we feel it extremely difficult otherwise to explain. In speaking of the privations to which Howe was driven by the Act of Uniformity, he tells us not that Howe *was* justified, but that he '*thought himself*' justified in quitting the establishment. 'That Howe,' he adds in another place, '*was not in this or any later period what would be now termed 'a consistent Dissenter,' appears undeniably evident. His writings do not contain a single line in opposition to a national support of the ministers of Christ; nor does he seem, for himself, to have objected to the required forms and services of the Established Church.*'—p. 18. And again, in speaking of Defoe's Controversy with Howe, he says, '*As a motto, Defoe had uncharitably, and indeed profanely, prefixed to his pamphlet the words of Elijah, 'If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, —;*' and in the course of the preface affirmed, that any member of a dissenting church who was known to commune with the church of England, ought not to be received in his own church again, but as a *penitent*! Alas, for poor human nature!'—p. 19.

With regard to Defoe, we can only say '*Alas!*' for any dissenting minister who affects to pity him; nor is there any thing so deeply to be regretted, in the life of Howe, as that, by defending the occasional conformity of half-hearted dissenters with the church, he should have merited the rebuke of so faithful and disinterested a writer. In opposition to what Mr. Hewlett has asserted, we must beg to remind him that Howe *did*, at all hazards, renounce conformity for himself; and those who fairly examine the then existing state of the Establishment, will find it extremely difficult to censure the righteous indignation, against the occasional conformity of dissenters, expressed by Defoe. What was the church at that period, but a system of secular corruption, steeped in the tears and blood of men, of whom the world was not worthy? Amongst the persecutions which Howe himself had witnessed, he mentions '*the worst and most infamous of mankind, at our own expense, hired to accuse us; multitudes of perjuries committed, convictions made without a jury, and without any hearing of the persons accused; penalties*

inflicted, goods rifled, estates seized and embezzled, houses broken up, families disturbed often at unseasonable hours of the night, without any cause or shadow of a cause, if only a malicious villain would pretend to suspect a meeting there; . . . a dreadful storm of persecution that destroyed not a small number of lives in gaol.' Surely, with such a system, charity demanded that no communion, however occasional, should be held; and considering that they had the gospel in their hand, we are not sure that Defoe did not rather compliment them, than otherwise, by comparing them with the worshippers of Baal.

By 'the consistent dissenters,' whom Mr. Hewlett mentions under marks of quotation, obviously intended as a sneer, those who are now struggling for the separation of Church and State are doubtless the persons alluded to; and, whether it can be reconciled with good taste or common prudence, that the editor of a great classical work, which belongs to all ages and all parties, should avail himself of a very accidental and unexpected position, to sneer at any party, and especially a party so liberal and enlightened as the one mentioned, we shall not stop to inquire. But, that there is any thing in the conduct of 'consistent dissenters,' when compared with the great principles laid down by Howe, to warrant such a sneer, we most unequivocally deny.

In the 'Case of the Protestant Dissenters, Represented and Argued,' Howe, for example, lays down, as the basis of his non-conformity, the following great and glorious principles,—That there is no authority in religion but from God—That God has given to no man authority to make laws against Himself, as revealed in his word—That laws opposed to God's authority *are not to be obeyed*, 'until it can be *well proved* that they who made such laws *made the world too*'—That though the political representatives of a people may, according to the constitution of a government, make laws for them about the things they entrust them with, it is an absurdity to suppose that the people of England have entrusted them with *their religion and their consciences*—That, in religion, a man can be no more represented in a council, *than at the day of judgment*—That every man's soul and conscience must be in his own keeping, and can be represented by no man—That laws opposed to God's laws, whether dispensed with or not, are *no laws*, and not to be kept—That even, among Pagans, a revelation was always pretended as the ground of any religious institute, upon the implied principle that, in such matters, human power could not oblige the people's consciences.

Such, then, are the principles of Nonconformity, as laid down by Howe in 'The Case of the Protestant Dissenters Represented,'—a document which he drew up in the name of the whole body, in his ripest years, and published to the world: and why Mr.

Hewlett, who has spoken so largely of Howe's plea for occasional conformity, should have passed over in all but absolute silence such an exposition of his nonconformity, we do not profess to explain. But, before he pretended a warrant from Howe to sneer at 'consistent dissenters,' he certainly ought to have shown either that no such principles as the above are to be met with in Howe's writings, or that the union of Church and State is consistent with such principles. That the Anti-State-Church Society will survive the sly shafts, or rather, little bird-bolts of our editor, we are not in the least afraid; but, in justice to the memory of Howe, we cannot allow him to feather them with so illustrious a name. It is not in the power of man to see every thing at once: and it detracts but little from Howe's greatness, that, involved, like many other leading men of his day, in a perpetual struggle for liberty of worship, he overlooked the application of his principles to the separation of Church and State. But if, as he expressly declares, a parliament can no more represent a man in religion than at the judgment day, and the laws contrary to revelation are no laws and not to be obeyed, unless 'those who make them *well prove* that they made the world too,' the separation of Church and State directly follows, as a matter of course. And, from the whole tenour of his life—from his hatred of all tyranny—his unconquerable love of liberty; and from the readiness with which he shared in the responsibility of a great political revolution, for the overthrow of civil and religious despotism—we firmly believe that, under the same circumstances with the dissenters of the present day, he would be amongst the foremost to insist that nothing should be rendered unto Cæsar which belongs to God.

For the present edition of Howe's works, however, notwithstanding the exceptions just mentioned, and the want of a more copious index, we return both the publishers and the editor our cordial thanks; heartily recommending it to our readers as the one which, if unfurnished, we should certainly purchase for ourselves.

With regard to Mr. Willmott's Biography of Taylor, our space will only allow us to say that it is a very interesting, sprightly, admirably written little book, with much in it worthy of high praise, and with not a little, in the way of clerical bigotry, that deserves to be severely censured. Among the contemporaries of Taylor, he passes by the names of Howe, Baxter, Owen, Charnock, Poole, and the whole host of puritan divines, with as much silence as if they had never existed. In his representations, moreover, of the conduct of the two great opposing parties towards each other, facts are shamefully perverted; and, in speaking of Jeanes, he tells us, with astonishing assurance,

that 'he had been a contemporary with Taylor at Oxford, and had carried over to the Puritans considerable supplies of erudition and honesty, *of which they stood so largely in need.*' We should be extremely sorry to suspect a gentleman of Mr. Willmott's profession either of gross ignorance, or of uttering what he knows to be untrue; but, till he directs our attention to a clerical work of greater erudition than the *Synopsis Criticorum* of Poole, or to a nobler combination of learning and integrity than we meet with in the lives and writings of Milton and Howe, it will be extremely difficult to reconcile his assertion with common honesty or common sense. For the insight he has given us into the beauties of his favourite preachers and theologians, we heartily thank him; but there is a black drop of bigotry in his eye, which blinds him to the worth of all parties but his own: and of that, before he writes again, we would seriously recommend him to get cured.

ART. II.—*A Narrative of the Expedition sent by Her Majesty's Government to the River Niger, in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R.N.* By Captain William Allen, R.N., and T. R. H. Thompson, M.D., R.N. Published with the Sanction of the Colonial Office, and the Admiralty. London: Bentley.

THE lapse of centuries has failed to dissipate that mystery, which the remotest traditions reveal, hanging over the interior regions of Africa. From periods beyond the reach of history, we discover bold and daring navigators, endeavouring to circumnavigate her inhospitable shores, and to push their discoveries into the heart of a continent so completely girdled by an array of danger and difficulty that it defied the enthusiasm of the most eager, while as each glimmer of light fell upon the mysterious region, and revealed the shape of some new feature, the curiosity of the voyager was sharpened, in proportion as his efforts met with failure. Tradition tells of adventurous travellers, who, in ancient times, journeyed into unknown countries, as the pioneers of commerce, and oftener still of conquest. Herodotus describes a company of young men, who pushed their researches deep into the solitudes of a strange land, first traversing a densely peopled region, then entering a country abounding in wild-beasts, and subsequently striking out upon broad, desert plains, and making their way southward. After travelling for

many days over barren sands, they came to what we infer must have been an oasis, where trees were growing, having pleasant fruit upon their branches. While engaged in eating this fruit, a number of little men were observed advancing towards the wanderers, and spoke in a strange language. However, they found means of communicating with each other, so that the Nasamonians, putting themselves under the guidance of their strange companions, were by them led over vast morasses to a great city, built on the banks of a broad river, flowing from the west to the east. The inhabitants were a race of black men, all of the same diminutive stature.

This account gave occasion for much discussion. Some assert that the Nasamonians laid the scene of their discoveries on the banks of the Nile, while others contend that they journeyed among the regions traversed by the long hidden waters of the Niger. Evidence carefully weighed, and submitted to a severe test, goes to prove that the latter was the case, that the great stream mentioned by the ancient historian, as flowing from west to east, was the river which has since become the subject of so much research. However, the question has not hitherto been, and may never be, totally set at rest. While the shadow of uncertainty remains, inquiry will be busy, and investigation will not cease. We ourselves, are inclined to take our stand among those who consider that the Nasamonians were entertained in a large and populous city, mud built, on the banks of the Niger.

Meanwhile one fact is obvious, namely, that the curiosity of the world has for ages been excited by rumours of a mighty river, flowing from the west, which appeared to offer an easy entrance into the remote provinces of Africa. The enthusiasm of the traveller, the avarice of the merchant, and the curious spirit of the antiquarian, had long been baffled by the obstacles opposed to their endeavours. The first ardently desired to extend his wanderings into a region so wonderful and obscure, the second longed for the rich metals and precious commodities which rumour spoke of, and the third excited his imagination with the idea of opening up a new, and as yet unrevealed page in the history of the past. All alike were anxious, and all alike met with disappointment. It may readily be conceived, therefore, that reports, concerning a navigable river which promised to lend its aid to the barque of the discoverer, met with an echo in the minds of all who were interested in the long-bruited question, 'Of what does the interior of Africa consist?' These rumours, at first vague and indefinite, gradually acquired shape. The unknown regions concerning which so much curiosity existed, were peopled by the imagination of Europe with strange races, the woods and forests were filled with birds and beasts of

varied species, and the bowels of the earth were said to be rich in gold and the other precious metals. The hopes of the navigator and the trader were thus awakened, and nothing was so earnestly desired as the discovery of a passage into countries teeming with such rich promise. No wish was more deeply felt than that of dispelling the gloom which hung over those untraversed regions, of bringing to light the mysterious Niger, and tracing its course from the spot where it took its rise, as was then supposed, in the ancient kingdom of Gorham,* to where it rolls its immense flood of waters, through many mouths, into the Gulf of Guinea.

The curiosity and interest thus excited, never died away. It is not our purpose, however, to describe the progress of those discoveries which opened a way for the expedition of 1841. They were numerous, and made under different circumstances. Mungo Park turned his attention to the question, and his adventurous career, his extraordinary experience, and remote researches inspired the world with still deeper solicitude, while his unhappy fate did not deter others from following in the same track. Our task shall be to accompany Captain Allen and Dr. Thompson, through their interesting narrative of an expedition, which, though not crowned with the brilliant success anticipated by some, yet resulted in much good, and will doubtless prove the source of more. And here we cannot refrain from remarking on the unamiable spirit evinced by several writers, especially in the popular journals, when speaking on this subject. Impelled by we know not what motives,—though jealousy, doubtless, lies at the root of their actions,—they have, since the return of the Expedition, unceasingly clamoured about the ill-fated enterprise, the total failure which attended the efforts of our countrymen, the paltry success succeeding so enormous an outlay, the miserable result of so great preparation. But the Niger Expedition has not, as we, on a former occasion, observed, proved the utter failure that such writers would have us believe. On the contrary, it will be long ere the extent of its results can be ascertained, long ere the impression created among the natives, by the appearance of the steam-vessels on their river, will be effaced, long ere the conviction of our strength and power will die away, long ere the influence exerted by our anti-slavery measures will be lost.

Our limits being somewhat confined, we shall not attempt to follow our authors on their voyage from England, until they reached the Nun River, the branch by which the entrance of the Niger was intended to be effected. Nothing had been neglected

which could ensure to the three steam vessels, of which the expedition was composed, a safe and speedy passage up the almost unnavigated stream, beneath whose waters it was not known what dangers might lie concealed.

On the 15th of October, the passage across the bar was effected, and one melancholy event occurred, an omen, it might be regarded, of future failure. The instrument-maker died, and the first landing effected on the banks of the Niger was for the purpose of laying his remains in a grave by lantern-light. The ceremony was watched with curiosity by numerous natives, who came down to witness the burial, in their land, of the strange white man. Pursuing their way, with as much rapidity as the dangerous nature of the stream would admit, they passed several small woods and dense masses of mangrove, whence not a sound arose, save when the richly-plumaged grey-headed king-hunter, or the pennant-winged night-jar, broke out from the foliage, and flitted from tree to tree, awakened from slumber by the strange noise of the steam-vessels as they advanced up the river. During a walk which some of the officers took on the right bank, they observed many beautiful specimens of the winged creation; among others, a new and curious species of swallow, which was whirling rapidly over the surface of a placid pool, darting occasionally at the insects which formed its food. Several parties of natives were encountered, whose dress consisted of merely a small piece of chequered cloth bound about the loins. They were stout, well-built men, with faces scarcely to be equalled for ugliness. A little higher up, our travellers saw the dead body of a female, not long deceased, lying exposed where the receding tide had left her. The natives laughed when interrogated on the subject, and said that probably she was one of the people who had been sacrificed at some place up the river, and been floated down by the current. One or two other bodies were passed shortly after, which gave rise to the belief that the tribes in the interior, having received information of the coming of the English vessels, had, to secure themselves from harm, enacted some great Fetiche tragedy, to propitiate their idols.

Akassa was the first village passed. It stood on the left bank, and was composed of a number of small, quadrangular huts, built of bamboo, roofed with palm-leaves, and surrounded by little plantations of cassada, Indian corn, and bananas. The interior arrangements of these simple dwellings are excessively primitive. A compartment divides the hut into two. Fires are continually burned in winter, and round them the family, when unemployed, usually congregate. Flat, narrow boards, raised about eighteen inches, on four stones, constitute the bed-places. The people here admitted that human sacrifices do occa-

sionally take place among them, the victims being slaves, whose bodies are cast into the stream. The corpses of free men are, however, buried in the huts, in graves decorated with articles of clothing as furniture. A short visit having been made to this place, the progress was continued. The banks of the river assumed a different aspect, being bolder and more densely clothed with vegetation. But few vestiges of man, however, were apparent, though now and then a solitary hut was observed, standing in the midst of a little patch of cultivated ground. A few fishing stakes told the inmate's occupation, while occasionally a native, in a tiny canoe, emerged from beneath some hanging foliage, and as suddenly darted again into concealment, up one of the numerous little creeks which branch off from the main stream.

'The universal stillness of the scene was very imposing; unbroken as it was by any sound, save the dashing of our own paddle-wheels, and the clear musical cry of the leadsman, which aided the effect, falling on the ear in measured cadence. The huge and umbrageous trees, with their festoons of orchideæ, and purple and white convolvuli hanging upon the branches, formed a combination of forest scenery, so striking and novel, as enabled us to forget that the much talked-of Delta of the Niger had been fairly entered upon. Several monkeys were noticed hopping about, the little gambollers springing from tree to tree, as if intent on trying rate of speed with us.'—Vol. i. p. 178.

Passing Amazuma, a town consisting of three hundred huts, beautifully situated on the banks of the stream, they pursued their upward way. A village or two appeared at intervals, snugly located beneath the shadow of the forest, where occasionally was observed anchored a fleet of the trading boats from Brass Town. In one of the canoes was a slave, who, knowing that were he once on board of an English vessel he should be free, endeavoured to prevail on his master to let him visit the steamer. To this sacrifice, however, the chief could not be brought to consent, and the unfortunate captive was hurried past, deprived for ever, perhaps, of the chance of liberty. On the 14th they reached Oniah, a considerable village, where they received a visit from some men of distinction. A little above this place they struck into a branch stream, at the further end of which was situated the country called by the Brass people, Senama, between whose inhabitants and the surrounding tribes, a brisk traffic is carried on in slaves, palm oil, and other native productions. There is little ivory in this neighbourhood. Some idea may be formed of the state of society existing here, when we mention the fact, that a community of Ibus, trading with the people of Benin, who come through

various streams to meet them, dare not advance their canoes beyond the Egoa creek, which is also the limit set to the progress of the traders from Benin, while the Oniahs must not go beyond Senama, unrestricted intercourse being forbidden. It was not deemed desirable to explore more than five or six miles of the branch river, our explorers therefore retraced their track, and entered again upon the main stream, now of magnificent dimensions. The banks were occasionally dotted with lofty fishing huts, built on poles; and large boats, with numerous small canoes, sprinkled the stream. Two days after, a boat of considerable dimensions was observed steering from a creek. On board of it was a deputation from King Obi, of Aboh Town, who sent to inquire whether the intentions of the expedition were peaceable; and whether any of his friends of the former expedition had accompanied it. Ejeh, a young prince, behaved with much politeness to Captain Allen, and insisted upon being allowed to wash his feet. After partaking of an ample breakfast, and having received assurance of the good intentions of the new comers, the young chief returned to Aboh to report progress to the king. Three hours elapsed, and the royal cortege was seen moving slowly down the waters of the creek, at the head of which the town stood. Foremost came a large boat, with a rude attempt at an Union Jack hoisted on its mast. In this his majesty sat, while a numerous retinue followed in craft of smaller dimensions. As they approached the vessels, evident signs of timidity were evinced, the natives being, doubtless, anxious as to the result of their placing themselves on the deck of a *canoe* so formidable as the *Wilberforce*. However, his majesty shortly came on board, and after a protracted visit, left amid the tumult of tom toms, which his black attendants vigorously belaboured with wooden sticks. While dwelling on this portion of the narrative, we cannot refrain from remarking on the many amiable traits of character observed among the natives, who when some trifling articles of dress were thrown into the water for the villagers, in order to save the time occupied by sending on shore, picked them up, and offered to restore them, imagining they had been dropped by accident. At another place, one of the vessels ran upon a shoal and remained fast. The inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet not at first perceiving the cause of this stoppage, thronged to the river's brink armed with various weapons. No sooner, however, did they learn the real cause of the delay, than they lent a willing hand, and speedily set the steamer afloat in deep water.

The creek leading to the celebrated Brass Town was passed, but our travellers had sufficient knowledge of King Boy, and did not wish to increase the acquaintance with him. After a second

visit from Obi, therefore, and a lengthened conference on the subject of the Slave Trade, in the course of which the king admitted its sinfulness, and gave promise of amendment, the expedition pushed on towards Aboh, situated, as we before mentioned, at the head of a long narrow creek. The steamers made but little progress. Boats were next resorted to, and afterwards canoes; but the water became too shallow, and the channel too intricate, even for these. Overhanging boughs, too, had rendered their advance difficult; the party therefore landed; his majesty mounted the shoulders of a brawny native, and they proceeded together towards the royal dwelling:—

‘On arriving at the palace, the king invited them to sit on his *throne*, a mud couch, covered with matting. Obi gave them palm-wine, and began to relate the result of his visit to the white man’s ship; of all the wonderful things he had seen, and the still stranger things they had told him; of its being wrong to buy and sell slaves, &c. He had a numerous and willing audience in his wives, who crowded round the door of their chamber, expressing their astonishment at all they heard, by loud exclamations and various gestures. They were of various ages, some being young and good-looking, but all fat enough. At another door were about twenty of a more mature age, which the interpreter said were superannuated. Their simple dress was a piece of cotton cloth round their waists; but they were abundantly adorned with anklets of ivory, weighing several pounds, armlets of the same, or of brass, and some of leather, with cowries, and pieces of brass. Our officers were, of course, objects of curious scrutiny, and every remark was accompanied by a loud laugh; whether complimentary or not, was left to the imagination of the subjects of it.’—*Ib.* p. 232.

A barbarous state of society characterises the population of Aboh. Their domestic manners are rude, and destitute of every civilised feature, while their religious superstitions are as various and degrading, as their civil and moral code is severe and unjust. The birth of twins is looked upon as the most terrible misfortune that can befall an Ibu woman. One of the ill-fated infants is immediately seized, deposited in an earthen pot or basket, and exposed in some wild wood or thicket, to become a prey for the beasts of the forest. The unhappy mother is compelled to depart from her native place, and pass a long period of purification in the woods, and if she ever returns, her people look upon her as an object of horror, whom it would be a degradation to speak to, or to sit in company with. Children who cut their upper teeth first are believed to possess a wicked disposition, hateful to God and man, and are therefore sacrificed on the altars of the tribe — altars but too often reddened with the stain of human blood. In a small hut at Aboh, our travellers saw a boy, fastened by an iron chain and ring, to a

post. From all that was heard about him, they had too much reason to conjecture that he was doomed to die at one of the Fetiche sacrifices, which are sometimes perpetrated with the most frightful cruelty, the victims being fearfully mutilated, and thus left to linger out their existence, when the carcasses are thrown into the river. A treaty of peace and friendship was, however, concluded with the king, in which he promised to abstain from these atrocities, to check slavery in his dominions, and to exert his efforts towards the extension of lawful trade. What may be the ultimate result of these measures time alone can show. Notwithstanding the quarrel, however, which subsequently took place with this crafty prince, we are inclined to believe that much good may spring from the footing thus established on the banks of the Niger. Treaties may be broken, engagements set aside, and promises disregarded, but the native chiefs will never cease to remember that the power which could send an armament so formidable, to a quarter of the world so remote, penetrating into the heart of a country swarming with strange races, whose habits and practices were in direct opposition to the will of Great Britain, could also at any time exert its power for good or for evil among those races. Thus an influence will be established, which it should be our care not to let die.

On the 3rd of November they reached Iddah, by moonlight. This town is situated on the summit of a rocky cliff, overhanging the stream. Several huge fires blazed from conspicuous points, and threw a rich, ruddy glare over the waters. A number of dusky figures was observed moving over the rocks, and the ceaseless sound of the tom tom, and the loud and joyful shouts with which the arrival of our travellers was greeted, told them they were welcome to Iddah. The night was passed in peace, such peace at least as it was possible to enjoy, while the tremendous clamour of voices and drums continued. On the following morning a party of Krumen was sent on shore to hew down trees for fuel, while the commanders of the expedition opened negotiations with the attah or prince. His highness at first made an assumption of imperial dignity, bidding the deputation wait until he was graciously pleased to reply. Their patience being exhausted, they pressed for an answer, and being still further detained, sent word to the attah that the British representatives (for as such they must be considered) were not accustomed to be trifled with. The king must send and grant an appointment with them, or they should return at once to the vessels.

With much ceremony they were then admitted to the royal presence; the intentions of the commissioners were explained on the one hand, and promises of future good behaviour obtained on the other. But the negotiations in this instance were some-

what more protracted, it being a task of less ease to settle the conditions, than it had been at Aboh. Ample opportunity was thus allowed our travellers to observe the peculiarities of Iddah, a town of no mean importance, the largest in the Eggarah country, its population falling little short of nine thousand. The difficult access from the river completely shields it on that side, though a thick mud wall is not considered too much as a protection for that part of the town where the houses are assembled on an undulating slope, terminating at the bottom of a deep valley. The number of artizans in this place is considerable. They are skilful in the various processes of dyeing, and the manufacture of swords and other weapons. Human sacrifices are much in vogue, though the faith of Islam has made considerable progress. Among races, however, ignorant of the true basis of belief, the practices of religion are made subservient to habit, and where any particular tenet or prohibition comes into collision with custom, it is usually set aside. Such will ever prove the case where no deep-rooted feeling exists, no firm conviction in the power of the Deity, indeed, no steady belief at all. Their own religion is of themselves, their forefathers raised it up, and they have continued to follow it, modifying it, doubtless, through the course of ages.

The death of a young seaman, from the effects of climate, threw a gloom over the whole party, and a day or two afterwards they rapidly approached the confluence of the Niger and Chadda rivers. They buried him on a spot near to the place where some victims of the former expedition reposed. Further on, they selected the site for the Model Farm, an experiment which failed, though its want of success ought not to be attributed to any circumstances such as should deter others from making a similar attempt. Passing Eggarah, they reached the confluence of two streams. Here our authors take occasion to present us with an interesting and exceedingly able sketch of the manners and customs prevailing among the races through whose territory they had passed, and of the resources and productions of those regions. We cannot follow them through these descriptions, the yet more novel portions of the work demanding our attention. The pestilential influences of the climate proved too formidable antagonists for our enterprising explorers to contend against. After the establishment of the Model Farm, a discussion arose as to the propriety of pursuing the research any further. At first the proposition to return was overruled; but fever made rapid progress among the ship's company, and it was resolved that the Wilberforce should steer a seaward course, while the Albert endeavoured to push its voyage above the confluence. We shall

not accompany our authors on their way down : the passage was marked by few, but melancholy events. Frequent deaths occurred, and numerous green mounds dotted the fertile banks of the still unknown Niger. We read in history of a conqueror who was driven, with all his armed hosts, with all his pride and pomp, to abandon a country which he longed to take possession of. It was not the strength of his enemies that overcame him : they were not bulwarks of stone that opposed him : his ranks were not thinned by the weapons of brave and patriotic races, banded together for the defence of their land. The power which triumphed over him was the influence of a malignant climate : the obstacles which stood in his way were immense morasses, reeking with deadly exhalations : the weapons before which his armies fell were fever, pestilence—all the fatal accompaniments of an ungenial climate, and the destroying rays of a scorching sun. Such were the difficulties before which the adventurous explorers of 1841 succumbed. As they pursued their melancholy course towards the ocean, little attention was bestowed on the magnificent park-like scenery which, on both banks of the stream, presented itself to the view. Seldom was a party sent on shore but for the purpose of depositing beneath the earth of that distant land one of the many who, but a few months previous, had entered the river with hearts bounding with hope and energy. Under such auspices, and in a disabled state, the Wilberforce, on the 9th October, once more put out to sea, having spent nearly a year in the Niger.

A short visit to Annobone restored health to the shattered crew of the Wilberforce. After so protracted a sojourn in a country where every wind blows disease, it was a peculiar privilege to inhale the pure breezes of the Southern Ocean. We take leave of them here for a time to follow Dr. M'Williams in his onward progress above the confluence. The course of the river becomes more winding ; the land, on either hand, more undulating. Entering the Kakandah territory, they observed several peculiar characteristics of national manners. Numerous villages were seen, the houses built of mud and roofed with grass. The dwellers in these picturesque spots complained that their prosperity, simple and humble as it was, was not allowed an unbroken period of peace. The Filatahs were in the habit of coming down, in large mounted bodies, from the upper country, laying waste the cultivated ground, burning the hamlets, and carrying away the people as slaves. At Gori, a small island in the stream, a market or fair of considerable importance took place during Captain Trotter's visit. Some sixty canoes, of various sizes, lay in a narrow creek, ready to be unladen. Articles of different species were exposed for sale : salt, in bags

made of stout matting, cloth of native manufacture and various patterns, camwood in balls, agricultural implements, calabashes elaborately carved, wooden spoons and platters, mats, straw hats with immense brims, bows and arrows, Indian corn in large quantities, seeds of different kinds, twine and silk, Shea butter, yams, dried buffaloes' flesh, dried fish and kouskous. Slaves and ivory were also stated to be sold. Captain Trotter had here an opportunity of showing to the native authorities that, did they once enter into engagements with the British government, those engagements should not, in any case, and under any circumstances, be set aside. The attah of Iddah had, as will be in our readers' recollection, signed a treaty, stipulating that he should not only himself cease to traffic in slaves, but that his subjects should observe the same condition; and it was lawful for British officers to seize and take possession of, or destroy, any vessel in which captives were found. While the *Albert* was at Gori, a large canoe came alongside, containing three slaves, two women, and a man. The boat was the property of Agidi, chief of Muyè, a province tributary to the attah of Iddah, and had been left in charge of Ajimba, the great man's son. Captain Trotter ordered this young man to be brought on board, and put to his trial for unlawfully dealing in slaves. His plea consisted of an affirmation that he had committed the offence while in ignorance of the prohibition. Though not very probable, his story was listened to, and the canoe, with the property it contained, restored, though the slaves were detained on board the vessel, that they might be carried to some safe destination. The choice was, however, given them to remain or go, as they pleased. They accepted the offer to be taken down to Fernando Po.

'Shortly after dark, the sorrows and troubles of the women were, for awhile, drowned in deep sleep. I saw them lying under the awning, closely locked in each other's arms. It appeared that the elder of the two had become an object of jealousy to her husband, and that he, in consequence, sold her to a slave-dealer who, at the time, happened to be trading in their country. She said that, before she saw the water—Niger—the slave-gang to which she belonged travelled wearily for nearly a month. They were some days on the water before they reached Egga; and, during the passage, parties of her unhappy companions were, from time to time, disposed of at villages on the banks of the river. At Egga she was exposed for sale in the market place, where she became the property of a slave merchant there, and shortly afterwards passed into the hands of a third master (Ajimba) who was conveying her to Muyè when we fell in with the canoe.'—Vol. ii. p. 88.

It is to be hoped that the course of time will lay open to the curiosity of the traveller the wild provinces, from one of which the slave-woman had been brought so far. Who knows what

strange races people those vast woods and plains—what great cities flourish there—what rivers water the boundless, but as yet hidden regions! We must pause, however. We have here no space for speculation. Our limits demand that we rejoin the travellers at Gori, where a supply of wood for fuel and some fresh provisions were procured. The *Albert* then proceeded on her way, the river traversing several provinces whose inhabitants are characterised by manners and habits almost wholly distinct one from the other, until it flows past Egga, a town where articles of elaborate manufacture were observed, which had evidently been imported from very distant markets. Immense numbers of slaves were here exposed for sale. One of the European gentlemen addressed the dealer, and urged the sinfulness of the practices he followed, saying that the trade in human flesh was contrary to God's law, and abhorrent to the feelings of man. The merchant admitted that it was contrary to God's law; but the laws of the king of Rabbah allowed it, and nothing could be urged against that. If the king would alter the law, he himself would be very glad, and so would all the other people; but, until that happened, he must buy and sell slaves as heretofore.

Failing in the attempt to establish political relations with the chief of Egga, Captain Allen thought of proceeding towards Rabbah. But every hour rendered it more apparent that further progress was hopeless. The number of the sick increased with fearful rapidity, and death occasionally left a gap in the company. It was a stern necessity thus to be compelled to steer their course seaward, just at the period when every moment opened up new scenes before them, plunged them deeper into the bosom of a magnificent country, where all they saw was new and strange, every object invested with interest. But there was no alternative, and, on the 3rd of October, the *Albert* commenced her descent of the Niger. As they passed downwards, it was observed with pleasure that the people entertained pleasant recollections of the late visit. At Aboh a great crowd stood on the banks, uttering every note of welcome which their vocal ingenuity could invent. Below that town numerous canoes were ready at every village to put off, laden with fuel for the steamer. Let any one call those facts to his recollection, and he will not, we venture to say, be so ready to describe the Niger Expedition as a total failure. Great results take time to show themselves, and we have not yet seen the last of the effects produced in Africa by the visit of the three English steamers.

Many interesting excursions were undertaken; among others, one to the place inhabited by the wild and barbarous, but yet amiable, Edeeyahs, who dwell, exposed to all the winds of heaven, beneath a thatch roof supported by four bare posts. The

settlement at Bassapu was next visited, and, after a variety of little expeditions like these, it was proposed to ascend the Cameroons. A native prince, King Bell, was invited to accompany the Europeans in their excursion. He objected, saying that it would take twelve moons to explore the river, that the natives of the interior were jealous of white visitors, and would throw every possible obstacle in their way. Nevertheless, after much discussion, he consented to go. Accordingly, the Wilberforce was steered into one of the numerous creeks with which it was said the Cameroons formed a junction some distance inland. After several attempts, this project was given up, and the true channel entered. This, however, was found to be so intricate—so studded with mangrove islands, as to render it a matter of prudence to abstain from taking the Wilberforce further up. A large forty-foot galley, built to navigate the Niger, and well armed and provisioned, was therefore selected for the enterprise. An hour's paddling brought her out on a clear stream, two thousand yards in width. The banks were low, firm, and clothed with luxurious vegetation. Long grass covered the ground: behind this grew ferns, patches of plantain, and bushes of endless variety and form, many covered with brilliant flowers, and matted over with an abundance of blossoming creepers. Still further stood groves of palm and cocoa nut, and, pre-eminent above every other tree, the towering bombax reared its ambitious head, the enormous natural bulwarks surrounding its base, rendering it secure from every hurricane. While the fierce wind, so frequent in those regions, continually bowed down and snapped the less gigantic trees, whose humbler dimensions opposed less surface to the storm, the bombax, rising branchless to the height of an hundred and ninety feet, sustained at its utmost summit a ponderous crown of foliage, which seemed elevated, as it were, above the range of the tempest, defying its utmost power, while the supporting bulwarks beneath afforded, in some degree, protection to the neighbouring forest.

‘Frequently, on either side of us, little barques, containing each but one crouching native, darted across the stream, or under the dark banks, seeking shelter amid the long grass, alarmed at the appearance of white men in their hitherto unexplored waters. Soon some large huts were seen on the banks, the property of domestic slaves or freed men belonging to Bell or Aqua, having spacious clearings around them, cultivated with bananas, plantains, cocoas, and all denoting plenty; and the cleanliness of the houses and the platforms in front far surpassed the miserable hovels of the lean and dirty gentlemen on the lower parts of the Niger. As we advanced villages became numerous, and all had a comfortable aspect, being built in the neat style of the Cameroons towns. As most of the principal natives were in the habit of trading with the ships, they

frequently recognised Mr. Lilly ; and the inquiries they made would hardly suggest the idea that we were among an uncivilised people.'—*Ib.* p. 250.

The explorers pushed onwards ; Bona-pia was visited, and an interview obtained with its chieftains ; Wadi Island was passed, the village of Kokhi examined, and much valuable information gathered. Abo Town was the point towards which the principal object of the excursion was directed. When within four hour's pull, however, of this extraordinary place, the British officers took timely warning of the approach to a pestilential district, and commenced the descent. This prudence probably was the salvation of many lives.

On the second of July, in the same year, the Wilberforce again crossed the bar of the Niger, under the command of Lieut. Webb, Captain Allen having decided on quitting for England. This time his progress was to be solitary, not cheered by the enthusiasm of ardent travellers, but rendered gloomy by thoughts of the dead. Dense masses of black clouds hung over the entrance of the pestilential river, and a heavy storm of rain rendered the early portion of the voyage exceedingly unpleasant. A visit paid to the burial place of the victims of the late expedition, gave rise in the traveller's heart to no very cheerful anticipations. Short stay was made at Aboh. Obi, its ruler, had not succeeded in impressing his English allies with any very favourable idea of his character as a prince or as a man. Moreover, great anxiety was experienced with regard to the settlers at the Model Farm. Several rumours had reached the ears of Lieut. Webb and his party, who, therefore, urged their advance with all possible rapidity. As they proceeded, the reports concerning Mr. Carr and his companions became more alarming. Some hinted they had been massacred ; some, that disease had cut them off ; some, that they had been seized, and carried into slavery. It is not difficult to imagine the effect produced by these rumours on the minds of those whose task it was to seek for their friends in the interior. They urged the vessel to its utmost speed ; all its steam power was applied, and driving rapidly through the waters, it seemed probable that a very brief space of time would bring the Model Farm within view. Unfortunately, however, the Wilberforce, bound as she was on an errand of life or death, sped with such velocity through the turbid waves of the Niger, that, when a dangerous shoal appeared a-head, it was impossible to steer her out of the track with sufficient decision to prevent her grounding and remaining held fast in the mud. A whole night elapsed before she could again be set in motion, and then the

serious nature of her injuries considerably retarded the progress. However, on the eighteenth, the Farm was reached. The settlers had not been molested by any of the neighbouring tribes, but were in a state of disorganization among themselves. The settlement was abandoned, and the whole party taken on board.

To what, however, must we trace the cause of this failure? Not to a malevolent disposition existing among the surrounding tribes; the settlers had been left unmolested; not to the fatal effects of climate; we find no mention of deaths having occurred, or sickness broken out; not to the unwilling nature of the land; it produced abundance. In none of these, therefore, must we look for the source of failure, but rather in the conduct of the settlers. Those in authority proved themselves little better than the men placed under their command* who all along evinced the most gross spirit of insubordination, and instead of employing themselves in the execution of the duty they had voluntarily undertaken, spent their time indulging in the worst, the most degrading vices practised by the natives:—

‘At the time of abandoning the Model Farm, there were about twenty acres of land under cultivation, and in good order, chiefly planted with cotton, and a few yams. The first cropping with corn and cotton had entirely failed, as it is supposed from the seed having got damaged on the voyage from England. The crops then growing were the produce of country seed, and were very promising. Twelve mud huts had been erected, as well as the Model Farm house, except the gable end.’—Vol. ii. p. 358.

In spite of the neglect it suffered, it appears, therefore, that the Model Farm had already begun to give promise of future success. However, had the settlers been left to their own resources much longer, it is probable that their industry would have slackened in proportion, and that, in the course of a very few seasons, the processes of cultivation would have been abandoned, and the colonists, degenerating every season, would gradually have sunk down below the condition of those among whom it was intended they should lay the foundations of a new and better state of society. So much for the settlers at Model Farm: the spirit of disorganization ruined a scheme, which, had it been entrusted to other hands, might have resulted in the establishment of a great and flourishing emporium of commerce near the confluence of the Niger and Chadha rivers.

Before taking farewell, for ever, perhaps, of the confluence, three of the Wilberforce’s native crew were discharged at their

* From this remark we must except Thomas King, whose conduct throughout was in a high degree praiseworthy.

own request. They had served faithfully for many years, and were now desirous of once more visiting their native town, Rabbah. To the king of that place Lieutenant Webb forwarded a present, giving his majesty to understand, by the mouth of one of the bearers, that the British officers thanked him for not having molested the settlers at the farm, and at the same time expressing a hope that should the attempt be renewed, the same amicable feelings would be entertained. One of the men had been a stoker, and doubtless when arrived at his native city, he was listened to with astonishment by the wild people, to whom his relations were, perhaps, more wonderful than anything their imagination had ever conceived.

The descent to the sea was accomplished without much difficulty. A friendly feeling was generally evinced by the native chiefs; though on one occasion it required all the forbearance of a judicious officer to avert a hostile collision. Melancholy intelligence, too, was received concerning Mr. Carr, whose enterprising spirit had led him to penetrate, it was said, to Bassa. He had been tied to a tree and shot at Bassa Town. Strong suspicions, however, were fixed on the King of Brass, whose emissaries it is suspected laid the stigma of this crime on the Bassa people, in order to shield King Boy from its consequences. However, the Wilberforce was not in a condition to push the matter to extremities. Faint hopes still exist, that Mr. Carr may yet be alive, and a large reward has been offered for his recovery. On the 29th of July the steamer was again at Fernando Po, the expedition having reached its final termination.

Our limits do not permit that we should offer any general remarks on the condition of Africa, or the probabilities of success in future undertakings. It only remains for us now to speak of the present work, upon which we feel justified in bestowing a high degree of praise. Its principal characteristics are, the novelty of its details and the ability with which it is written. Throughout the language is full of vigour, the narrative of events clear and rapid; the speculations on African policy are judicious, and the remarks bestowed on the slave trade pointed and often original. A large amount of learning is evidenced by the opening chapter. Altogether, indeed, the volumes have been written with more than ordinary skill. We have not glanced at one tenth of the interesting matter presented for our perusal. The reader in whose mind the present paper has awakened any curiosity to read the book, will not, we feel assured, meet with disappointment. If we have refrained almost entirely from mentioning the names of particular persons, it must not be imagined that we have

done so from lack of subject for praise. We have avoided particularising individuals, as the only method by which we could escape the charge of partiality. Seldom have we read the narrative of an expedition conducted with so much unanimity and friendly feeling. While disease was doing its deadly work among the officers and crew, none flinched from their task. When death created a gap, it was immediately filled by some perhaps less efficient but not less willing hand. All alike shared the dangers and difficulties of the undertaking, and deep and heartfelt was the sorrow with which they parted with those who lie beneath the stupendous bombax tree on Fernando Po. The graves are situated in the centre of a sequestered grove. A narrow, winding, shady path leads to the spot, and near it a pure stream pursues its noisy way. There the ashes of those who fell victims to disease during the expedition of 1841, mingle with the bones of the faithful and adventurous Richard Lander, with whose perilous career the world is well acquainted. However, the expedition is at an end ; its details have been laid before the world, and the public will doubtless appreciate the talents and the efforts of the energetic men whose adventures are recorded in the present volumes.

ART. III.—*Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts.* In 3 vols. London: John Chapman. 1848.

WE have read these volumes with very considerable interest. Dr. Channing was a man of note. He enjoyed a wide reputation. His writings are well known, and their popularity has steadily advanced. His fame has spread farther, and is of a higher character, than that of most literary men of America. This is in part referable to the views he advocated on the social and political questions of his day, but is mainly due to the sound-heartedness and high tone of his writings. The life of such a man deserved to be written. It is rich in materials of imperishable value, and presents to various classes of readers points of interest which cannot be too closely studied. To the reflective mind it is eminently suggestive, awakening trains of thought which call up the beautiful and the good, and inducing, even by its exhibition of errors, a devout sense of the beneficence by which clearer views, and a more scriptural faith, have been allotted to our-

selves. To permit such a life to close without chronicling its events, would have been to wrong mankind. The character of Dr. Channing called for analysis, and we know few things more instructive or interesting, than the careful pursuit of his mental history. His biography is different from that of most others, in which the chaff greatly exceeds the wheat; in which a few grains of gold have to be sifted with much labour and pain, from the mass of rubbish in which they lie concealed. We say not that any biography is absolutely useless. Some lesson of wisdom, either in the way of warning or of instruction may be derived even from the most insipid or worthless. But the labour required in such cases is immense, and a painful sense of unproductiveness is, in consequence, the predominant feeling with which their perusal is attended. When we close some works of this class, of the religious kind as well as others, we are ready to ask, by what strange perversity has it happened, that the author imagined he was doing good service to the living by detailing the follies, or laying bare the weaknesses and prejudices, of the dead? Why not permit the grave to hide from view, what cannot be exhibited without producing pity or contempt? Better far would the offices of friendship have been discharged if the silence of the tomb had been respected; if the departed had been permitted to withdraw without the attention of others being challenged, or a claim set up on their behalf to which no response is made. Were this rule to be rigidly applied, what an immense deduction would be made from the biographical contributions of the press. What a large proportion of those for whom our admiration is challenged would pass unheeded to their final home. We wish it were so. The living would be gainers by the change. Time is too precious to be consumed on such inanity as constitutes the staple of many biographies, and human life is fraught with interests too weighty for any portion to be given to mere feebleness and mediocrity.

We do not question the estimable source from which many of such biographies take their origin. Sorrowing friendship magnifies the virtues of the dead, and throws over their career the bright hues which its own affection creates. What was trifling becomes important; what pleased a narrow circle is deemed of public worth; the basis of family attachment is mistaken for a pedestal on which fame may rest, or the expression of patience faith and hope which brightened the chamber of sickness is converted into a signal instance of Christian heroism, the pattern of what a dying saint should be. We would do full justice to all this, yet we possess a strong and deepening conviction that there is an evil in the matter which needs correction. The

religious world has been taxed to the utmost. Its patience has been tried beyond endurance, and the worst consequences have followed. It is time the evil should be checked, and we shall be glad to find that the sounder judgment and better regulated sensibilities of the rising generation enforce it.

No such objection can attach to the biography of Dr. Channing. He was a remarkable man, and he rendered remarkable service. He rose into life when such an intellect was much needed in America, and though we deeply deplore some of his views, we do honour to his integrity, and are grateful for his manly independence. His mental history is deeply interesting. The progress of his mind is a study, whilst his amiableness, his childlike simplicity, his social virtues, his fearless advocacy of what he deemed truth, command our affection even where we deem his conclusions erroneous. We have no notion of his having been, in any proper sense of the term, a man of genius. The higher faculties of the creative intellect were not his endowment, but he had others of a noble order, and he used them with diligence and sincerity. We are painfully alive to the fact, that on some vital points of theology he failed to apprehend what we believe to be the mind of God; but we should do no credit to our own convictions, and should fail, most certainly, to illustrate the Christian spirit, if, on this account, we refused him the honour that is his due. There has been too much of this amongst religious controversialists of every class. None of us can throw a stone at his neighbour. We are all implicated in the charge, and it will be for the interests of truth, and will redound to the honour of our profession, if a better temper be maintained in our discussions. Dogmatism and arrogance may offend, but they cannot convince. It may suit the heated temper of a controversialist to throw discredit on an opponent, by impugning his motives, or misrepresenting his views, but charity in the meantime is wounded, and turns away with a sorrowful countenance from the unholy strife. 'Contend earnestly for the faith' is an apostolic injunction, and we cannot obey it too implicitly; but in doing so let us guard against the ebullitions of passion, lest our temper do more discredit to the claim than our reasonings can render service. The evil we deplore has affected, more or less, every department of religious controversy, but has tinged with special bitterness the productions of the evangelical and unitarian schools. It is impossible to read the works of Horsley and Priestley, of Magee and Belsham—to say nothing of living writers, without feelings of mortification and grief. On whichever side truth may be, and of this we entertain no doubt, it is humiliating to see so

much uncharitableness, and wrath, and evil speaking, mistaken for Christian faithfulness and zeal. Were the Master, whom we serve, to take part in such discussions, it would doubtless be in the language of reproof. 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,' are the words in which, according to our judgment, his estimate of many controversialists might best be conveyed. We have said enough to indicate our feeling, and in the spirit of these remarks we hasten to notice many events of Dr. Channing's life. The volumes that record them contain an instructive history, and set forth a moral which may profitably be treasured in the hearts of Christian men.

William Ellery Channing was born in Newport, Rhode Island, on the 7th of April, 1780. His father was a lawyer in extensive practice, and, on the adoption of the federal constitution, was appointed district attorney, an office of importance, the duties of which he was well qualified to discharge. For several years before his death he was the leading counsel of the state of Rhode Island, and was so engrossed by his profession as to have little time for the culture of his domestic relationships. His disposition, however, was eminently loveable, and the placidity of his temper frequently interposed in aid of the more excitable temperament of Mrs. Channing. 'The most remarkable trait in my mother's character,' Dr. Channing wrote in subsequent life, 'was the rectitude and simplicity of her mind. . . . She was true in thought, word, and life. She had the firmness to see the truth, to speak it, to act upon it. She was direct in judgment and conversation, and in my long intercourse with her, I cannot recollect one word or action betraying the slightest insincerity.' Young Channing inherited a physical organization at once delicate and vigorous. He is said to have 'been an infant of rare loveliness,' and to have been 'an idol' from his birth. Such an organization is a dubious blessing, and in the present instance it entailed on its possessor a large measure of suffering. It was through much sorrow, severe conflicts, protracted and sometimes overwhelming depressions, that he attained the tranquillity and cheerful confidence which marked his maturer years. Out of the depths of a depression which few minds have known, he rose to a serenity that clothed the world with beauty, and gave animation and brightness to his views of the future. Like most boys of the period he was first put to a dame's school 'the mistress of which sat in a large easy-chair,' with the symbol of authority by her side, and not unfrequently called it into requisition. His improvement was rapid, as his natural disposition aided the discipline of his instructress. He was in consequence referred to as a pattern to others. 'I wish

in my heart,' said an excellent woman under whose instruction he was subsequently placed, to an unruly boy, 'you were like William Channing.' 'Oh!' exclaimed the child, 'I can't be like him, it is not half so hard for him to be good as it is for me.' This simple anecdote is strongly illustrative of character, and points out one feature which must be borne in mind, if the future career of William Channing would be understood. At the school of Mr. Rogers, to which he was afterwards removed, the system of flogging, then in vogue, appears to have been maintained with customary severity, and his sensitive mind suffered keenly from it. It is strange that so brutal an expedient should have retained its sway so long. But so it was, and Channing furnishes another instance in disproof of its fitness as a general rule. That corporal punishment may occasionally be resorted to with advantage, nay, that in some cases it is absolutely needful, we admit, but it should be the exception, not the rule,—the ultimate resort when all other means have been tried in vain. Fear is amongst the lowest motives which can be appealed to, and should never be substituted for the higher moral influences, until their force has been fairly tried. To the scenes enacted at the school of Mr. Rogers, we owe much of the indignation with which, in after life, Dr. Channing protested against the infliction of corporal punishment.

As a scholar, William Channing 'was patient and diligent, but not remarkable for quickness of perception.' He was thought somewhat dull, and stories are told to the disadvantage of his early latinity. 'All that is actually known,' says his biographer, 'is, that he gained the respect of his instructors, held a high rank among his fellows, and awakened the warm hopes of his friends.' To his home education he was greatly indebted for the formation of his character and the direction of his moral energies:—

'His father's dignified reserve towards his children has been noticed with regret by the son; but still the pervading sweetness of his manner must have captivated them, and won their confidence, for, by universal report, his presence was like a sunbeam—so did cheerfulness, serenity, good humour, pleasantry, kind regard for others' rights and feelings, and assiduity to please, surround him with an atmosphere of love. The mother was not of a placid temperament; but the father, in the gentlest tone, would soothe her when disturbed by household perplexities, or by the children's tumult, saying, 'Do not trouble yourself, Lucy. I will make all smooth.' They who were ever under the charm of Dr. Channing's blandness, may readily conceive how much in early life he had been affected by his father's beautiful domestic character. And from the mother's scrupulous thoroughness he no less derived practical habits

of the highest use. She was the boys' overseer in the care of the garden, when, as they grew strong enough, they were entrusted with tools; and she was a judge difficult to please.

'But though so little under the direct influence of his father's character, William's principles were yet permanently fashioned by his example. From him and from his grandfather, and their conversations on public questions, at the critical period when our nation was settling into order after the upheaval of the revolution, and when Europe was shaken from end to end by the first waves of the grand social earthquake, he doubtless derived that spirit of patriotism and interest in political movements by which he was afterwards characterized. His father, as a leading lawyer, and an earnest supporter of the federal party, necessarily received at his house various eminent men who visited Newport. Washington dined there when on his northern tour, and it can be readily understood how much a boy's enthusiasm, already fervent from hearing him always spoken of in terms of honour, was heightened by thus seeing the Father of the Nation face to face. Jay, too, and other men remarkable for political, professional, and literary talent were there, waking by their presence generous ambition.'—Vol. i. pp. 25—28.

His father attended the ministry of Dr. Stiles, a moderate Calvinist, and appears to have shared in his views. Dr. Stiles was a man of an affectionate and large spirit, who 'desired to heal the wounds of the divided church of Christ, not by a common creed, but by the spirit of love,' and his influence, probably, contributed to form some of the best features of Dr. Channing's character. The general strain of preaching, however, was dry and technical. It had little to interest a youth of warm and ardent temperament. It lacked the animation and life of Christian theology. It wanted a vivifying soul, and was, consequently, powerless on such a heart as Channing's. 'I can distinctly recollect,' he remarks, in after life, when recurring to this period, 'the unhappy influences exerted on my youthful mind by the general tone of religion in this town.' He was always more of a meditatist than an observer. The inward was more prominent to his view than the outward. He loved rather the spirit than the forms of truth, and shrunk from the popular delineation of religion, however accurate its skeleton, or nicely adjusted its various parts. Incalculable mischief is done to Christianity by such cold and formal exhibitions. The best minds are the most liable to be injured by them. The unreflecting and phlegmatic may not perceive or feel the wrong, but the warm-hearted and the spiritual, the youth of ardent temperament and of deep emotion, the spirits who feel the necessities of their being, and require some higher aliment than the schools can furnish, or the mere forms of system minister, are agonized by the deficiency, and driven to seek in other, and, it may be, forbidden quarters, for

what the pulpit ought to furnish. It was so in the experience of Channing, and cases of a similar order are not wanting in our own day. We frequently complain of the pulpit having lost its power, but is it not the fact that—speaking of it as a whole—it has all the power it merits? Is it not a weak and pitiful thing compared with what it should be? Where are the warmth and earnestness, the depth of feeling, the largeness of view, the sympathy with humanity under all its aspects, the divine simplicity, the godlike elevation of purpose, which characterized its better days? It is become unhappily a profession, and mere verbal correctness or oratorical skill are in too many cases substituted for that mental consecration which led the Apostle of the Gentiles to exclaim, ‘Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.’ Before the pulpit can be restored to its former influence it must regain the elements of its strength; must become manly and catholic, free from the technicalities of the schools, and more intent on the delivery of God’s message, than on the maintenance of any creed. We have a few illustrious exceptions, in which the strength and devotion of a former age are united with the milder and more benevolent spirit of our times, but we regret that such cases are exceptions. They must become the *rule*, in order that the ministry should answer its legitimate end, and secure the respect and confidence of the age.

The domestic arrangements of his father’s house appear to have been, in many respects, favourable to the developement of the religious principle. An aged relative, ‘a woman of much piety and sweetness,’ was accustomed on the afternoon of Sunday to receive the young people in her room, and to unite with them in reading the scriptures, or some other book of devotion. His mother, also, sought to familiarize them with the same inspired records, and a confidential servant, ‘of masculine energy, kind though firm, and of strong religious principle,’ followed up with unceasing watchfulness the counsels of Mrs. Channing. ‘Her views,’ says our author, ‘were uncommonly cheerful; and it would be interesting to learn how far suggestive words, dropped by her in conversation, became germs in the boy’s receptive heart, which ripened into the theology of his manhood.’ An anecdote of his boyhood, which he himself records, illustrates at once his own religious impressions, and the serious injury sometimes done to sensitive minds by the want of consistent earnestness on the part of their seniors. The young are much more accurate observers than we imagine, and their conclusions are in the main right. Few Christian parents, probably, can read the following without self-reproach:—

'The most significant anecdote to illustrate the religious impressions made upon his mind in childhood is one thus related by himself. His father, with the view of giving him a ride, took William in his chaise one day, as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighbourhood. Impressed with the notion that he might learn great tidings from the unseen world, he listened attentively to the sermon. With very glowing rhetoric, the lost state of man was described, his abandonment to evil, helplessness, dependence upon sovereign grace, and the need of earnest prayer as the condition of receiving this divine aid. In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed would abandon all other things to seek this salvation, and that amusement and earthly business would no longer occupy a moment. The service over, they went out of the church, and his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said, with a decisive tone, 'Sound doctrine, sir.' 'It is all *true*,' then, was his inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They got into the chaise and rode along, but, absorbed in awful thoughts, he could not raise his voice. Presently his father began to whistle! At length they reached home; but instead of calling the family together, and telling them of the appalling intelligence which the preacher had given, his father took of his boots, put his feet upon the mantelpiece, and quietly read a newspaper. All things went on as usual. At first, he was surprised; but, not being given to talking, he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the question rose,—'Could what he had heard be true? No! his father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was *not* true!' He felt that he had been trifled with; that the preacher had deceived him; and from that time he became inclined to distrust every thing oratorical, and to measure exactly the meaning of words; he had received a profound lesson on the worth of sincerity.'—*Ib.* pp. 32—34.

At the age of twelve, William Channing was placed under the care of an uncle at New London, and appears to have received deep religious impressions during a *revival* which occurred in that town. He consequently referred to this period as the commencement of a decidedly religious life, and was in the habit of speaking of the place with feelings of peculiar interest. It was during his residence at New London that his father died, in 1793, and the straitened circumstances in which the family was left, threw a heavy responsibility on William and his elder brother Francis. They became their mother's advisers, and the necessities of their position called forth qualities which are rarely developed in youths. Energy, self-reliance, and foresight, were amongst the growth of this period, but a shade of premature seriousness was thrown over his mind, the traces of which are frequently visible in after life.

In 1794, being then in his fifteenth year, William Channing

entered Harvard College. This was a critical period in his character. The state of the institution was far from healthy. French scepticism and lax morals prevailed to a lamentable extent. The political excitement of the times found its way into the college. The students were disposed to spurn the restraints of discipline, and the professors, probably, had not yet learnt the full requirements of their position. Such an era is trying to both parties. The one judges by the hopes of the future, the other by the rules of the past. Experience however limited and partial, is the guiding star of the latter, while the former exult in anticipations far brighter than the sober judgment of age warrants. Such a period is destructive to many minds. The sanguine temperament of youth is stimulated by false hopes, and in the fervour and largeness of its faith loses sight of the stern realities of life. Young Channing happily escaped these evils. His sensitive mind recoiled from the immorality of his associates, while his settled convictions of the truth and importance of Christianity were proof against all the assaults of a spurious philosophy. The happy effects of early training were strikingly illustrated in his case, as it doubtless contributed in a large degree to his preservation. He carried with him to Cambridge the elements of safety. There was inherent in his young mind a principle of rectitude which guarded him from the fascinations that deluded others. He was, therefore, less dependent than his companions on external restraints. 'What he then was,' says Judge Story, a fellow student, 'was mainly owing to the impulses of his own mind and heart—warm, elevated, ambitious of distinction, pure, and energetic. His associations were with the best scholars of his class. His friendships were mainly confined to them. He neither loved nor courted the idle or the indifferent; and with the vicious he had no communion of pursuit or feeling.' His progress was proportioned to his assiduity:—

'Perhaps,' says the same distinguished contemporary, 'in no single study was he superior to all his classmates. In the classical studies of that day he was among the first, if not the first; in Latin more accomplished than in Greek. For mathematics and metaphysics he had little relish. He performed the prescribed tasks in these subjects with care and diligence, but with no ambition for distinction, or pride of purpose. His principal love was for historical and literary studies; for English literature in its widest extent, and for those comprehensive generalizations upon human life, institutions, and interests, which his enthusiasm for the advancement of his race and his purity of heart led him to cherish and cultivate with profound attachment. I remember well with what a kindling zeal he spoke on all such subjects; and one might almost then see playing about him the gentle graces and the rapt devotion of a Fenelon.

'In one particular he far excelled all his classmates, and I mention it because it is precisely that which in after life constituted the basis of his fame ;—I mean his power of varied and sustained written composition. It was racy, flowing, full, glowing with life, chaste in ornament, vigorous in structure, and beautiful in finish. It abounded with eloquence of expression,—the spontaneous effusion of a quick genius and a cultivated taste,—and was as persuasive as it was imposing. All of us—by which I mean his academical contemporaries—listened to his discourses at the literary exhibitions, and at commencement, with admiration and delight. If I might venture to rely on the impressions of those days, which yet fasten on my memory as truths unaffected by youthful excitement, I should be tempted to say that we all listened to him on these occasions with the most devoted attention ; and that the mellifluous tones of his voice fell on our ears with somewhat of the power which Milton has attributed to Adam when the angel ended, so

'That we awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

I need scarcely add, that at the public exhibitions of his class he received the first and highest part ; and on receiving his degree at commencement, took also the first and highest oration, with the approval of all his class, that he was the worthiest of it, and that he was truly *princeps inter pares*. Honours thus early won and conceded are not without their value or their use as prognostics of an auspicious and brilliant day.'—*Ib.* p. 52.

His college life closed in 1798, when he deliberately chose the Christian ministry as his vocation. His fellow students urged his adoption of the law, and little doubt can be entertained that had he yielded to their counsel, the highest honours of the bar would have been secured. But his aim was unselfish. 'I think,' he remarked, 'there is a wider sphere for usefulness and honour in the ministry.' To one of his correspondents he subsequently wrote : 'In my Senior Year, the prevalence of infidelity, imported from France, led me to inquire into the evidence of Christianity, and then *I found for what I was made*. My heart embraced its great objects with an interest which has been increasing to this hour.' We honour the high-mindedness and integrity which such language bespeaks, wherever they may be found, and should be glad to perceive their universal prevalence in connexion with what we deem a purer form of Christian truth, than that which Dr. Channing ultimately held.

Having completed his collegiate course, he was honourably desirous of maintaining himself during the prosecution of his more strictly professional studies. He therefore engaged as private tutor in the family of a Mr. Randolph, of Richmond, Virginia, whither he removed, in October, 1798. Here he remained nearly two years, and the record of his experience

during this period is amongst the most saddening revelations of his biography. He was treated with much respect by Mr. Randolph's family, and at first was evidently pleased with what he saw and heard. The warm-heartedness and generous hospitality of the Virginian, their elegant courtesy, and freedom from the sordidness engendered by the commerce of the North, captivated his young and confiding heart. 'I blush,' he writes to a correspondent, 'for my own people, when I compare the selfish prudence of a Yankee with the generous confidence of a Virginian.' He soon found, however, that there was another side to the picture, and was equally faithful in its delineation, as the following letter will show :—

'There is one object here which always depresses me. It is *slavery*. This alone would prevent me from ever settling in Virginia. Language cannot express my detestation of it. Master and slave! Nature never made such a distinction, or established such a relation. Man, when forced to substitute the will of another for his own, ceases to be a moral agent; his title to the name of man is extinguished, he becomes a mere machine in the hands of his oppressor. No empire is so valuable as the empire of one's self. No right is so inseparable from humanity, and so necessary to the improvement of our species, as the right of exerting the powers which nature has given us in the pursuit of any and of every good which we can obtain without doing injury to others. Should you desire it, I will give you some idea of the situation and character of the negroes in Virginia. It is a subject so degrading to humanity, that I cannot dwell on it with pleasure. I should be obliged to show you every vice, heightened by every meanness and added to every misery. The influence of slavery on the whites is almost as fatal as on the blacks themselves.'—Ib. p. 85.

When he came to realize the facts of the case, his heart sank within him. Wherever he looked the blighting effects of slavery were visible. Virginia was not yet impoverished, as it has subsequently become, but its moral degradation was equally conspicuous. All classes partook of it—the whites as really as the blacks. This was the view most likely to occur to such a mind as Channing's, and it depressed his spirits, and threw a sombre hue over all his views of life. He retired, consequently, from society, shut himself up within himself, grew disgusted with all about him, substituted reverie for action, and disregarded, in the intensity of his feelings, what was due to himself, and the claims which society had upon him. 'O heaven!' he says to his friend Shaw, 'what a wretch should I be, how wearisome would be existence, had I not learned to depend on myself for enjoyment! society becomes more and more insipid. I am tired of the fashionable nonsense which dins my ear in every circle, and I am driven to my book and pen for relief and plea-

sure.' He usually remained at his studies till a late hour, frequently till the dawn of morning; slept on the bare floor, and always rose on the termination of his first sleep. He was rigidly abstemious in his diet, and took no exercise. The result, as might have been expected, was most calamitous. A mind less happily attempered would have contracted some permanent disease, in the form of asceticism, misanthropy, or superstition. From this, however, he was happily exempted. The evil was, in the main, temporary, and yielded to the correction of a finely balanced judgment. But not so with the earthly tenement, whose laws he disregarded. Here the effect was permanent, and no doubt narrowed the sphere of his influence, and the amount of service he afterwards rendered his fellow-men. 'An originally fine constitution was broken, and seeds of disease were planted in his system, which years of scrupulous regard to health could never root out.' This season, however, had its bright as well as its melancholy aspects. He looked back upon it with thankfulness, and described it, in 1842, with great force and beauty, in the following letter to a friend:—

'Your account of Richmond was very interesting. You little suspected how many remembrances your letter was to awaken in me. I spent a year and half there, and perhaps the most eventful of my life. I lived alone, too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an outbuilding, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school-keeping. There I toiled as I have never done since, for gradually my constitution sunk under the unremitting exertion. With not a human being to whom I could communicate my deepest thoughts and feelings, and shrinking from common society, I passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitement of heart and mind, so absorbing as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion. I was worn well-nigh to a skeleton. Yet I look back on those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my whole soul for purity, truth, and goodness, it was there. There, amidst sore trials, the great question, I trust, was settled within me, whether I would obey the higher or lower principles of my nature,—whether I would be the victim of passion, the world, or the free child and servant of God. It is an interesting recollection, that this great conflict was going on within me, and that my mind was then receiving its impulse towards the perfect, without a thought or suspicion of one person around me as to what I was experiencing. And is not this the case continually? The greatest work on earth is going on near us, perhaps under our roof, and we know it not. In a licentious, intemperate city, one spirit, at least, was preparing, in silence and loneliness, to toil, not wholly in vain, for truth and holiness.'—*Ib.* p. 130.

His religious impressions appear to have been greatly deepened during this period, which is the more to be wondered at, as Richmond was not distinguished by the means or evidences

of spiritual life. The terms in which he refers to his experience, in a letter to his uncle, savour more of scriptural simplicity than is sometimes found in his later correspondence. His biographer, indeed, feels it necessary to assure us 'that he frequently asserted, without reservation, that he was never either a Trinitarian or a Calvinist,' and we are not disposed to controvert the assertion. It is, however, impossible for a candid mind to peruse such passages as the following, without admitting that the writer was in *feeling* far more identified with the evangelical school, than with its opponents. He says:—

'I will go farther, Sir. I believe that I never experienced that *change of heart* which is necessary to constitute a Christian, till within a few months past. The worldling would laugh at me; he would call conversion a farce. But the man who has felt the influences of the Holy Spirit can oppose fact and experience to empty declaration and contemptuous sneers. You remember the language of the blind man whom Jesus healed,—'This I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.' Such is the language which the real Christian may truly utter. Once, and not along ago, I was blind, blind to my own condition, blind to the goodness of God, and blind to the love of my Redeemer. Now I behold with shame and confusion the depravity and rottenness of my heart. Now I behold with love and admiration the long-suffering and infinite benevolence of Deity.'—*Ib.* p. 127.

He now returned to Newport, and remained in the bosom of his family for a year-and-a-half, devoting himself with unceasing ardour to his professional studies. His elder brother had removed to Cambridge, and he became in consequence the head of the house. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of his deportment. 'The mantle of his father's sweetness fell upon him.' He was the friend and counsellor both of his mother and of his younger brothers and sisters, and was beloved with a rare intensity of affection. He conducted the devotions of the family, and produced an impression of simple dignity and holiness which commanded their confidence as well as their affection. He was in frequent intercourse, at this time, with the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, who was distinguished in the history of American theology, by the advocacy of disinterested love. 'I had studied,' says young Channing, 'with great delight during my college life, the philosophy of Hutcheson and the stoical morality, and these had prepared me for the noble, self-sacrificing doctrines of Dr. Hopkins.' The views of this stern teacher made a deep impression on his mind. They fell in with his natural temperament, afforded scope for the self-denial of which he was capable, and addressed themselves to the generous rather than the servile sympathies of his nature.

In December, 1801, Mr. Channing was chosen Regent in Harvard University, and he removed in consequence immediately to Cambridge. The income attached to this office, though small, sufficed for his support during the further prosecution of his studies, while the duties attached to it were light, and easily discharged. His college friend, Judge White, thus describes him on his return to Harvard :—

‘Instead of the firm, elastic step and animated manner which used to distinguish him, he appeared somewhat debilitated by ill health, and was more remarkable than formerly for gentleness and a serious air and tone of conversation. I had thought of him as peculiarly qualified for eminence in the legal profession, and was struck with some surprise on finding that he had no ambition for any such distinction. But I soon perceived how much more elevated was his ambition. His whole soul was engaged in the sacred studies to which he had devoted himself, and he at once showed that he had already become what St. Paul charged Timothy to be,—‘an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.’ His wisdom, goodness, and sanctity, as well as his genius and intellectual powers, were strongly developed ; and I began to feel in his company, what only increased upon me afterwards, a mingled affection and respect, approaching to awe, which the presence of no other man ever inspired in the same degree.’—*Ib.* p. 143.

His range of theological reading was more varied than profound ; and his general estimate of English authorship far from favourable. In the latter point we must, to some extent, dissent from his judgment, for though other languages, the German, for instance, may supply larger and more profound critical disquisitions, we know of none in which more numerous and worthy contributions have been made to the elucidation and enforcement of Divine truths. There is much force in Mr. Channing’s remark, when urging his view of English theology, that ‘an established church is the grave of intellect. To impose a fixed, unchangeable creed,’ he says, ‘is to raise prison-walls around the mind ; and when the reception of this creed is made a condition of dignities and rich benefices, it produces moral as well as intellectual degradation, and palsies the conscience as much as it fetters thought. Once make antiquity a model for all future ages, and fasten on the mind a system too sacred for examination, and beyond which it must not stray, and in extinguishing its hope of progress you take away its life. One almost wonders that the intellect has advanced as far and as fast as it has done, when one considers the war waged against it by civil and ecclesiastical power, and the heavy chain under which it has been compelled to move. I conceive that the tameness, frigidness, and dulness by which theological writings are so generally marked are to be attributed chiefly to the cause now stated.

The intellect, paralyzed by authority and established creeds, has discovered less energy in treating that sublimest and most exciting of all subjects, *religion*, than in discussing the most ordinary interests of the present life.'

Amongst the authors specially useful to him, our biographer mentions Butler, Law, and Edwards. The mystic piety and earnest longings for spiritual perfection, which mark the writings of the second of these distinguished men, 'touched harmoniously many chords of his religious sympathy,' while the clear, condensed thought of Butler, and the intellectual energy and suggestive character of the productions of Edwards are represented as commanding his admiration, and ministering largely to his mental and spiritual growth. Edwards's 'Sketch of his Conversion,' we are informed, 'he once read in part to a friend, with a voice trembling in its tenderness, and eyes softened with emotion, as being one of the most pathetic and beautiful sketches ever given of the deeper workings of the soul.'

He did not make a public profession of religion by associating himself with any church, till towards the close of his theological studies. In other ways he had done so, at Richmond, at Newport, and at Cambridge; and his profession had been recognised, and its moral influence felt, by many. Still there had been, as it appears to us, an omission of serious practical moment, which we advert to the rather, as analogous cases sometimes occur amongst ourselves. Few things appear to us more anomalous,—more wanting in order and propriety, than that any youth should be encouraged to entertain thoughts of the Christian ministry, and to devote himself to a course of study preparatory to it, without having previously made a public and formal profession of religion. The evils attendant on such a course are many and very grievous, and we should tremble for the character of the ministry, and the spiritual welfare of the church, if such cases became numerous. Were the Christian ministry a profession merely, and were outward correctness and benevolence of temper all the qualifications it required, such a course might be expedient and right. But if it involves—as it obviously does—a deeply religious spirit, an inward appreciation of Christianity, a renewal of the temper of the mind, deep sympathy with the unseen and spiritual, and an intensely eager pursuit of the salvation of men, then it is sheer folly, and treachery to the highest interests, to encourage the assumption of its obligations until its nature is understood, and its spirit largely cherished.

It is not very easy to ascertain the precise character of Mr. Channing's doctrinal views at the time of his joining the church in Cambridge. Dr. Holmes, the pastor, was a moderate Cal-

vinist, and it is probable that if his biographer had furnished the confession of faith which the young disciple drew up on the occasion, a nearer resemblance would be discovered to this form of theological opinion than most readers apprehend. In later life, Dr. Channing reported :—

‘There was a time, when I verged towards Calvinism, for ill health and depression gave me a dark view of things. But the doctrine of the Trinity held me back. When I was studying my profession, and religion was the subject of deepest personal concern with me, I followed Doddridge through his ‘Rise and Progress’ till he brought me to a prayer to Jesus Christ. There I stopped, and wrote to a friend that my spiritual guide was gone where I could not follow him. I was never in any sense a Trinitarian.’—*Ib.* p. 161.

He began to preach in the autumn of 1802, and in December of that year was invited by the society in Federal Street, Boston, to become its stated minister. To this invitation he returned an affirmative reply in the following February, and writing to his uncle in explanation of his views, uses the following striking and significant language. ‘I feel awed in considering the magnitude of the duties soon to devolve on me. The church of God, purchased with the blood of his Son; the eternal interests of mankind;—what objects are here presented! I ask your prayers, that I may have grace to be faithful.’ It may be well to say here the little we have to say, respecting the theological views of Dr. Channing. On some accounts we are disposed to defer it to a later period of his biography, but the passage just quoted requires elucidation, and as no material change subsequently took place in his opinions, we may as well dispatch the topic at once. Both parties we apprehend—the Unitarian and the Evangelical—have erred somewhat in the language adopted respecting Dr. Channing. He did not properly belong to either, though partaking of the character of both. By his rejection of the essential deity of Jesus Christ, he was identified with the former, while much of his language respecting the medium of acceptance with God, and the simplicity and warm-heartedness of his devotional feelings, allied him to the latter. His views on the person of Christ dissociated him from those who are popularly termed orthodox, and shut him up to the associations of their opponents: but many of his other views, and more especially his devotional sentiments, found no resemblance and awakened no sympathy, save in the region and amongst the companionships he had left. It is, doubtless, true, that he was an anti-Trinitarian; but on the other hand, he was an earnest enforcer of ‘the observance of the Sabbath,’ was a diligent promoter of meetings for social

worship, an earnest friend of Bible and missionary enterprises, and a man of continuous and intense devotion. If on the former ground he is to be identified with the Unitarian school, the latter may with equal propriety assign him to the orthodox. The truth is, he belonged properly to neither. He had some of the characteristics of both, and while we deplore the existence of what we deem erroneous, we rejoice in what wears the semblance and breathes the spirit of our common Master. The secret of Dr. Channing's position is found, as we conceive, in the following extract from his private papers. There is much truth in what he says. Every honest mind must have felt it; and if, in his effort to avoid one evil, he fell into another, it becomes us charitably to remember that we ourselves also 'are compassed with infirmities.'

'I am so much afraid of being led astray by human systems, that I wish to conform myself wholly to the Bible. Let me read it with the docility and simplicity of a child, sensible of my blindness and praying for light. Let me be fearless of consequences in pursuing the truth, and strive to keep in view the connection which binds together the sacred writings. Let me read them, not with a view to speculate, but to learn the will of my Lord and Master. Let me contemplate his character, have his example ever before my eyes, learn of his life as well as of his words, and strive to be assimilated to so perfect a model. Let me impress my mind with the importance of the Scriptures, with their superior value to human learning, and let me make a practical use of every part of them.'

'I should endeavour to form my mode of preaching, as well as of thinking, on the Scriptures. Every sect has its *cant*, and there is danger of being blindly led by it. Let me strive to discover the errors of the party or sect to which I belong. Indiscriminate approbation is a sure step to error. Adherence to *principles*, and not to *men*, should separate me from all *parties*.'—Ib. p. 158.

He was not, as it appears to us, solicitous to define his views with minute accuracy. He preferred the large, general, untrammelled phraseology of scripture, even though there might be some want of distinctness in the notions entertained. He mistrusted, and justly, logical precision in matters of Christian faith, and clung to the freedom of inspired speech. Writing, in 1815, of the Unitarians of his neighbourhood, he says:— 'Like Dr. Clarke, the majority of this class feel that the Scriptures have not taught the mode of Christ's derivation. They, therefore, do not call Christ a creature, but leave the subject in the obscurity in which they find it, carrying with them, however, an impression that the Scriptures ascribe to Jesus the character of Son of God in a peculiarly high sense, and in a sense in which it is ascribed to no other being.'

His views on the person of Christ may be gathered with tolerable accuracy from the comparison of a few passages. Writing in 1810, he says:—

‘Jesus Christ is the Son of God in a peculiar sense, the temple of the Divinity, the brightest image of his glory. In seeing him we see the Father. On this account it is delightful to contemplate him. It is delightful to think that his mildness, compassion, forbearance, and unwearied goodness are beams, reflections, of the character of the universal Father. No other manifestation is so suited to teach us that God is love.’—*Ib.* p. 298.

Again, in 1815, describing the theological views of his town and neighbourhood, he writes:—

‘The word *Unitarianism*, as denoting opposition to Trinitarianism, undoubtedly expresses the character of a considerable part of the ministers of this town and its vicinity, and the Commonwealth. But we both of us know that their Unitarianism is of a very different kind from that of Mr. Belsham. We agreed in our late conference, that a majority of our brethren believe that Jesus Christ is more than man, that he existed before the world, that he literally came from heaven to save our race, that he sustains other offices than those of a teacher and witness to the truth, and that he still acts for our benefit, and is our intercessor with the Father. This we agreed to be the prevalent sentiment of our brethren. . . . As to myself I have ever been inclined to cherish the *most exalted* views of Jesus Christ which are consistent with the supremacy of the Father; and I have felt it my duty to depart from Mr. Belsham in perhaps every sentiment which is peculiar to him on this subject. I have always been pleased with some of the sentiments of Dr. Watts on the intimate and peculiar union between the Father and Son. But I have always abstained most scrupulously from every expression which could be construed into an acknowledgment of the Trinity. My worship and sentiments have been Unitarian, in the proper sense of that word.’—*Ib.* pp. 387—390.

Again, in 1822, when summing up the results of his ministerial experience, after stating his dissent from the popular view of the divinity of Christ, he says:—

‘Still, I have not been accustomed to preach Christ *as a mere man*. I have spoken of him as a peculiar being. He existed in a state of glory before his birth. Nor was his agency for our salvation confined to his teaching, and example, and suffering, and resurrection, while on the earth; but he is now a glorified, powerful agent in human affairs, our friend, benefactor, intercessor, and strengthener, and hereafter he will be our judge. These views I have urged, not because the mere belief of them is to save, but because they have seemed to me fitted to create a more earnest, affectionate, reverent, and obedient regard to Jesus Christ—such a regard as will lead us to form ourselves upon the model of his precepts and example. This, this is the essential point, and he who is faithful here has a saving faith, be his views of Jesus whatever they may.’—*Vol.* ii. p. 165.

In a similar spirit he writes in 1841 :—

‘As I grow older, I grieve more and more at the impositions on the human mind, at the machinery by which the few keep down the many. I distrust sectarian influence more and more. I am more detached from a denomination, and strive to feel more my connection with the Universal Church, with all good and holy men. I am little of a Unitarian, have little sympathy with the system of Priestley and Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian truth.’—*Ib.* p. 390.

We have quoted these passages in justice to Dr. Channing, and not as our readers will conceive, with any design of adopting the views they express. They show him to have been a believer in the pre-existence of Christ, and in ‘his continued mediatorial power over human affairs.’ He was an Arian who, in the words of his biographer, ‘in Jesus Christ, reverently acknowledged a sublime being, who, by his coming upon earth, had brought about a crisis in the condition of humanity.’ We may regret—as we undoubtedly do—his having stopped short at this point, but must not confound his theology with that current amongst ourselves under the title of Unitarianism. He deeply felt the deficiencies which were conspicuous amongst his associates, and entertained ‘opinions in regard to the Divine government, spiritual influences, a mediator, and the kingdom of heaven, which by most liberal (Unitarian) Christians would be considered mystical rather than rational.’ ‘I have before told you,’ he writes to a correspondent, in 1820, ‘how much I think Unitarianism has suffered from union with a heart-withering philosophy. I will now add, that it has suffered also from a too exclusive application of its advocates to biblical criticism and theological controversy, in other words, from a too partial culture of the mind. I fear we must look to other schools for the thoughts which thrill us, which touch the most inward springs, and disclose to us the depths of our own souls.’ In such language we see a yearning after something which Unitarianism did not minister, and which brought him, in feeling at least, within the precincts of the evangelical domain. In such instances, as in that of the late Dr. Lant Carpenter, whose cherished companions, we are informed on credible testimony, were the most devotional productions of the puritan school, we see what may well rebuke our dogmatism. Who can say, amidst the endless anomalies of human character, to how great an extent, in some cases, the advocates of conflicting creeds may be united in spirit and aim. They enforce, to say the least, the avoidance of all bitterness

and wrath, the exhibition of the truth in love, the humble reference of ourselves and others to the judgment of that omniscient Being, whose exclusive prerogative it is to weigh the actions, and analyze the motives, of his erring creatures. To ourselves, the Arian hypothesis is an utterly unsatisfactory solution of the statements of Scripture respecting the person of our Lord. It has marked advantages over the creed of Socinus, and still more over those of Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham, but it involves difficulties of its own, more irrational to our mind than that of the orthodox faith. Its own advocates have felt the perplexities with which it is fraught, and have, therefore, with few exceptions, sought refuge in the more simple, though less scriptural creed of Socinus.

We had marked for comment some passages pertaining to Calvinism, but on reconsideration we refrain. With slight exceptions we should join in Dr. Channing's censure. The system he reprobates is not that which we hold, and, had his usual candour been exercised, he would not have attributed to the many, the exaggerations and distortions patronised by a few. The phases of what passes under the general title of Calvinism are innumerable, and we shrink from some of them with all the horror which Dr. Channing expresses, while we cling to others, as exhibiting features of the Divine character and government which are essential to the explanation of admitted facts, and to the consistent interpretation of the Divine record. We close our reference to his theological sentiments by the following extract, illustrative of the views entertained on the mediation of Christ:—

'This mode of viewing Christ is wrong, defective, inconsistent with the plain declaration of the Scriptures. According to these, Jesus Christ is not a teacher whose agency was chiefly confined to the time when he was on earth. *He ever lives, and is ever active for mankind.* He sustains other offices than those of a teacher; he is Mediator, Intercessor, Lord, and Saviour. He has a permanent and constant connection with mankind, and a most intimate union with his Church. He is through all time, now as well as formerly, the active and efficient friend of the human race.

'When Jesus spoke of his death, he never spoke of it as if it were to separate him from the concerns of our world, as if he were to rest from his efforts for mankind. He regarded it as an event which was to introduce him to a nobler and wider sphere of activity, where he was to contribute more extensively to the conversion and salvation of mankind. 'I go to prepare a place for you.' 'When I am lifted up,' that is crucified, 'I will draw all men to me.' After his resurrection, he did not speak as if his work had been finished by dying and rising again. He says—'All power is given to me in heaven and earth. Lo! I am with you to the end of the world.'

'According to the Scriptures, Christ, the Son of God, as a reward

for his humiliation, labour, and sufferings for mankind, is now exalted to universal empire. Angels are subjected to him. Nature is subjected to him. He is present by his knowledge and power with his church. He never forgets the race for which he died. He intercedes for them. He assists them. He watches over the interests of his religion. He will make it victorious. According to the Scriptures, the time is coming when his influence, now silent, will be conspicuous, when the veil behind which he operates will be withdrawn. He is to come with hosts of angels. He is to raise the dead, to judge the world, to fulfil the solemn threatenings, and to confer the everlasting blessings of his gospel.'—*Ib.* p. 59.

We now recur to his general history, which, apart from theological considerations, is full of interest and instruction. We have rarely witnessed so lovely an exhibition of the social character as he furnished. His domestic life was—

‘A sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd.’

His brother Francis and himself had agreed, in order to provide for the comfort of their mother and her younger children, that one of them should remain unmarried for at least ten years. William's income was most certain, and he, therefore, cheerfully undertook this obligation, writing to his mother soon after his settlement at Boston, ‘that he had a parsonage which he could not occupy, and fuel which he could not burn; and that she would save him much waste and trouble by turning them to good use.’ The invitation thus delicately conveyed was accepted with confidence, and the mother and son were again speedily housed under the same roof.

‘I was often amused, and still oftener filled with veneration,’ writes a brother, ‘by the mode in which he talked of the necessity of punctually paying his board to our mother, and placed his funds in her hands, as he said, for safe keeping, withdrawing only such trifling sums as he absolutely needed.’ All extra fees were given, as their rightful perquisite, to his sisters; and as years passed on, and the wants and desires of the various members of the family unfolded, each day but gave new proofs of his ever thoughtful, ever delicate affection. His outlays for them, in addition to his large charities abroad, were so considerable, that, though his salary was for those times ample, being at first twelve hundred, and afterwards fifteen hundred dollars, he never laid up a cent, and was often wholly destitute.’—*Vol. i.* p. 198.

His talents as a preacher were of the highest order, and his congregation became in consequence both numerous and affluent. We are not concerned, however, to trace his ministerial life, as we do not perceive evidence of any marked religious benefit having accrued from it. The trumpet gave a somewhat

uncertain sound, and we need not, therefore, be surprised if no deep spiritual movement was exhibited by his people. The better features of his theology were probably inoperative through their association with other and more questionable views. The latter were adopted whilst the former were overlooked, and we consequently seek in vain throughout these volumes for proofs of spiritual renewal, or of general earnestness in turning to God. That Dr. Channing was an agent of great usefulness to his fellow men we do not doubt, but it was in other ways than those which pertain specifically to the Christian minister. His spirit was eminently philanthropic, his views on questions of social and political morality were both large and sound, he was an idealist in his aspirations, but most practical in his daily life. We have met with few Americans who united the same justice to other countries with a paramount devotion to his own. He saw the evils which existed around him, while he had great faith in the integrity and permanence of the republic. His voice was ever raised in the advocacy of what he deemed right; and his works, which were extensively circulated, scattered far and wide the elements of a philosophy at once enlightened and benignant—the best service which a patriot could render to the land of his birth.

In 1822, Dr. Channing visited Europe with a view of recruiting his impaired health. His object was happily in some measure effected, but the account given of his journey supplies little matter for extract. The lakes of Cumberland were not, of course, overlooked. He was attracted, in part, by their beautiful scenery, but still more so, we imagine, by the prospect of personal intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth, for whom he entertained the highest veneration. His visit to the poet is briefly described in a letter to his sister, which we cannot peruse without deep regret at not having a more detailed account of the conversation of two such men. Had a Boswell been present, the world might have been enriched with one of its best treasures.

‘After an interview,’ he says, ‘of great pleasure and interest, I set out to return, and, unwilling to lose Mr. Wordsworth’s society, I accepted his proposition that we should walk together until I was fatigued. At the end of half a mile my strength began to fail, and finding my companion still earnest in conversation, I invited him to take a seat with me, which he did; and in this state we re-entered the delightful valley. Happily the air was mild, and I began to think that Providence, in distributing lots, had not been so severe as one might at first be inclined to feel, in limiting multitudes to such a mode of conveyance; for I enjoyed the fine prospects of Rydal and Grassmere as I could not have done in a covered carriage.

'You, perhaps, might have promised me the honour of being introduced with the cart and horse into a 'lyrical ballad.' But to me, who as you know, profess to be greatly in debt to Mr. Wordsworth's genius; and whose respect and affection were heightened by personal intercourse, there seemed a peculiar felicity in riding through this scene of surpassing tenderness, with a man of genius and sensibility, who had caught inspiration from the lakes and mountains in whose beauty I too had been rejoicing.

'Mr. Wordsworth's conversation was free, various, animated. We talked so eagerly as often to interrupt one another. And as I descended into Grassmere near sunset, with the placid lake before me, and Wordsworth talking and reciting poetry with a poet's spirit by my side, I felt that the combination of circumstances was such as my highest hopes could never have anticipated.'—Vol. ii. p. 220.

He speedily returned to America, and, as we have already exceeded our limits, we must restrict our further observations to a notice of his anti-slavery labours. These constituted an important feature in the public life of Dr. Channing, and cannot, without manifest injustice, be omitted from our sketch. They serve, moreover, to illustrate his general character, more particularly his cautious judgment, his mistrust of organizations, his candid consideration of what might be urged on behalf of opponents, and the inflexible integrity with which he ultimately followed out what he deemed right. The same feature of character which kept him aloof from theological associations, deterred him from joining in the earlier movements of the abolitionists. He shrunk from the sternness of the rebukes which they administered, was morbidly sensitive to the noise and vehemence unavoidable to their proceedings, was apprehensive of political dictation from their confederated societies, and indulged in utopian hopes of the truth being propagated in soft and silken language befitting the drawing-room only. In such anticipations he lost sight of a principle of human action, which he himself has stated with singular force and propriety, and which cannot be too frequently adverted to, in the estimates formed of the agents of all great revolutions:—

'At such periods,' says Dr. Channing, and his words should be deeply engraven on every heart, 'men gifted with great powers of thought and loftiness of sentiment are especially summoned to the conflict with evil. They hear, as it were, in their own magnanimity and generous aspirations, the voice of a divinity; and, thus commissioned, and burning with passionate devotion to truth and freedom, they must and will speak with an indignant energy, and they ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary minds in ordinary times. Men of natural softness and timidity, of a sincere but effeminate virtue, will be apt to look on these bolder, hardier spirits as violent, perturbed, and

uncharitable, and the charge will not be wholly groundless. But that deep feeling of evils, which is necessary to effectual conflict with them, and which marks God's most powerful messengers to mankind, cannot breathe itself in soft and tender accents. The deeply moved soul will speak strongly, and ought to speak so as to move and shake nations.'—Vol. iii. p. 153.

For a time, as already intimated, he stood aloof from the labours of William Lloyd Garrison, and his elder associates, doubting the wisdom of some of their measures, and censuring the violence and asperity with which they were accustomed to denounce the traffickers in human flesh. The silence of such a man was suspicious, and the friends of slavery, for a season, entertained hopes respecting him. In this, however, they were doomed to disappointment. Indeed, they must have strangely erred in estimating his character; for it was easy to perceive—however long might be the process—that he must ultimately be found on the side of the oppressed. His natural temperament led him to shrink from the noise and turmoil of the arena, and his sensitive and delicate mind recoiled from being identified with language he could not approve, or with measures which he deemed questionable: but all his principles insured his ultimate advocacy to the slave. He had much to overcome, but the fire burned within him, and could not eventually fail to make itself visible. Other men might be deterred by considerations of interest, by the love of popularity, by the hereditary prejudices of a class, or by perversions of holy writ, to sanction a monstrous wrong, but such things were foreign from the heart and intellect of Dr. Channing, and could no more sway his actions than the creed of Satan could regulate the movements of an angel. The circumstances which marked his decision were honourable both to his frankness and his humility. They are thus recorded by Mr. May, in the report of an extended conversation which occurred in the autumn of 1834. After stating the objections urged by Dr. Channing against the language and temper of the abolitionists, Mr. May proceeds:—

'Dr. Channing, 'I said, 'I am tired of these complaints. The cause of suffering humanity, the cause of our oppressed, crushed coloured countrymen, has called as loudly upon others as upon us, who are known as the Abolitionists. It was just as incumbent upon others, as upon us, to espouse it. We are not to blame that wiser and better men did not espouse it long ago. The cry of millions in bondage had been heard throughout our land for half a century, and disregarded. The wise and prudent saw the wrong, but thought it not wise and prudent to lift a finger for its correction. The priests and Levites beheld their robbed and wounded countrymen, but passed by on the other side.

The children of Abraham held their peace, until at last 'the very stones have cried out,' in abhorrence of this tremendous wickedness; and you must expect them to cry out like 'the stones.' You must not expect of many of these, who have been left to take up this great cause, that they will plead it in all that seemliness of phrase which the scholars and practised rhetoricians of our country might use; you must not expect them to manage with all the calmness and discretion that the clergy and statesmen might exhibit. But the scholars, the clergy, the statesmen, had done nothing, and did not seem about to do anything; and, for my part, I thank God that at last any persons, be they who they may, have moved earnestly in this cause, for no movement can be in vain. We Abolitionists are just what we are—babes, sucklings, obscure men, silly women, publicans, sinners; and we shall manage the matter we have taken in hand just as might be expected of such persons as we are. It is unbecoming in abler men, who stood by and would do nothing, to complain of us because we manage this matter no better.

'Dr. Channing,' I continued with great earnestness, 'it is not our fault, that those who might have managed this great reform more prudently have left it to us to manage as we may be able. It is not our fault, that those who might have pleaded for the enslaved so much more wisely and eloquently, both with the pen and the living voice, than we can, have been silent. We are not to blame, sir, that you, who more, perhaps, than any other man might have so raised the voice of remonstrance, that it should have been heard throughout the length and breadth of the land—we are not to blame, sir, that you have not so spoken. And now, because inferior men have begun to speak and act against what you yourself acknowledge to be an awful injustice, it is not becoming in you to complain of us, because we do it in an inferior style. Why, sir, have you not moved, why have you not spoken before?'

'At this point, I bethought me to whom I was administering this earnest rebuke—the man that stood among the highest of our great and good men—the man who had ever treated me with the kindness of a father, and whom, from my childhood, I had been accustomed to revere more, perhaps, than any one living. I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of my temerity. His countenance showed that he was much moved. I could not suppose he would receive very graciously all I had said. I awaited, in painful expectation, the reply he would make. It seemed as if long minutes elapsed before the silence was broken; when, in a very subdued manner, and in his kindest tones of voice he said,—'Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof: I have been silent too long.'

'I never can forget his words, look, manner. I then saw the beauty, the magnanimity, of a humble soul. He was exalted in my esteem more than before.'—*Ib.* pp. 157—159.

From this moment his decision was formed, and to the hour of his death, he never afforded reason to doubt the sincerity and earnestness of his conviction. In the following year he published his work on slavery, and took every fair opportunity of throwing the weight of his influence in the

scale of an oppressed and perishing people. We cannot enter into the detail of his labours. It is enough to indicate their general complexion and tendency. Neither can we venture on other departments of his active life. For these, we must refer to the pages of his biographer, which are enriched with innumerable extracts from his private papers and published works, illustrative at once of his character and views.

We have exceeded our limits, and must refrain from adverting to many points raised by this Memoir, on which we should be glad to remark. We regret this necessity, but have no alternative, and therefore content ourselves with recording that Dr. Channing died on October 2, 1842, at a distance from home. He was on a journey at the time of his decease, which occurred at Bennington, Vermont.

Of the manner in which his nephew has executed his task, it becomes us to speak in high, though not unmixed, terms. The arrangement of his materials is less simple than we could have desired. The *Life* of such a man did not call for the artificial plan adopted. The selections from his writings, particularly those which are published, are too numerous for the purposes of a memoir, and render the volumes less attractive to general readers than they would otherwise have been. The style, also, is in some cases too ambitious, and is, occasionally, overlaid with epithets which a severer taste would have discarded. These, however, are minor faults, and the first of them will, to some readers, increase the value of the volumes.

We recommend the work to the serious perusal of our readers. It should not be hurriedly passed over, for it is full of materials for reflection. It constitutes a study which may be prosecuted with great advantage, especially by those who have embraced a more scriptural faith. Let them do justice to its lessons, and their spirit will be purified, whilst their conviction of evangelical truth will become deeper and more enlightened.

ART. IV.—*Report on Twenty-Seven Prize Essays, respecting the Best Means of Collecting and Using Night Soil for Agriculture and the Arts.* By M. A. Chevalier, and a Committee of the Society for Encouraging Industry in France. Paris. 4to. 1848.

2.—*Extracts from the MS. Essays of M. Vincent on the Use of Night Soil in France, from 1348 to 1846.* Paris. 4to. 1848.

3.—*An Essay on Manures.* By M. Girardin, Corresponding Member of the Institute. 5th Edition. Paris. 12mo. 1847.

4.—*Chemistry applied to the Arts, and to Agriculture.* By M. Dumas, Member of the Institute, F.R.S., etc. Paris. 8vo. 1846.

THE beneficent uses to which Providence directs what to the careless eye is only unsightly and noxious, have long been apparent to the enlightened observer of Nature's works. With further knowledge of those works, all will recognise the great master hand in their meanest forms; and find in their wonderful aptitude of purpose, the reason which reconciles every difficulty attending their progress. Thus culture calls grace out of deformity, and order out of confusion. Ingenuity and care give a new character to what was once universally shrunk from in disgust; so that Vespasian's coarse vindication of his odious tax, that the vile source of its proceeds was not betrayed to the sense, has something better than a parallel in our day. Corruption, itself, is discovered to be the genuine parent of new life, and the seeming destruction of one element of existence is ascertained only to lead to its fresh organization in another shape. The chief difficulty is, to make society keep pace in its operations, with the progress of its knowledge of the wonders of nature; so full of inconsistency are men, even in regard to their dearest interests.

Of the strange things exposed by the late inquiries into the best means of improving the health of the people, not the least strange is the fact, that whole fleets should be sent round the globe for *manure*, when the same in kind, and superior in quality, is manufactured cheap in London for export to the West Indies. It is well compared by Dr. Daubeny to the case of the engineers at Gibraltar, who sent to England for stone at an enormous expense, when, with a slight knowledge of geology, they might easily have built the fortifications with materials found on the spot.

It is stranger still, that whilst our French neighbours consume millions of pounds weight of this manure with great

advantage, our own use of it is exceedingly limited. Mr. Thorne, who has had much experience in the business, stated positively to the commissioners for inquiry into the condition of large towns, and populous districts, that this night soil cannot be got rid of at home; and that no profitable application is made of its chief ingredient, urine. Some exceptions may be found to these remarks. The witness himself says, that gardeners near London know the value of such manure. It is certain that, in Hull for instance, several hundred men gain their living by the collection and sale of it. The quantity, however, of night soil, not only wasted throughout the country, but which also by our inattention to the proper means of preparing it for consumption, constitutes a disgusting nuisance, and a source of disease, is unquestionably enormous. Fifty years ago, that amount was estimated as worth more than five millions of pounds sterling per annum for the population of England alone; and its capabilities, if skilfully directed, give correctness and point to Dr. Southwood Smith's beautiful view of the way in which Nature has provided, in the refuse of towns, a resource for raising their food in the country:—

‘There are certain adjustments,’ says Dr. Smith, ‘established between the physical and organised kingdoms, and between the two great divisions of the organic kingdom, which we should do well to bear in mind, even in the most practical consideration of this matter. We know that atmospheric air is equally necessary to the life of plants and animals, but that they produce directly opposite changes in the chemical constitution of the air; the plant giving off as excrementitious that principle of the air on which the animal subsists, and living upon that part of it which the animal rejects as excrementitious; while the animal, in its turn, restores to the air the principle which constitutes the food of the plant, and subsists on those which the plant has rejected as no longer useful to it. In this manner these two great classes of organized beings renovate the air for each other, and everlastingly maintain it in a state of purity and richness. On this beautiful adjustment, depends the further principle, equally at the foundation of all rational and efficient sanitary regulations—namely, that the very refuse of the materials, which have served as food and clothing to the inhabitants of the crowded city, and which, if allowed to accumulate there, invariably taint the air, and render it pestilential,—promptly removed and spread out on the surface of the surrounding country, not only give it healthfulness, but clothe it with verdure, and endow it with inexhaustible fertility. These are great laws of nature, which are now well known to us; and a due conformity with which, would bring us health, plenty, and happiness, and which we cannot disregard any more than we can disregard any other physical law, without suffering, and perhaps destruction.’

This connection of the profit to be derived from town refuse, with the use of it as a means of improving the health of the

people has not entirely escaped our neighbours, the French; and as the peculiar state of their agriculture has led them to precede us many degrees in the preparation of night soil as manure, their progress in this respect well deserves careful examination. Their previous success, and their ingenuity, have prepared them for the early adoption of the mechanical contrivances now fairly established in England, by the use of which all civilized nations must one day extinguish half the ravages of disease and of death, as well as contribute largely to diminish the ills of poverty and want. On no subject whatever, could the double study of what is doing in it on both sides of the Channel be more useful than in this. Although our improvements aim at carrying off *all* the refuse of our towns into common sewers—an operation expressly prohibited by French law—our peculiar machinery for effecting this object is not likely for many years to supersede what the French have done to turn such vast quantities of that refuse to account. To that extent, therefore, we may borrow their method with advantage. Another consideration is of great importance. A just confidence in the discoveries which are now introducing our great improvements into general use, depends upon the correctness of the principles which have led to them. Happily then, whatever divergence of purpose in the two countries may have arisen from the diversity in our points of departure, there is an absolute identity in the results obtained by science on both sides in this matter. The analysis upon which the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company mainly rest their great enterprise, gives a very large quantity of *ammonia* among its components; namely, about one part in twenty of what is in solution in the sewer water of London. It forms about three-fifths of the fertilizing salts of that water. Now the train of observation, which has led the ablest chemist in France, M. Dumas, to call attention to the value of the same substance to the farmer, establishes the same conclusion in regard to *ammonia*; and his views are in the highest degree interesting.

After expatiating again and again upon its great importance in the economy of nature, he traces its influence on agriculture with anxious minuteness :—

‘Plants,’ he says, in the chapter on their nutrition, ‘are to be divided into two classes, in reference to the influence of azote upon them; namely, those which receive their azote from the air, such as pulse and clover; and those which receive it from manure, such as wheat, and the oily seeds. We are acquainted with the fact, those plants receive azote from the air, but we are utterly ignorant of the circumstances of its transmission to them, and its state at the time. It may be conjectured, that it passes at once into their organs, since some of those organs might receive it pure from the air. It may perhaps be brought there by the water

they suck in, still imbued with air. The leaves of the plant may convert it into ammonia by means of the hydrogen of the water decomposed by them. Unquestionably, according to the experiment of M. K. de la Saussure, this fixed azote is in part derived from particles of ammonia floating in the air.

'If, on this point there still prevail some doubts, which further experiments will settle, none exist respecting the supply of azote to plants from *manure*, which act by means of uric acid—the animal substance which is converted into salt of ammonia by their decomposition. An experiment by M. Schattermann put an end to all difficulty on this head. He watered a meadow with dissolved sulphate of ammonia, taken from stable dung, mixed with sulphate of iron; and soon perceived that the parts of the meadow so watered, had remarkably fine herbage. Letters traced in this manure were distinctly visible so long as the vegetation lasted. It is obvious that here is a fact of high interest to the farmer; and in some countries common usage has long adopted what theoretical principles easily explain. For instance, in the canton of the Grisons they strew sulphate of iron upon the stable dung water. The ammonia then destroys the sulphate, and so forms a sulphate of ammonia, instead of letting it be lost in the air.

'The inquiries of M. Boussingault, and M. Payen, have removed all doubt respecting the effect of ammonia as a manure, and respecting the utility of animal matters, or azote, for the same object.

'In the preparation of some animal manure, such, for instance, as night soil reduced to dry powder, a huge amount of the fertilizing virtue is lost. When used in a liquid form, none of it is lost. Indeed, too much pains cannot be devoted to the explanation of the advantages of liquid night soil as manure. These advantages may be briefly set forth. The farmer can readily obtain carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and water for all his needs. The manure he wants, comes from the night soil, properly fermented. It is easy, therefore, to fertilize the soil, and produce the food necessary to the subsistence of all classes. What animals produce is as needful to bread plants, as bread is to man.

'In this point of view, the general neglect of the authorities in great towns in regard to the night-soil is much to be regretted. They could do nothing so effectual to relieve the indigent, as to turn it to the best account, by cheap collection, and profitable application.'

It is known how easily ammonia is dissolved in water; of which it absorbs four hundred and fifty times its own bulk. It is known, also, that hydro-chloric acid is equally soluble. The results, however, in the two cases differ exceedingly. The latter in solution boils at 118° Reaumar, without being affected in its chemical character; whereas ammonia in solution escapes entirely at a heat of 50 to 60°. In vacuo too it loses all its gas at the ordinary degree of temperature. Even in vessels exposed to the air the gas escapes from it:—

'This ready distribution of ammonia falls in with the obvious end of the creation. Thus it can be best collected by the rain for the use of

plants; and transmitted elsewhere when not wanted on the spot first reached. Its peculiar qualities have doubtless this object. Eminently useful as such volatility is in one respect, it is highly injurious in another. It facilitates the escape of this valuable element from the refuse of towns; so that what their populations have once consumed, does not return to the soil, and restore the vigorous fertility which originally produced society its food. That might be effected by care; and we are bound to economise the multifarious refuse of the towns which, properly employed, would furnish the neighbouring country with rich manure, what indeed appears to us lost, nature turns to account, whether it is borne off by the winds, or carried away by the rivers, which are polluted, and disappears in the boundless ocean.'

In the chapter on the manufacture of manures, after mentioning the production of *ammonia* from urine by M. Jacquemard, who had thereby founded a new trade, M. Dumas introduces some important experiments to show the effect of *ammonia* as manure, with the following remarks:—

'The experience of the farmer,' says M. Dumas, 'is the sovereign judge of the comparative value of manures. But chemistry is able to furnish the farmer with useful intelligence. Chemical inquirers have in fact settled the amount of influence attributable to *ammonia*, as an active component of all good manures. A question then arises as to the advantages of fermenting the compost. Certainly such fermentation must do good. It develops the *ammonia*, which has been far too much neglected by agriculturists.'

M. Jacquemard's analysis of *poudrette* (dried night-soil) shows, that valuable manure to possess *ammonia* to the amount of one fourteenth of its bulk; and to its presence he traced the usefulness of that manure. He employed it first dissolved in water, and then in a powder. The result, compared with other manures, was favourable to the influence of *ammonia*. In one case he irrigated a meadow with ammonia dissolved in water. The effect was striking. He also dressed this meadow with the powder ammonia, which a shower of rain rendered equally effectual. THE DIFFICULTY OF WATERING MADE HIM RENOUNCE IRRIGATION; but he perceived that a LESS quantity of the

* Practical men, and chemists in England, have not yet settled how far it is best to dilute ammoniacal manure. In France this subject is almost new.

M. Dumas's words on this point are remarkable—'Comment le sulfate d'ammoniaque devrait il être repandu sur la terre? C'est la une question qui n'est pas encore résolue. On a conseillé de l'employer en dissolution à la dose de 1 ou 2 millièmes au plus. Mais a procédé ne peut être appliqué dans toutes les localités. Dans tous les cas, il exigerait une dépense de main d'œuvre considérable.'

M. Dumas has not perhaps reflected upon our new system of spreading this manure by machinery.

ammonia than that employed might have been equally efficacious. M. Dumas concludes, that it has become important to examine how far a succession of good crops can be secured by this treatment of the land.

At this point of the inquiry English experience and improvement come in aid of our neighbours. On the one hand, we have got over the *difficulty of irrigation*, by the use of machinery and pipes in the place of hand labour and cartage. On the other, we have proved by much experience, that the sewer water in which the ammonia is so abundant may be diluted with advantage to a degree not yet ascertained, and then, according as this *ammoniacal* water is used with perseverance, the crops increase, and the soil is not exhausted.

Liquid manure of this sort, therefore, is substantially new to the French, and of the greatest importance. That they are likely to adopt it, may be inferred from the language of M. Dumas, already quoted in favour of another sort of liquid manure—the *Flemish*—the use of which is extending in France.

It has begun to be used in England; and has the advantage of being applicable to small farms and villages, where machinery would be too expensive for the restricted population, and which pipes from such establishments as that of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company could never reach. Its importance to French agriculture is striking. In the provinces in the north, in which its use has been long extensive, the produce of wheat crops, for instance, nearly equals that of England per acre, whereas in the provinces in which it is almost unknown, such as those on the Loire, the farmer gets only half our crops.

The method of collecting and managing this manure in the most successful part of France, the neighbourhood of Lille, is as follows:—The farmer makes a tank of the dimensions of thirty-two cubic yards, which contains two hundred and fifty-six puncheons of two hundred and fifty quarts each, worth £6. This tank is laid all over with well beaten clay about one inch and a half thick. At the bottom there is a range of common bricks placed flat; and at the sides the bricks are ranged on their edges all round in mortar. When used this manure is diluted in six to eight times its bulk of water. These tanks are kept full from the night soil of the town, which the servants sell as their wages; and it is continually in a state of fermentation. The qualities of the liquid are often improved by the addition of the cakes made of the residue after oil has been pressed from seeds. The general rotation of crops with this manure in French Flanders is as follows:—

First Year.—In October, or November, the land is covered with common long straw manure, which is ploughed in. They

then spread fifteen tons of liquid manure to the acre. After ploughing, they sow rape.

Second Year.—After getting in the rape crop, they plough, and spread from six to seven and a half tons of the liquid manure per acre. They then sow wheat in autumn.

Third Year.—They plough upon the wheat stubble, and after a dressing of six tons per acre of the same manure, they sow oats.

If the state of the roads, or any other circumstance prevents the autumn dressing, it may be done in March; and one-fifth less in quantity will serve; but this is to be avoided, because the horses and wheels are apt to damage the young grain.

The way of spreading the liquid manure varies according to the season, and to the state of the land. They have either carts, such as are used in watering roads, or wheelbarrows with tubs from which a man spreads the manure with a scuppel, or they carry the manure on hods such as are used in the vintage; and the labourer distributes it from a short hose. This last practice is most common when they want to manure vegetables, and not damage the leaves with the liquid. They then open a little hole at the foot of the plant, which is filled from the hose. Newly mown grass is the only vegetable to be sprinkled with the liquid. Moist weather is always to be chosen for the application of this manure; and it is necessary to harrow the land immediately before to let the liquid penetrate as deeply as possible. The roller is then passed over it. A less quantity than usual is used in wet seasons. This manure is not observed to impart a disagreeable taste to any sort of crops; and, although it gives out a strong smell for several days, it is never unwholesome.

Two other sorts of manure are made from night soil to very great advantage in France; *poudrette*, which contains the large proportion of ammonia already mentioned; and *animalized black* (*noir animalisé*), which is made by a process calculated to preserve from escape a still larger portion of that valuable salt. These manures are made in all parts of France; and the supply is rapidly increasing. Their amount may be inferred from the fact, that from the great establishment near Paris there is derived a revenue of £25,000 a-year. The sum received in 1803, was only £2,440. There is collected besides, in the streets of Paris, by scavengers, for agricultural use, four hundred and fifty tons a-year of dry human ordure. The quantity collected in every way throughout France is calculated at one-fifth of the whole produced. The use of it can be traced to the time of the Roman occupation of Gaul. But it is only since the middle of the last century that the chemist and the

legislator have been busy on the subject. A principle attempted to be established since that time, and even before, distinguishes the French system entirely from ours. It is sought to cut off privies and water-closets entirely from the common sewer; and to have them *hermetically* shut up, so as to be emptied conveniently through the house. Prodigious efforts have been made to perfect this system, even to the extent of rendering the matter quite inoffensive, if possible. We, on the contrary, especially under late inquiries, insist that the most convenient, and most economical way of proceeding is, to have all carried away by the sewer, and then used as liquid manure. The various means by which the French *disinfect* privies, will long deserve attention in England, seeing that many years must pass before our better system can be generally introduced. They have also adopted ingenious ways for the ventilation of privies, and still more effectual means for easily emptying them without annoying the inmates of the house. The importance of these contrivances to Paris, is shown by the fact, that after all that has been done to improve water-closets, nine tenths of the privies are still obliged to be emptied by hand; so that for years they are not emptied at all, but are left to poison the subsoil and waters of the capital. All other towns, in all countries, are probably subject, hitherto, to the same evil. When, then, it is considered, that the amount of what is thus allowed to accumulate and be lost, to the extreme danger of the people in point of health, would manure more than thirty millions of acres of land; and that, in fact, at least four millions of acres are manured in France from this source; whilst we, in England, suffer all the evil, and enjoy an exceedingly small share of the gain; it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the inquiry, of which we have attempted to suggest some leading points, in terms as acceptable as the nature of the subject permits.

ART. V.—*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb; consisting chiefly of his Letters not before Published, with Sketches of some of his Companions.* By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. 2 vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1848.

THE 'Life and Letters of Charles Lamb' were published about twelve years ago, edited like these volumes by Mr. Talfourd, but there were causes, as there are soon after the decease of most men,

why neither the Life nor the Letters could be fully laid before the public. In Lamb's case these causes were strange and peculiar, and yet, till they were made public, no fair estimate of his character could be arrived at. It was not concealed in the 'Life and Letters,' that this delightful essayist and poet had his infirmities, but till the death of his sister and brother, it could not be made known how closely these infirmities were connected with one of the noblest sacrifices which man can make, and the noblest qualities which a human soul can possess. Charles Lamb was not only one of the most beautiful and genial writers which the world ever possessed, but he was one of its truest heroes, without the slightest ambition to pass for such. He allowed the failings which arose out of the excitability of his temperament, and the terrible trials with which it was tested, to be known and commented on as people pleased, while he went on his way, assuming and fulfilling many duties with the air of a man who does nothing extraordinary, and may be justly blamed for his faults, without any praise for his virtues. His failing was that of indulging occasionally in too free potations, and in throwing out expressions under their influence that startled the hearers, in no trifling degree. But who, when the whole is known, can wonder at the fact, or avoid losing the memory of his one fault amid the example of a devoted love, and a self-renunciation, to which there are scarcely any parallels?

Charles Lamb had the seeds of insanity in his constitution. Early tasked as an India House clerk, to assist the scanty income of his family, and, poet-like, having fallen deeply in love, the narrowness of present circumstances and the gloom of the future did their work, and at the age of twenty he was immured in a madhouse. His biographer opens these volumes with these facts:—

'In the year 1795, Charles Lamb resided with his father, mother, and sister, in lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn. The father was rapidly sinking into dotage; the mother suffered under an infirmity which deprived her of the use of her limbs; and the sister not only undertook the office of daily and nightly attendance on her mother, but sought to add, by needlework, to their slender resources. Their income then consisted of an annuity which Mr. Lamb, the elder, derived from the old bencher, Mr. Salt, whom he had faithfully served for many years; Charles's salary, which, being that of a clerk of three years' standing, in the India House, could have been but scanty; and a small payment made by an old maiden aunt, who resided with them. In this year, Lamb, being just twenty years of age, began to write verses, partly incited by the example of his only friend Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by

an attachment to a young lady of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as 'the fair-haired maid.' How his love prospered, we cannot ascertain; but we know how nobly that love, and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were resigned, on the catastrophe which darkened the following year. In the meantime, his youth was lonely—rendered the more so by the recollection of the society of Coleridge, who had just left London—of Coleridge, in the first bloom of life and genius, unshaded by the mysticism which it afterwards glorified—full of boundless ambition, love, and hope! There was a tendency to insanity in his family, which had been more than once developed in his sister; and it was no matter of surprise that, in the dreariness of his solitude, it fell upon him; and that, at the close of the year, he was subjected for a few weeks to the restraint of the insane. The wonder is, that, amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding forty years, it never returned. Perhaps, the true cause of this remarkable exemption—an exemption the more remarkable, when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—will be found in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim, so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason.'—Vol. i. p. 1—3.

In a letter to Coleridge, immediately after his recovery, Lamb makes no mystery of the matter. Perhaps, there never was a man who was so candid and open with his intimate friends. He says:—

'My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks which finished last year and commenced this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse in Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played me, enough to make a volume, if all were told. . . . Coleridge! it may convince you of my regards for you, when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my frenzy.'

In a subsequent letter he again refers to it:—

'I will at some future opportunity amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy: for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy, till you have gone mad! All now seems to me vapid, comparatively so.'

But after that year, he never again referred to this subject on which he could then almost joke; he never gave to his friend his promised details of that madness, which yet looked even more attractive than his real life, for insanity came and presented itself in another and a dreadful shape, in the gentle being who

was most dear to him on earth—his sister. The circumstances of this awful catastrophe, which at once determined the future character of Lamb's existence and brought out all his excellence, have been long no secret to those who came in contact with individuals of that circle in which Lamb so long moved, but were undreamt of by the public at large. They are now fully thrown open, and are as follows :—

'The autumn of 1796, found Lamb engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage; sometimes snatching a few minutes for his only pleasure, writing to Coleridge; while Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, until the insanity, which had been manifested more than once, broke out into frenzy, which on Thursday, 22nd of September, proved fatal to her mother. The following account of the proceedings of the inquest, copied from the 'Times' of Monday, 26th of September, 1796, supplies the details of this terrible calamity, doubtless with accuracy, except that it would seem from Lamb's letter to Coleridge, that *he*, and not the landlord, took the knife from the unconscious hand.

'On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sate on the body of a lady in the neighbourhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter, the preceding day. It appeared by the evidence adduced, that, while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner, pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and, with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

'For some days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn, but that gentleman was not at home.

'It seems the young lady had been once before deranged.

'The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—lunacy.'

A statement nearly similar to this will be found in several other journals of the day, and in the 'Annual Register' for the year. The 'True Briton' adds :—'It appears she had been before, in the earlier part of her life, deranged, from the harassing fatigues of too much business. As her carriage towards her mother had always been affectionate in the extreme, it is believed her increased attachment to her, as her infirmities called

for it by day and by night, caused her loss of reason at the time. It has been stated in some of the morning papers, that she has an insane brother in confinement, but this is without foundation.'

The following is Lamb's account of the event to Coleridge :—

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines :—My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to a hospital. God has preserved me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat school, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend : but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me, 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

'God Almighty have us well in his keeping,

C. LAMB.

'Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine, (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

'Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family, I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us,

C. LAMB."

A portion of his next letter to Coleridge will complete the view of this melancholy affair :—

'Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses ; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind, and impressive, (as it must be to the end of life,) but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her this morning calm and serene ; far, very far from an indecent, forgetful serenity ; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Cole-

ridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity, not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother, a dead and murdered corpse, in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense,—had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the ‘ignorant present time,’ and this kept me up. I had the whole weight of this family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal event, we dressed for dinner a tongue, which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me; this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of feeling. I did not let this carry me too far. On the very second day, (I date from the day of horrors) as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them*, (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest. I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came, that my poor, dead mother was lying in the next room, the very next room; a mother who through life wished nothing but her children’s welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of the coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was only the violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.

‘I mention these things because I hate concealment, and love to give a faithful journal of what passes within me. Our friends have been very good. Sam Le Grice, who was then in town, was with me the three or four first days, and was a brother to me, gave up every hour of his time, to the very hurting of his health and spirits, in constant attendance, and humoring my poor father; talked with him, read to him, played at cribbage with him, for so short is the old man’s recollection, that he was playing at cards, as though nothing had happened, while the coro-

ner's inquest was sitting over the way ! Samuel wept tenderly when he went away, for his mother wrote him a very severe letter on his loitering so long in town, and he was forced to go. Mr. Norris, of Christ's Hospital, has been a father to me—Mrs. Norris, as a mother ; though we had few claims on them. A gentleman, brother to my godmother, from whom we never had right or reason to expect any such assistance, sent my father twenty pounds ; and to crown all these God's blessings to our family at such a time, an old lady, a cousin of my father and aunt, a gentlewoman of fortune, is to take my aunt and make her comfortable for the short remainder of her days. My aunt is recovered, and as well as ever, and highly pleased at thoughts of going, and has generously given up the interest of her little money, which was formerly paid my father for her board, solely and wholly to my sister's use. Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves, and an old maid-servant to look after him, when I am out, £170, or £180, rather, a-year, out of which we can spare £50 or £60, at least, for Mary while she stays at Islington, where she must and shall stay during her father's life, for his and her comfort. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the madhouse, and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love her, and are taken with her amazingly ; and I know from her own mouth that she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. Poor thing, they say she was, but the other morning, saying, she knew she must go to Bethle'm for life ; that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream ; that she had, often as she passed Bethle'm, thought it likely, ' here it may be my fate to end my days,' conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head oftentimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before. A legacy of £100, which my father will have at Christmas, and this £20 I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will more than set us clear. If my father and old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130, or £120 a-year, we ought to burn by slow fires ; and I almost would that Mary might not go into an hospital. Let me not leave an unfavourable impression on your mind, respecting my brother. Since this has happened, he has been very kind and brotherly ; but I fear for his mind,—he has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor has much accustomed himself to throw himself into their way ; and I know his language already, ' Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to,' etc., etc., in that style of talking. But you, a necessarian, can respect a difference of mind, and love what is *amiable* in a character not perfect. He has been very good—but I fear for his mind. Thank God, I can unconnect myself with him, and shall manage all my father's moneys in future myself, if I take charge of Daddy, which poor John has not even hinted a wish, at any future time, even, to share with me.'—Vol. i. p. 51.

We have given the scene and accompaniments of this catastrophe at considerable length, as they show so completely the genius and unworldly character of Charles Lamb, and so entirely

interweave the whole history of his life. There never was a more unselfish specimen of human nature; as there never was a nobler one of devoted affection. We see him at the very outset of life, at only two-and-twenty, with all the care and reflection of an old man. He takes upon himself the whole anxiety and drudgery of providing security and comfort for the unhappy sister and the superannuated father. He devotes his days to the task-work of the office, and his evenings to amusing the old man, who, in the dilapidated condition of his faculties, is querulous and complaining, if the wearied son desists from his attentions for a moment. Deeply attached to intellectual pursuits, and finding his only pleasure and almost his only companion in them, he freely relinquishes them to discharge these family duties, which the elder and more worldly brother does not trouble himself to share in any degree with him, though enjoying a far better income. So far, however, from resenting this selfishness, Lamb, on the contrary, finds excuses for it. This poor brother is very good, because it would seem he had not in fact been very antagonistic to his arrangements; 'he has taken his ease in the world,' poor fellow! and 'is not fit to struggle with difficulties.'

Never did that charity which is the soul of domestic life, and which breathes so benignantly, and even smilingly, from Charles Lamb's writings, more perfectly spread itself over the whole life and mind of the man than in his case. Not only did he excuse the cold and selfish, but set himself steadily to make up for every one's deficiencies, by his own thorough self-devotion. From this moment, he seems to have renounced any idea of marrying and surrounding himself with the blessings of a family, and determined to live for and with this beloved and unfortunate sister. So far from allowing her to go into a hospital, he resolved to have her out of the asylum as soon as possible. In this he was opposed by his brother, at the South Sea House, who does not seem to have contributed anything towards the support of father or sister, leaving it all to Charles. Oh, these brothers! how many of them there are in this world! Charles, however, persevered, though the parish authorities raised objections, and asserted the necessity of their taking proceedings to secure Mary Lamb's confinement for life. All these obstacles he overcame, by giving security against any such frightful recurrence as was apprehended, and brought his sister home to be his life-long companion. Fears for himself he never had, though he had seen that when his sister was in a state of derangement, the dearest individual might become her victim. His was that perfect love that casteth out fear.

This love and the unselfish magnanimity which accompanied it, may be estimated by the circumstances under which it showed itself. The old aunt, whom a wealthy relative had taken off his hands, was soon returned upon them, in a state of helpless decline. His father, in his childish state, made the most rigorous and unceasing demands on his evenings, the only time exempt from his clerkship. If he ceased, out of weariness, to play at cribbage with him, he would petulantly exclaim, 'If you don't play with me, you might just as well not come home at all!' Under such circumstances did Charles Lamb bring back his sister from the asylum, and endeavour to make her life comfortable. The father at length died, then the poor old aunt; but before this, Miss Lamb's cares and attention to the old lady had again brought on her insanity, and he was obliged to take her back to the asylum. Poor Lamb's desolate condition at this moment may be conceived from the following note to Coleridge:—

'MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—I don't know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her grief. Kitty died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after her long illness; Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house, with nothing but Kitty's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils, that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness. But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead. God bless you. Love to Sarah and Hartley, C. LAMB."

Perhaps none of Charles Lamb's letters express so utter a misery; none in which he did not still throw out words and phrases, as if jesting in some degree with his troubles. Nor can any situation be conceived much more desolate. But he did not suffer himself to be long cast down; he had resolved to go through life with a stout heart for Mary's sake, and nobly did he fulfil his resolve. There is nothing on record more beautiful than the affection of this brother and sister, nothing finer than the brother's devotion. He was never weary of speaking in her praise. 'Of all the people I ever saw,' he writes to Coleridge, 'my poor sister was most and thoroughly devoid of the least

tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor, dear, dearest soul, in a future letter, for my own comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable.'

His great solicitude was to secure that profound quiet and retirement which should exclude excitement so dangerous to her. Coleridge wished him to send her for a while down to them, but Lamb knew very well that this would be the most foolish thing he could do. 'I consider her,' he said, 'as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think you would almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects.' He thought they could be nowhere private, except in the midst of London; he therefore took lodgings at a friend's in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; afterwards in the Temple, then in Inner Temple Lane, then in Russell Street, Covent Garden. At these places, a company of the finest intellects gradually gathered about them, and were received by Lamb and his sister on Wednesday evenings, where Mary played the hostess with all sobriety, and with a kindness that endeared her to them all. From Coleridge, their only literary friend, they by degrees found their circle including Hazlitt, George Dyer, Wordsworth when in town, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Thelwall, Barnes, the editor of the 'Times,' poor Haydon, Cary, the translator of 'Dante,' Admiral Burney, the brother of the celebrated novelist, Allan Cunningham, Hood, and many others.

But, perhaps, these meetings were too exciting, and they gradually removed farther and farther into the country—to Islington, Dalston, Enfield, and finally to Edmonton. Mary Lamb's disorder ever and anon returned, notwithstanding all care, and then she was for the time conducted by the kind brother to the friendly asylum. On one occasion they were met by Charles Lloyd, walking in the Hoxton Fields; their eyes were red with weeping, and their friend finally discovered that they were then on their way to the asylum, and were thus lingering awhile, affectionately, before they could make up their minds to part. Occasionally, as Lamb's income improved, they made a holiday excursion into the country, to visit their friends the Coleridges, or Hazlitts, or Wordsworths; but it was with fear and trembling that they did this, as the anticipation of such a pleasure more than once brought on Mary's complaint, and the journey was obliged to be given up. On all such occasions she used, in packing up her dresses, to put up amongst them a strait-jacket for herself, in case of a paroxysm coming on while they were out.

In her periods of mental health, she and her brother often pursued together intellectual labours; Lamb thought it was beneficial exercise for her, and the product of these labours was such as to justify his praises, not only of her faculties, but of her singular beauty and sweetness of spirit. Who has read these joint labours—the ‘Poetry for Children,’ the ‘Tales from Shakspeare,’ and ‘Mrs. Leicester’s School’—and needs further evidence of the angelic tone and character of Mary Lamb’s mind? That she possessed a portion of her brother’s wit and love of fun, may be evidenced by the single instance of her brother, on receiving Wordsworth’s Poems, and opening the book, asking her, on casually glancing at one of the titles—‘What is good for a bootless bene?’ to which she replied, laughing, ‘A shoeless pea.’ ‘Miss Lamb,’ says Mr. Talfourd, ‘would have been remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words, even if these qualities had not been presented in marvellous contrast with the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, latterly for months, in every year. There was no tinge of insanity discernible in her manner to the most observant eye; not even in those distressful periods when the premonitory symptoms had apprised her of its approach, and she was making preparations for seclusion. In all its essential sweetness, her character was like her brother’s; while, by a temper more placid, a spirit of enjoyment more serene, she was enabled to guide, to counsel, to cheer him; and to protect him on the verge of the mysterious calamity, from the depths of which she rose, so often unruffled, to his side. To a friend in any difficulty she was the most comfortable of advisers, the wisest of consolers. Hazlitt used to say, that he never met with a woman who could reason, and had met with only one thoroughly-reasonable,—Mary Lamb.’

Such was the woman, most gentle and gentle-womanly in her sanity, and under the terrible force of her disease, flashing out evidences of the rarest intellect, over whom this kindest of brothers watched, till he was at length taken from her side, in December, 1834, at Edmonton, where he was buried, and where he was joined by her in May, 1847, having survived him upwards of thirteen years. For this survival, Lamb, with his small income, had taken care to provide; while the India House acted as became it to the memory of ‘their inspired clerk,’ and gave her the annuity to which a wife would have been entitled.

We need not here advert to the qualities of Charles Lamb as a writer. They are now familiar to all the readers of our genuine classics. Through their quaint humour, and the indomitable love of joke and comicality, there runs a glorious vein of the

finest humanity, of the spirit that will not willingly think ill of anything or any one, but yet perceives, through the coarse outside of our nature, the inner gleams of the Divine. The sad and terrible realities of his life gave a depth to his feelings, which is expressed in short and pithy sentences, rather than in a continuous gravity of style; and even when he is most sorrowful, he is still on the verge of a strange fancy. He may be said never to weep but with a smile still playing amid his sadness.

His biographer has instituted an elaborate comparison between the Wednesday evenings of Charles and Mary Lamb, and the splendid dinners of Holland House, and has enumerated, as in contrasted array, the names and characters of the celebrated men who figured in each circle. There is only one more whom we shall draw from the acquaintances of Lamb, and that not from any genius which he possessed, except it were a genius for murder, but for the singularity of his story, some particulars of which we were previously aware of from other quarters. It is a remarkable example of the adventurers who sometimes insinuate themselves into literary circles, and impose upon the most gifted. This man was, with Lamb, De Quincy, and a brilliant group of the literati of the day, a contributor to the *London Magazine*, and used to meet them at the table of the publishers, Taylor and Hesse, in Fleet Street.

‘Amongst the contributors who partook of their professional festivities, was a gentleman whose subsequent career has invested the recollection of his appearance in the familiarity of social life with fearful interest,—Mr. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright. He was then a young man, on the bright side of thirty, with a sort of undress military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuary.

It was whispered, that he had been an officer in the Dragoons; had spent more than one fortune; and he now condescended to take a part in periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur who felt himself above it. He was an artist also; sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a portfolio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate, and seized on the critical department of the fine arts, both in and out of the *Magazine*, undisturbed by the presence or pretensions of the finest critic on art who ever wrote,—William Hazlitt. On this subject, he composed for the *Magazine*, under the signature of ‘Janus Weathercock,’ articles of flashy assumption, in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and luxurious appliances of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle, not only by his braided

surtouts, jewelled fingers, and various neck-handkerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for everything in the world but elegant enjoyment. Lamb, who delighted to find sympathy in dissimilitude, fancied that he really liked him; took, as he ever did, the genial side of the character; and, instead of disliking the rake in the critic, thought it pleasant to discover so much taste and good-nature in a fashionable *roué*, and regarded all his vapid gaiety, which to severer observers looked like impertinence, as the playful effusion of a remarkably guileless nature. Thus, when expatiating on his list of choicest friends, in Elia's letter to Southey, he reckons, 'W— the light, and warm as light-hearted 'Janus' of the 'London;' and two years afterwards, advertng to the decline of the Magazine, in a letter to Mr. Barton, he persists in his belief of Wainwright's light-heartedness as pertinaciously as all the half-conscious dupes in Othello do in the assertion of Iago's honesty; 'They have pulled down Hazlitt, P—, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted W—, their 'Janus!'

Mr. Talfourd traces at length this strange man's history, observing, that 'surely no contrast presented by the wildest romance, between a gay cavalier fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero, detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainwright *seemed*, and what he *was*.

Wainwright was, in fact, a wholesale murderer, a murderer by subtle poison of his friends and relations, one after another, for the sake of their property, or the sums for which he had prevailed on them to insure their lives. He is the person whom Bulwer has introduced into his story of 'Lucretia,' in such a character. Before he fell under suspicion, his uncle, and his wife's mother, had died suddenly, and he had succeeded to their property, and spent it. He was on a visit to his uncle, at whose residence, Linden House, Turnham Green, his wife had been confined, when the uncle suddenly died, and Wainwright continued to live in the house so long as his extravagant habits would let him. In this very house, however, his wife's mother died suddenly too, having just executed a will in his favour. This will was drawn up by Barry Cornwall, then practising as a solicitor, and we have heard him express the sort of startle he felt, when in a few days afterwards he heard the news of the lady's death.

The mother being gone, Wainwright invited her two daughters by her second husband, Mr. Abercrombie. In 1830, they were residing with him at Linden House. He now formed the scheme of assuring the life of the elder Miss Abercrombie, for large sums for the period of two or three years. Miss Abercrombie was remarkably

handsome, and not quite twenty-one. He assured her life for this term, on the plea that it was to enable her to procure some property to which she was entitled; the fact being that no such property existed, and both the young lady, and Wainwright, at whose instigation the thing was done, being nearly penniless. Her life was thus assured, in the Palladium Office for £3,000. for three years; in the Eagle Office for £3,000. for two years; in the Provident for £2,000.; the Hope for £2,000.; the Imperial for £3,000.; and the Pelican for £5,000.; each for two years: in all £18,000. Further attempts were made to insure at the Eagle and Globe Offices for £7,000. more, but these offices declined, and suspicions were aroused. Money, in the shape of premiums and stamps was paid to about £220., which, if Miss Abercrombie survived the short period of assurance, was lost. But Wainwright took care that she did not survive. He was sold up for debt at Linden House, and had gone into lodgings in Conduit Street. Here the poison, supposed to be strychnine, was given to the unhappy victim, and Wainwright and his wife coolly took a walk while it operated.

The payment of these assurances was resisted, and much litigation ensued. Wainwright fled to France, where he continued for some time to reside, and at Boulogne he acquired the confidence and enjoyed the hospitality of an English officer. Here also he induced his host to assure his life for £5,000, with a similar design upon it; and the officer, almost immediately on the completion of the assurance, died. Wainwright became a wanderer in France for some time, but returning to London, was arrested, on a charge of forging the names of his own trustees to five successive powers of attorney, to sell out stock settled on himself and his wife on their marriage. He was transported, and it is believed still survives in Australia.

With this extraordinary history of a member of the once brilliant intellectual circle of Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Southey, and such men, we close our notice. The work is deeply interesting, from the new and nobler light in which it places the character of its subject; at the same time, we must confess, that it would, in our opinion, have lost nothing by being, through a more careful selection, condensed into one volume; nor can we think the learned serjeant's style the happiest for that of a biographer. It strikes us, as remarkably hard and laboured, and as presenting a perfect patchwork of quoted phrases.

ART. VI.—*Life in Russia ; or, the Discipline of Despotism*. By Edward P. Thompson, Esq. 12mo. pp. 340. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE generality of English readers know little of Russia. Their view of its condition and resources, the state of its population, and the machinery of its government, is exceedingly vague and inaccurate. Until lately, scarcely anything was published respecting it, and the works which have recently appeared are, for the most part, disfigured by prejudices which seriously detract from their value. ‘Rumours,’ as Mr. Thompson states, ‘take the place of facts, and in the estimation of the world, Russia is considered as an unapproachable limit, a kind of barrier to the advances of civilized Europe.’ Such a state of things is at once discreditable and injurious. In the existing state of Europe, it is of importance that we should be accurately informed respecting an empire, the progress of which has been so extraordinary, and which, at some remote period, may be destined to act an important part in the history of our race. Standing on the limits of Europe, it forms a connecting link between the eastern and the western world ; unites within itself the opposite extremes of civilization and barbarism, and by its material resources, and the energy and skill with which they are wielded, is evidently disposed to influence the fortunes of other countries. The partial information possessed has given a mystic character to the power of Russia. Enough has been known to awaken apprehension, and fear has in consequence been permitted to operate through the medium of imagination. The promptitude and unsparing severity with which the Russian power has interposed, on various occasions, to accomplish its purpose, have alarmed the statesmen of Europe ; while the atrocities of Siberian exile, and the butcheries of Poland, have, in general estimation, invested the autocrat with some of the worst attributes of our nature. Our countrymen are, consequently, disposed to indulge in sweeping and indiscriminate censures, for which apologies may easily be pleaded, but which it is impossible wholly to justify. The reports reaching us from the north of Europe have awakened indignation. We have seen the general result,—at least, in its broader and more palpable features ; but the more secret mechanism of the catastrophe, the actual condition and spirit of the power by which such misdeeds have been enacted, are only very partially understood. In this state of things

we welcome information from any quarter, and are specially grateful for it when conveyed without pretension, and free from the passions of an excited partizanship. Viewed in this light, Mr. Thompson's volume is most acceptable. It is written in the form of letters, and without assuming to furnish a perfect picture, will be found materially to assist 'in giving a tolerable idea of the country and its inhabitants, and in forming just opinions of the imperial system of government.'

We are not informed of the object of Mr. Thompson's visit to Russia, nor of the period when it occurred. There are probably good reasons for his silence, but the confidence of our countrymen in the information conveyed, would not have been weakened by more explicitness on these points. The forms and ceremonies which a traveller encounters on entering Russia, are endlessly varied, and ridiculous for their minuteness. To an Englishman they are inexpressibly vexatious, and produce an impression of insecurity, which his subsequent knowledge of the country does not remove. He meets the vigilance of despotism at the threshold of the empire, and is admonished of the suspicions with which his most trifling actions will be viewed. Mr. Thompson experienced his full measure of these annoyances. Being questioned respecting the object of his visit, and giving his usual answer, '*Un voyage d'agrément*,' he was informed, with more truth probably than the replies of Russian officials usually contain, 'It is not usual for people to return to this country several times on a voyage d'agrément,' and was requested to await the decision of a superior. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and on furnishing the explanation required, was suffered to proceed.

The first appearance of St. Petersburg, we are informed, 'is more imposing than agreeable; its gilded domes and spires are visible at a considerable distance, glittering under the sun's rays, but the city itself is not discernible till the vessel approaches the quay. There is an entire absence of the bustle which usually characterizes a populous city, 'and the cold, stately appearance of the houses adds to the chill which the inquisition of the police, and the useless forms of the custom-house authorities, have already produced:—

'Vastness and space are the most prominent features in St. Petersburg: the scale on which the buildings are planned, the extreme width of the streets, and the prodigious extent occupied by the squares and public places, weary and bewilder the eye. Elegance and harmony are not obtained, because proportions are not kept; for, however colossal the buildings, the effect is marred, either by distance or by the uncircumscribed space around them. The streets are undeviatingly straight, intersecting each other at right angles; and the three main thorough-

fares spread out fan-like from one common centre, of which the Admiralty steeple is the point.

'Most of the houses are built in quadrangles, having a large courtyard in the centre, which is used for stabling and for housing the enormous piles of wood laid in for winter fuel. They have common-stairs like those in Edinburgh, or the inns of court in London, and each floor often contains many separate tenements. They are generally of vast size, of three or four stories high, and accommodate an incredible number of families: one house, for instance, in the Nefskoi Prospectk, where I had to deliver a letter, was occupied by 170 different sets of tenants, and, as there was no register of their names, I found it impossible to execute my commission. The ground-floor facing the street, even in the houses of the highest nobility, is used for shops: but the uniformity of the building is not disturbed by this arrangement; for the windows are not altered to form what are called shop-fronts in England. Indeed, any deviation from the usual form would be impossible, as there would be no means of putting in the double sashes or frames, which are indispensable preservatives against the severity of the cold in winter.

'The furniture, paper, and other hangings in the houses are flashy but not substantial, and many little articles which are seen in the meanest lodgings in England, such as window-blinds, bed-curtains, wash-hand stands, &c., are not to be found; but there are mirrors, sofas, lustres, French engravings, and other ornamental things, of ten times the value of those essentials that are wanting. This is typical of the state of things throughout the country; which seeks, by imposing on the eye by external effects, to blind the judgment to the moral and physical characteristics of things beneath the surface. The principle of government and the regulations of society know no other object: and to descend to realities, the glittering and noble-looking edifices, unsubstantial mockeries of Italian splendour rising from an arctic morass, are but so many incrustations of plaster, crumbling under the rigours of winter, and requiring to be renewed and restored again, to cheat the eye with a mask of magnificence.'—pp. 21—23.

The Winter Palace is the most prominent architectural feature of the city, and the Admiralty Square in which it stands, is unequalled in extent, and, according to our author, in inconvenience, throughout Europe. It contains the Senate House, the Isaac's Cathedral, the War Office, the Etat Major, the Admiralty, and two large riding schools, besides other public buildings of large dimensions. One hundred thousand men are manœuvred in it with ease; and so vast is its area, that the buildings are wanting in proportionate magnitude. The famous statue of Peter the Great stands at one extremity of the square, in connexion with which an amusing anecdote is related, which strikingly reminds us of the recklessness of our own seamen:—

'Some American sailors, who had been making rather too free with the jolly god, sallied forth on a frolicsome cruise, and one of them, not

having the fear of the police before his eyes, climbed over the iron palisade surrounding the statue, and, clambering up the rock, seated himself *en croupe* behind the Emperor. He was speedily dismounted, and, after a night's confinement, was brought before the divisional officer of police. His case was summarily disposed of, and so heavy a fine inflicted, that he naturally remonstrated. 'No, no,' said the officer, 'we can make no abatement: if you will ride with great people, you must pay great people's price.'—pp. 30—31.

The hotels of the capital are distinguished by a total absence of cleanliness and comfort, and several boarding-houses, conducted by English women, have in consequence sprung into existence. 'Those,' says Mr. Thompson, 'kept by Miss Benson, on the English Quay, and by Miss Dee, in the Galerny, are extremely good: the attention and arrangement of those ladies leave nothing to be desired. They are frequented by numbers of English and Americans, and occasionally by travellers of other nations; and, as English is naturally the language used, there is less constraint and reserve, probably, than at other tables in the empire of a public nature.'

The venality of Russian officials is one of the most notorious features of the community. It is a national quality, and 'like a prevailing epidemic, is irresistible. Discovery only brings a share in the spoil, and an unblushing accomplice is added to the scheme of fraud and oppressive wrong.'

'Officials,' remarks our author, 'of every grade are poorly paid, and they are therefore open to any bribe, undeterred by either delicacy or scruples. The system is too common and universal to create the slightest remark, or to attach disgrace to the recipient: perhaps a little prudence is observed; but still persons, whose salaries are known to be under one hundred pounds a year, openly live at the rate of ten times that amount, derived from sources which are perfectly notorious. Bribery is a weed of such deep root and ancient growth, and so engrafted with the nature of the people, that neither the commands of the Emperor, nor a tenfold increased stipend, would check it. The Empress Catherine openly espoused it; and it is recorded of her that, on some really honest functionary petitioning for an addition to his pay, which was insufficient for his support, she exclaimed, 'The ass! I have led him to the manger and he refuses to eat.'

But Russian venality in matters of justice is the most unpardonable feature of the evil. The scales are even here the most appropriate symbols of the Goddess, as significantly implying that the beam preponderates with the weightiest bribe. Is it that the mind retrogrades in the absence of those moral virtues which elevate the character of a people, relaxing its strict discipline from being subject to no controul from popular opinion; or does it intuitively conform to, and assimilate itself with, the order of things around it? A friend of mine being insulted by a *droschky* driver, ordered the man to take him to the next

police station : there, a short statement, backed by a ten-rouble note, was conclusive, and, without being permitted a defence, the man was taken into the yard and flogged. The punishment is not inflicted with the object of disgracing the man ; for that it would be useless to attempt ; but its intention and effect, are to keep the spirit of subjection in full and undiminished power.'—p. 38.

Russia, like Austria, boasts of its paternal government, and the people are sufficiently uninformed and servile to please themselves with the delusion. The regulations of authority meet them on every hand. Their most trifling affairs are arranged by the emperor, so that the slightest possible demand is made on their own resources and skill. The exercise of their intellects is reduced to the minimum point. The emperor thinks and orders for them, and the natural consequence is seen in the entire absence of individual action and self-respect. There is no such thing as independence of mind. The human being loses his erectness, and becomes a mere machine, drilled by whatever rules the autocrat may be pleased to appoint. The rigidity of military discipline is maintained throughout the empire ; the community is as one vast army, and so strict is the surveillance,—so eagle-eyed are the authorities, that the slightest deviation from the prescribed code is visited with instant punishment. One system prevails through all classes, the fruits of which are servility to superiors and tyranny to those beneath.

'Everything is gloomy and silent in Russia ; the reciprocal mistrust of the government and the people dispels all mirth. The minds of the people are drilled, and their feelings weighed and measured, as if every pleasure and passion had to answer for their actions to some rigid confessor in the disguise of an agent of police.'

Mr. Thompson mentions a striking anecdote of recent occurrence, in illustration of Russian servility. A club exists at St. Petersburg, bearing the English name, but now composed principally of the native aristocracy. Admission to it is difficult, elections taking place by ballot on the occurrence of a vacancy. The minister of war, Tchernicheff, who is very unpopular, having been proposed, was blackballed by a large majority, which created great consternation amongst the members. It was resolved to take another ballot, which having been done, not a single vote was given against the minister. 'By such acts as these, worthy,' as our author remarks, 'of the vassals of a Persian satrap, the Russians rivet their own chains, and strengthen the bonds which their own servility has formed.'

The following brief extract does not exaggerate the case. It is a revolting picture, but its features are unhappily too correct. We should be glad to doubt its truth, but the evidence will not permit our doing so :—

'The Russian walls have more than ears: the whole country is, in fact, a Dionysian Ear; so perfect is the system of espionage established by Count Benckendorf. This power is as much dreaded as the horrors of the Inquisition, to which, in some respects, it may safely be compared. By his rules, suspicion is so nearly allied to actual guilt, that innocence can hardly escape the penalties of crime. Society is mined; and an unguarded remark may cause the explosion, which will seal the fate of the unconscious delinquent, and consign him at once to an unknown doom; or, if a foreigner, expel him from the country at twenty-four hours' notice. The remarks I have made in this letter would bring me within the latter category.'—p. 149.

The police, who constitute the agents of this system, are amongst the most worthless members of a degraded community. Their ignorance and brutality know no bounds, and the terror they inspire is as yet sufficient to insure unquestioning obedience to their pleasure. Referring to this class, Mr. Thompson tells us:—

'Protruding on the pavement, in most of the public thoroughfares, stands a small chequer-painted wooden house, about twelve feet square, which is, at the same time, the residence and post of three policemen, one of whom is always on guard at the door, carrying a huge, long-handled axe as an emblem of his authority. Dressed in a uniform of dirty grey, and fed at the expense of the government, his life may be said to be passed like that of a dog chained to its kennel. They are a worthless race; and, as their miserable pay does not exceed one pound a year, they live notoriously on the public by exactions and crime. They take toll of every wood-cart that passes them, by extracting several billets, and exact money from the *dvorniki*, or yard-servants of their district, by threatening to report them for neglect in sweeping the streets. In solitary spots it is not always safe to pass within their reach, as murder and robbery are deeds perfectly familiar to them. A notorious culprit of this class was discovered in one who had his post on one of the canal bridges, and who coolly acknowledged, on one murder being traced home to him, that he had committed twelve others. Acting up to the letter of their instructions, *au pied de la lettre*, when placed on any particular duty, their brutal ignorance, added to the fear of using the slightest discretion under any extraordinary circumstances, lead them to the exercise of the most absurd and tyrannous authority. Stationed at particular outlets of the quai, while the frozen surface of the river is considered unsafe, and before the bridges are replaced, they are ordered to allow no one to pass. Some venturesome individual, cut off from his home, or whose pressing business may require him on the other side, passes over from some unguarded spot, and attempts to land: but no, he is thrust back; for the order must be obeyed, although it meant that no one should pass the policemen to gain the river. Thus a fresh danger must be incurred by recrossing, or a desperate dash be made at some more fortunate and less guarded spot. When the ice has acquired some degree of consistency, a platform of boards is laid across

the river for the accommodation of the public; but it is not allowed to be crowded; and even that regulation is as usual a cause of useless oppression and tyrannical authority. A funeral with its few attendants (it was that of a poor man) sought the passage, on its way to the cemetery; but its progress was prohibited. The party carried their melancholy load to a further distance down the river, beyond the presence of the police, and attempted to cross on the ice. It was unequal to their weight, and both the living and the dead found the same grave, and were carried beneath the ice. The risk was permissible, because the police were not directed to watch that quarter, and their duty limited them to prevent drowning only at particular spots; elsewhere, as in the instance mentioned, wholesale destruction might occur without an attempt at prevention. The absurdity, however, has been paralleled in the city of London, in the caging over the top of the monument.

But, independently of the natural villainy of these men, and their instigation to crime from poverty, they are led on in their career by the example of their superiors. In my own district a case recently occurred, which was a matter of public conversation, as far as people dared to give utterance to the tale. It appears that a rich Moscow merchant fell dead in the street, and was promptly carried to the police station, where, on being searched, a large sum, stated to be 80,000 roubles, was found upon him. His relations, on being apprised of his death, made every inquiry as to the money, which they knew he had with him, but in vain. At length a suspicion became attached to the major of the *siège*, from his having launched out into a more costly style of living; and eventually he was detected in paying into the bank some government bills, which were known to have belonged to the deceased. He was immediately suspended and placed under close arrest, in the full expectation of every one that a signal punishment awaited him; but, to the surprise of all, he was shortly reinstated, and the whole affair hushed up, which was doubtless effected by the payment of a handsome bribe to those under whom he held his office.—p. 132—135.

The personal character of the Emperor is drawn more favourably than that of his people. He is said to affect, in many things, an imitation of Buonaparte. His cabinet is unadorned, and has the appearance of the office of a man of business. His apparel is plain, his form herculean, and his power of enduring toil and privation is prodigious. He superintends everything, and by the celerity of his movements, and his untiring vigilance, seems to possess a power of ubiquity. 'Perfectly unattended, he is either dashing through the streets in a little two-horsed droschky, or walking through the crowded thoroughfares, visiting the dockyards, barracks, hospitals, and other government establishments.' It is not uncommon for the emperor to stop and speak to persons in the street, but a heavy penalty is usually paid for the honour, for no sooner is his majesty out of sight than the arrest of the person so distin-

guished generally takes place, and an incarceration of some days is the penalty exacted. A celebrated French actor, who had been ill, was thus accosted, and the ordinary result followed. His case, however, was by some means brought before the emperor, who ordered his release, and asked, as a reparation, in what he could oblige him. 'In nothing, sire,' was the reply, 'but that your majesty will never condescend to speak to me in the street again.' The domestic relationships of the autocrat appear to be honourably sustained, and some of the facts mentioned by Mr. Thompson indicate that the softer and more humane qualities of the heart, however overlaid by the stern despotism wielded, are not wholly destroyed:—

'The succession to the throne,' says our author, 'has been strengthened by the birth of a son, to the great joy of the Emperor, who is most tenderly attached to his family, and seeks relaxation in domestic happiness. I have seen him nurse this child, and carry it to the window of the palace at Peterhof, to show it to the crowd collected to celebrate the Empress's anniversary. I want nothing more than such a scene as this to assure me of the real benevolence of heart and affection of the Emperor; for, although doubtless acted, and the impression it was to create felt, yet it could not have been premeditated, but was rather the spontaneous action of the man, arising from the circumstance of the moment, and from his constant desire to keep up the part he has set himself to perform. The slightest acts of such a man are construed into a meaning; and it is not the least part of his policy to take care that they shall be construed rightly, and that when he treads the stage, his performance shall be marked and perfect. The whole empire is a living witness that kindness of heart in him is a natural attribute; for, despot though he be, he stops short of the tyrant: when the two characters might not only be combined from disposition, as was the case in Paul, but might become so from the knowledge and exercise of unlimited power. His affection for the Empress is admitted by all; and her great influence over him corroborates the fact: the Emperor also sinks into the father, in seeking to secure the happiness of his daughters rather than to sacrifice them to the interests of state policy, by permitting them to make their own selection in marriage, instead of following the example of other powers by wedding them without consulting their affections. Honour to him for the deed! It is one of the brightest jewels in his crown, and certainly enhances his popularity.'—p. 179.

Such is the man, whose name throughout liberal Europe is a synonyme for absolute and heartless tyranny. To his children he is apparently kind and indulgent, to his wife truthful and confiding, but to the growing intellect of his empire he is an imperial dictator, who brooks no questioning of his power, and heeds not the wretchedness and heart-breakings by which

his iron sway is maintained. So incongruous may be the elements which inhere in the same mind, so strange the compound which our nature sometimes exhibits. One would like to see—were it not for the suffering involved—how far the redeeming virtues of his domestic character would maintain their sway, if they came into conflict with the system he administers.

We are not surprised to find that the civil despotism of Russia is associated with a spurious form of religion, and that the people are, in consequence, grossly superstitious. This is accordant with universal fact, and affords additional proofs, if such were needed, of the danger accruing from the association of civil and sacred things. Kings and priests play into each other's hands, and the victims of their conjoined policy become ignorant, brutal, and slavish. The Greek Church prevails throughout Russia, and by the childishness and multiplicity of its ceremonies, the imposing array of its priesthood, its spurious dogmas and servile spirit, is a fit machine for the working out of autocratic ends. Protestant Europe has been in conflict with the Papacy, and the Greek Church has, therefore, remained unknown. We have not been in collision with it, and have, consequently, remained in ignorance of its constitution and effects. It bears, however, the visible marks of apostacy, is alien from the genius and divine simplicity of the gospel, and debases the human spirit to the lowest and most grovelling superstition. As such, it is a fitting instrument for the civil despotism which prevails throughout the dominions of the Czar. In their most imposing ceremonies—as for instance, the blessing of the waters on the first of January and of August—religious feeling has no existence. They partake of the character of the darkest superstition, and tend to chill the best feelings of the heart. Our author relates, that he was present at the funeral of a major, whose deceased body, in full uniform, lay exposed in the church. One of the officiating priests, in the course of the ceremony unbuttoned the coat of the dead, and deposited beneath it a printed paper. Our countryman naturally asked for an explanation, and was informed, he tells us, 'in a tone which indicated surprise at my ignorance and want of faith, that it was the passport to St. Peter, to open the gates of heaven to the deceased.' What may not despotism achieve when it has at its command a form of religion, which has reduced a people to place confidence in such puerilities? The following extract is illustrative of another phase of the same great evil:—

'The whole period of Lent is kept so rigidly as a fast, that not an atom of animal substance enters into the food used at that time; vegetable oil, not of the best quality, being substituted for butter: I have

known a person have recourse to an emetic, after having incautiously eaten something of which an egg had formed an ingredient. This lengthened mortification is borne with the most exemplary fortitude: but, unhappily, that is the only virtue attached to so praiseworthy a self-denial; for the moment the hour of midnight, on Easter eve, announces, with the roar of artillery and the ringing of bells, the glad tidings of release to the anxious multitudes, the city is blazing with festivity, the eating-houses are thronged, and dissipation, and the grossest epicurism, reign with unbridled license. The churches up to this moment are densely thronged, especially the Kazan cathedral, around which a numerous body of priests, bearing banners and torches, and followed by crowds of people, wind in procession, seeking the body of the Saviour. They proclaim the search to have been unsuccessful, and commence from the altar, '*Cristos voskriss,*' Christ is risen. A scene of general congratulation ensues: people embrace one another indiscriminately, and at least one good point is gained, out of the great mass of superstition and painful absurdity, in this grand display of 'brotherly love.' Piled up in the recesses of the church, and spread under the protecting interposition of the columns, are heaps of dishes with viands intended for the approaching banquets, after having received the blessing of the priest. It is difficult to say where devotion begins, or sensuality stops; if the service of the Creator be not altogether secondary to the gratification of the creature.

'The fast, thus scrupulously observed, and riotously closed, is unproductive of the least moral good: instead of chastening the mind, and operating on its worldly tendencies, the sensual appetites, so long restrained, become impatient for its termination, and a scene of intolerable depravity and licentiousness ensues. A more complete exemplification of the parable of the unclean spirit, which, after walking through dry places, returned to its house, and found it swept and garnished, cannot be imagined. The temporal penalty is, however, in numerous instances soon paid; for, it is a well known fact, that more deaths ensue from the effects of this one debauch, than occur from like causes, throughout the empire, in a whole year.'

'The character of the Russian is more than tinged with superstition: he is imbued with it: he yields to its influences implicitly, and allows it to determine the most material actions of his life. The Russian is, besides, a fatalist; and thus, his superstitious fears, combined with the dread he feels at doing any thing which, in his opinion, may controvert the irrevocable decrees of fate, leave him to be tossed to and fro, the sport of idle terrors and groundless apprehensions, without decision or energy of purpose.'—p. 54—56.

The political condition of the people is as low as can consist with any semblance of civilization. The despotic rule of the Emperor is imitated in each subordinate grade of society, and the great mass of the people are without the rights of freemen. By a late census, the population of the empire is stated to be 53,500,000, of whom only 11,500,000 are free. The remaining 42,000,000 are serfs; 15,000,000 belonging to the crown, and

27,000,000 to private persons. Only about one man in five is free in Russia, and every tenth man is a soldier. The military force of the empire exceeds that of England in proportion to its population, by 955,000 men, 'without a colony to protect, or a fortified town to defend.' The condition of the serfs is miserable in the extreme. The picture of their wretchedness is one of the most revolting on which the eye can rest, and suggests to a reflecting mind the rude materials of a vast volcano, which, sooner or later, will pour themselves with destructive fury, over the surrounding region. It is not in the nature of things that such elements should permanently remain passive. The laws of the moral world are as omnipotent as those of the physical, and it will require all the wisdom and tact of the ablest statesmanship, to prevent a terrible retribution being exacted on the coming generations of Russia. The extravagance and profligate habits of the feudal lords, are a source of grinding oppression to the serfs, which the occasional interposition of the government can do little to mitigate. In unpropitious seasons their sufferings are horrible, and thousands are frequently destroyed by famine:—

'The Russians,' says Mr. Thompson, 'attempt to prove to you that the condition of their serfs is enviable, compared to that of the peasants in other countries. It is a miserable deception. In the distant and sequestered departments, thousands of families pass through all the horrors of starvation, and perish from misery and the effects of brutality. Human nature suffers universally in Russia; but the men who form the staple of the soil have the hardest lot. It is in vain to contend that they are entitled to the necessities of life, when they have not the power to enforce the fulfilment of this illusive privilege. The truth is stifled under the fallacious, though specious, axiom, that it is the interest of a master to provide for his creatures: but it is not every man who understands and appreciates his interests. In other societies, and among other people, the bad economist ruins himself, and the evil extends no farther; but here, as human life constitutes the wealth of an individual, whole villages and cantons fall victims to the improvidence and recklessness of their owner. It is true that the government steps in and applies a remedy for these evils, by placing the estates in trust, when it is aware of the mischief; but this tardy relief cannot restore the dead. Picture to yourself the mass of unknown sufferings and iniquities produced by such customs, under such a government and in such a climate! The despotism of these landlords is more aggravated than that of the Emperor himself; because, from being withdrawn from the public eye, it is not controlled by the fear of public opinion. The spirit of despotism is not to be found in the equality of its victims, but in their ignorance of the value of freedom and in their fear of tyranny. The power of an absolute master is a monster always ready to affiliate a worse, namely, the tyranny of the people. Democratic anarchy cannot be of long duration, for its very elements, Massaniello-like, involve its own down-

fall; but the systematic operation of the abuses of autocracy perpetuate from generation to generation, under the mask of benevolence, moral anarchy, the worst of evils, and material obedience, the most dangerous of virtues.—p. 207.

In Russia, as in other countries nearer home, the inferior nobility are a curse to the people. Their pride prohibits their engaging in commerce, and the public offices swarm with them. They are an incubus on the state, for whose maintenance the people have to pay, and by whose selfishness and servility the wicked policy of their superiors is carried out:—

‘These men are free by birth, and would form, in other countries, a class of gentlemen; but as that distinction is not recognised in Russia, they are, as their name implies, attached to the nobility, among whom they hold the lowest rank. To find employment for this race the public offices are thronged; and, as they have no property and are miserably paid, they contrive to realise a sufficient income by exacting bribes, or extorting money for services rendered through their interest with their superiors, for whom they, jackal-like, hunt down the game, and share the spoil. It can easily be conceived that they are not over scrupulous, and that they contrive impediments for the purpose of levying a fine for their removal.’—p. 154.

The civilization of Russia is artificial and premature. There is nothing sound or healthy in it. It is wanting in the first elements of worth, and has resulted—such as it is—from the insane ambition of Peter the Great. The effect of his policy is visible everywhere, giving ‘an artificial surface to society—the varnish of refinement upon the rude nature of barbarism.’ Casual observers may, therefore, easily mistake the condition of things. They see only the higher points of the scenery, the glare and splendour which rival that of Paris. In the mean time the great mass of the people are sunk in barbarism, without the light of intelligence, or the industry and thrift of honest labour. Such an empire, whatever may be its brute force, has little real power in the present age, and we treat as utterly ridiculous the fears, expressed by some party scribes. We perfectly agree with Mr. Thompson, ‘that the outward appearance of its grandeur is but an illusion, founded on an attempt to appear civilized without being so; it is like the figure in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, with its feet of clay.’

The extracts we have given, will enable our readers to judge of the character of Mr. Thompson's volume, which we recommend to their further acquaintance, as a work of sound judgment, shrewd observation, and extensive knowledge. Such a work was wanted, and much good will result from its extensive circulation.

ART. VII.—*Report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to Consider the Means of Facilitating the Dispatch of Business.* 1848.

At the end of a session, a common duty devolves upon the Queen, the press, and a chief of the opposition ! They review the work done. They sum up the legislation omitted or perpetrated. For years, Lord Lyndhurst used to display the trenchant splendours of his intellect, in exposures of the large attempts and small achievements of the Whigs. When in opposition, in one year, Lord Palmerston, and in another, Lord John Russell, would undertake the discharge of this office upon their rivals, and intimate to a discerning public how cleverly they would have achieved the good, and eschewed the evil measures of the Peel ministry. This year, Mr. D'Israeli undertakes the Lyndhurst function with an equal heartlessness, but with an intellectual power as inferior as his eloquence is more gorgeous, and his wit more brilliant.

In thousands of apartments, of all sorts and sizes, alike only in being littered over with newspapers, the gentlemen of the fourth estate, which, when any good is done, rule the other three, write their summaries of the labours of the session. A motley crew they are—the gang of the press—yet almost all fellows with work and pluck in them, with big heads and restless eyes. Some try ministerial doings by the test of the interest of their parties,—the *isms* of their philosophies, the principles of their sects, the predilections of their proprietors ; but most of them apply chiefly the test of the interest of their journals. Yet few base things which are done pass without receiving their brand. Few beneficent ideas fail of obtaining somewhat of their support. On the whole, chivalry was never so faithful, and certainly never so powerful, on the side of the oppressed, as journalism is in the middle of the nineteenth century. Woeful would it be for us, if our legislators did not do their work in the presence of a body of professed onlookers, more numerous and more intelligent than they. The sovereignty of the people, insignificant in our representative system, becomes the omnipotence of public opinion in the press.

The smallest in real importance of all the summaries, is the royal one. There is a muster of helmeted guardsmen, on beautiful horses, before Buckingham Palace,—a huge state carriage, with pictured pannels and gold mountings, rolls slowly towards the Houses of Parliament, along the avenue of trees in St. James's Park :—in the House of Lords, a small, stout, and rather good-looking sovereign lady, superbly dressed with diamonds, reads from her throne a brief catalogue of the measures passed, enumerated in courteous and graceful circumlocutions,

in common places, patriotic and pious,—and this is the royal close of the session. There are beautiful peeresses in plumes, bishops in lawn, nobles in ermine, soldiers in scarlet, and a striking *spectacle*, and a ceremonial conducted in the words first used by the Norman conqueror. All is ceremonial, and not business. Seldom, indeed, is there much real importance in these speeches of kings, or messages of presidents, whether inaugural or farewell, whether prologues or epilogues. Yet, here, as a matter of mere taste, would we beg to record our preference of the brevity of the speeches of modern royalty, to the long-winded orations of the kings of old, and of the presidents of the United States. King James the First delivered speeches superior in ability, learning, and length to the messages of President Polk. The royal ceremonial, and the brief speeches of constitutional monarchs, seem, we confess, to us informed by a finer sense of the becoming, and full of a higher spirit and a nobler philosophy than are known to the prosy lectures or messages in which the American presidents flatter the myriad-headed mob. Few and fit words in public, alone become the representative of the people. Talkativeness and verbosity are not suitable to the one who embodies the sovereignty of all. We cannot admire the leaden length of the messages of the presidents. It is a question of taste, and we deem them bad in point of taste. There is no majesty in prolixity. The Homeric description portrays Jove ruling Olympus with a nod; but fancy him delivering a lecture to the gods, on mythology, of a couple of hours long! Yet this fancy is but a companion absurdity to the picture of the august impersonation of a nation spouting for hours, like a dreary professor in his chair, a dull dissertation about governments, republics, monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies! Brief and becoming ought the words to be of all ceremonials and ceremonial personages. Of improvement in the American fashion, these ceremonies are susceptible, but the improvements to be adopted are in the way of retrenchment and simplicity, and not of proiness.

The session began on the 23rd of November, 1847. Since then, not ten months, but ten years, have elapsed, if time is to be measured by events. It is an effort of fancy, like going back to a past age, to recal the autumn of last year. The general election of 1847 was memorable, negatively—It was neither a battle of parties, nor a battle of principles, and in its contests, neither of the aristocratic factions contended for place, nor did democracy struggle with oligarchy for any great interest or truth. Every where, except where the personal interests of individuals interfered, Whigs, Tories, Conservatives, and Liberals, all sections of aristocratic politicians, helped each other against men of the people. At Edinburgh, the personal trickery of Mr. Macaulay was punished, and in the Tower Hamlets, and

in Glasgow, Aberdeen, and a few other places, candidates of a more popular cast than their predecessors were returned. But the general election of 1847 was not a battle of principle, as the general election of 1841 was, one for the principle of free trade. Voluntaryism, indeed, spontaneously displayed itself in many places, and candidates were surprised by the prevalence of queries respecting the separation of church and state. Lord John Russell and the ministry, however, adroitly prevented the universality of these questions, by repudiating all intention of paying the Irish priests.

Doubt and uncertainty were the characteristics of the autumn of 1847. In France, observers had seen and said, Republicanism is about to reappear. Parliamentary Reform was likely to become again a great demand of the middle and working classes in this country. Agrarian assassinations were becoming more and more frequent in Ireland, and the confederates more and more seditious and violent. Cries of distress were raised by the West India body. Eight millions of money had been paid to relieve Irish distress, without preventing thousands of the peasantry from perishing of starvation. The potato murrain of '46, was followed by a money famine in '47, and the prospect of a scarcity of cotton in '48. One fourth of the cotton operatives of Manchester were out of employment, and only about a third were employed at full time, of those employed at all. September and October were months in which the day was marked as a white one, which did not witness a great commercial house going down, like icebergs which had floated into warm latitudes.

Deputations from the great towns had most unsatisfactory interviews with ministers. Loud demands were made for the repeal of the Bank Act of 1844. Doubt enveloped the policy of the ministers on all subjects, domestic and foreign, political and social. Fears of invasion were sanctioned by the name of the Duke of Wellington, and the perfidy of Louis Philippe in regard to the Spanish marriages, made it possible to believe that he was desirous, by an invasion of England, to stave off a revolution in France.

Attentive observers were in doubt even respecting the politics of the premier. Was he a Whig or a Tory? The *Standard* commented justly on the fact that he differed from the Tories only in regard to the Emancipation of the Jews. 'I have taken no interest in the elections,' said one gentleman to another, 'because I see no difference between Peel and Russell.' 'I beg your pardon—I see a great difference,' was the reply, 'for Peel is a Liberal, and Russell is a Tory.'

It was in these circumstances that the cry arose for the summoning of Parliament. By an equivocal yes-and-no letter, the Bank Charter Act had been suspended, and the new Parlia-

ment, it was hoped, would seriously consider, and efficiently relieve, the manifold distresses of the country. Foreign invasion, monetary distress, Irish famine, doubled pauperism, universal panic, these were the great themes claimant for the interference of the wisdom of the legislature. Parliament met, appropriately, amidst the fogs of November. The masterly caricaturist of 'Punch' portrayed Lord John in a fog, and Sir Robert as a link-boy, offering him a light. That a fog, an unascended cloud, shrouded Lord John, was obvious enough; but the light of his rival had to become apparent to most persons, amidst obscurity, fear, mischief, and perplexity.

'The morning lowered, and heavily in clouds,
Came on the days big with the fate'

of the greatest empire in human history. Never was a great man more needed, to combat the evils affecting the people of many climes and tongues. To the new Parliament, all eyes turned wistfully, though not hopefully, prepared to hail the deliverer in the spirit of the Miltonic words—

'At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared.'

The commercial distress was the first subject which came before the legislature. Relief at eight per cent. was the consequence of the memorable letter of the 25th of October, which, in effect, placed the Bank Act at the mercy of the Governors of the Bank of England. Few stories are to be found in history more strange, than the account of how the certainly novel, and undoubtedly disputable principle, of the Bank Charter Act, obtained and retains its sway over the commercial affairs of the British People. The principle of the act of 1844, has never been discussed in Parliament. In the discussions of 1844 and 1845, the principle, declared to be a novel and experimental principle, was taken for granted. From the new Parliament and when an extraordinary interest had surrounded the subject, it was expected that the principle which Mr. Jones Loyd had transmitted through Sir Robert Peel to the Statute Book, would be fairly unearthed, and subjected, in the light of day, to the great and searching ordeal of public opinion. But long and tedious though the debates on commercial distress were, the experimental principle was neither discussed nor mooted, nor hinted at by any speaker, in any of the debates, in either house of Parliament!

Two new principles have been introduced into the commercial legislation of the British Empire, within the last four years. In importance, these principles have been nearly equal, but the one has been the theme of a universal babblement of discussion, and the other has scarcely been discussed at all. The

free trade principle relates to the exchanges of commodities, and is the rule or law of the most advantageous buying and selling. This principle was partially adopted in 1846. The other principle was established in legislation in 1844, in a most stringent dominancy over the currency, or representative wealth of the empire. The free trade principle affected the interests of the legislative class, and therefore its reception was fiercely contested, inch by inch. But the currency principle required a kind of abstruse knowledge which they did not possess, and therefore it was accepted on authority, without receiving either careful or adequate consideration. It has scarcely been heard of by the general public. The new parliament was called together at an unusually early period, apparently to discuss, expressly and specially, the consequences and results of the novel and experimental principle embodied in the Bank Act of 1844. But all their talk has been about convertibility, which is the principle of the act of 1819, and not of the act of 1844. Yet it is in defence of convertibility that our statesmen have been solemn, and our journalists profound.

Mr. Jones Loyd may be presumed to be good authority respecting the principle of the Bank Acts of 1844-5. In his pamphlet, entitled, 'Thoughts on the Separation of the Departments of the Bank of England,' at pages 9 and 10, the following sentences will be found.

'With a metallic circulation, no danger of total exhaustion of the gold could arise. As a portion of the metallic money was exported, the quantity of that which remained being diminished, the value of it would be proportionably increased; and consequently a limited proportion only of the gold in circulation could be drawn out of the country by any foreign demand. The effect of an adverse exchange must be the same when it acts upon a mixed circulation of gold and paper, provided this mixed circulation is so regulated that the amount of it necessarily varies, as the amount of a purely metallic circulation would vary. The danger therefore to which our monetary system has been exposed, and the public inconvenience and alarm which have accompanied that danger, must have arisen from the fact that the aggregate paper circulation of the country has not been so regulated as to secure a conformity between the fluctuations of its amount with what would have been the fluctuations in amount of a metallic circulation. To establish such regulations as shall obviate this defect is the object of the bill now before Parliament. The issues of the Bank of England will, under the provisions of that bill, be made to conform strictly to the fluctuations of the bullion, whilst the possible irregularities of the country issues, so far as England is concerned, will be restricted within their narrow limits. The regulation, upon similar principles of the paper issues of Scotland, remains a matter for future legislation. The bill, therefore, though not absolutely complete in all its provisions, goes far towards placing the circulation of the country upon a sound basis, and thus affords important additional guarantees for the effectual maintenance of our established standard of value.'

The principle is the regulation of the fluctuations of the paper, by the fluctuations of the gold. We have a mixed currency, partly paper, and partly specie, and the new and experimental principle is to regulate the currency by contracting the paper, according to the diminutions of the gold. The Bank Acts of 1844 and 1845, subjected a mixed currency to the regulation natural to a metallic currency. Under a purely metallic currency, the rag of paper is just a ticket for the bit of gold, and of course when the gold is exported, the ticket is cancelled. Is it right to apply the regulations of a metallic currency to a mixed currency? This is the principle in question. This is the point which ought to have been discussed universally, and which has been shirked universally! Is it right to legislate as if gold and paper were gold only?

The dogma which the Legislature enthroned over the representative wealth of the greatest commercial people in the world, in 1844, was thus expressed by the author of it in his pamphlet, at page 13 :—

‘Contraction of circulation is to be made precisely coincident, as regards both time and amount, with diminution of bullion; and thus it is conceived that the danger of total exhaustion, which could not befall a metallic circulation, will be rendered equally impossible with a mixed circulation of gold and paper. The result remains to be ascertained; but all reasoning confirms the soundness of the ground upon which this experiment is founded, and justifies a sanguine expectation that, by a close and steady adherence to principle, the safety of our monetary system may be more effectually secured.’

In October, 1847, the cry was raised by the whole commercial community for the assembling of Parliament, to ascertain the result of the experiment. Parliament assembled, there are many nights of talk in both houses, and there is not a single speech upon the experimental principle really in question. No doubt, under the reign of this principle, there have been no ‘runs for gold.’ But the effectual security of our monetary system implies much more than the avoidance of this danger. Both Houses of Parliament appointed committees to consider the influence of the Bank Acts of 1844-5, upon the commercial distress of 1847. These committees dealt much with the well-known causes of the distress: the potato murrain, the advances to Ireland, the thirty millions paid for foreign corn, the scarcity of cotton, a commodity on which two millions of our people depend, the want of labour in the West Indies, the railway mania, and the political excitements,—causes of commercial distress, which combined to produce the ever-memorable miseries of 1847. But the special question which excited most interest was, did the new principle aggravate these evils? Ought paper money to be made scarce because gold is scarce?

Ought gold to be made the chief regulator of industry? Is it right to establish a despotism of gold over all the operations of trade and manufactures? Ought gold to be made immeasurably and unlimitedly valuable, in reference to all other commodities? To save bankers from 'runs for gold,' ought all other traders to be exposed to paralysis, for want of the circulating medium? Two-thirds of all the transactions of industry depend on credit: is it right to make credit the creature of gold—the slave of the dealers in gold? However good it may be for bankers, is it good for all to raise your interest for accommodation, in proportion to the drain of bullion? The session of 1848 would not have been fruitless, had any valuable light been shed upon these important monetary questions. But the committees have just contradicted each other, generally and vaguely; the Commons' committee saying the acts did not aggravate, and the Lords' committee saying they did aggravate, the monetary distress of 1847.

It was left to an independent member, Mr. John Macgregor, to make the most statesmanlike suggestion of the session, a proposal for a revision of the taxation of the country. The feeling in favour of this procedure was universal among the middle classes, and if their electoral power were not insignificant, this great necessity of the times and of the country would not have been resisted. Here we must record our admiration of the good sense which led Mr. Cobden to select retrenchment, as the object of his labours during the session. He is rendering a second service to mankind. By eliciting demonstrations out of doors in favour of peace, and by discouraging and denouncing the baneful war passions in Parliament, especially in reference to the taxes, his influence has been powerful and beneficent on Europe, at a critical time.

Mr. Cobden has always scouted the invasion bugaboo, and exposed the interested motives of the professional men who created it. Never have the French people, since the close of the war, been less inclined to invade this country than of late years. They had a dynasty to upset, and now they have a republic to establish, and these things supply them with abundant occupation. But for the member for the West Riding, this country would have been incurring vast expense to provide against the invasion of England, in January last, by Louis Philippe, who did, indeed, land at Newhaven,—as a disguised fugitive, called 'Mr. Smith,' in March!

Mr. Cobden has been much blamed for slighting the Duke of Wellington. For want of a classical education he does not admire warriors. He explained the duke's letter by saying—he was seventy-seven. In truth, this is the fact of facts on the in-

vasion panic. Since the Duke of Wellington sheathed his sword, as a victor, in Paris, the genius of James Watt has come into play, and steam has started in business with the world. In the use of the new power by land and sea, British men surpass all the nations of the continent, immensely. Steam is a new superiority which we have received since the war. But the Duke, though he did not leave steam out of his calculations, omitted every view of it, except its power of ferrying across the channel a French army. He omitted the immense superiority of our steam tonnage on the sea, and of our steam mileage upon the land, and did not take into his calculations the effects of the British superiorities in the steamer, the railway, and the telegraph!

To the labours of Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Hume, and their small band, we owe the light which has been thrown upon the financial system of the oligarchy. Seventeen millions a year have been spent upon the army and navy, and the country is defenceless;—thirty-three times seventeen millions expended since the peace, upon soldiers and sailors, who nevertheless tell us we may be surprised by an invader some morning in our beds, unless we give them more money! We could have wished that the People's Party had proclaimed the right of the soldier and sailor to promotion according to merit. Instead of the fear of the cat, discipline and efficiency might be promoted by the hope of the marshal's baton, and the admiral's flag. To an army of flogged soldiers and kidnapped sailors, with promotion by money and not merit, by interest and not talent, we have since Waterloo given six hundred millions, and are still defenceless. A remodelled system is indispensable.

The government demanded nineteen millions for the naval and military estimates of 1849. A select and secret committee was appointed to consider the subject, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer found out he could do with less money.

Whig finance, always feeble, was never so forcibly feeble as in the person of Sir Charles Wood. During the session there have been four financial statements, and none of them nor all of them a budget. Ministers proposed to augment and make permanent the income tax, without adjusting it equitably. They proposed to raise additional taxes, without having taken any steps to ascertain that the money would be spent beneficially and economically, or uselessly and lavishly. In the very last days of the session, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his fourth financial statement, and hurried forward his Exchequer Bills Bill.

The substance of what he had to say was, that the House would not allow him to increase the Income tax without ad-

justing it; he wants some two or three millions to make up a deficiency caused by lending what he had not, and he wishes to lend a few millions more, and therefore intends to borrow, in the market.

The Whigs have added ten millions to the national debt, in three sessions. They are now to borrow that they may lend. Now this pitiful financial exposure, is only a sign of their deeper and fundamental errors of policy.

Sir Robert Peel, on leaving office, gave his successors advice which, if followed, would have issued in a very different result. He said more good would be done by improving the relations of the peasantry of Ireland, to the land of Ireland, than by all the money which England could send to the relief of the distress of the famishing people. Good bills for this purpose,—Tenant Right Bills, Encumbered Estates Bills, and Landlord and Tenant Bills, would have done more than the eight millions for the present and permanent relief of Irish distress. But the government preferred sending what they had to get in debt for, and what they must make up by borrowing.

Borrowing, to lend on bad security, without profit;—this is the financial policy of the Whigs. And they have lent and expended on the Irish peasantry in a way calculated to demoralize them, and only too successfully. But this is not enough for them. It is not enough that the peasantry have been taught to put their hands into the public purse, the priests are to be taught the same lesson, and Protestants are to be taxed to pay for the inculcation of Romish superstition. The Whig ministry when compelled to borrow, announce their determination to add an organised Jesuitry to the public burdens. When ‘Down with the Jesuits,’ is an inscription on all the walls of Rome,—‘Let us borrow to endow the Jesuits’ is the maxim of Whig policy.

The financial policy of Russell contrasts disadvantageously with that of Peel. By imposing an income-tax of about five millions and a half, Sir Robert Peel was able to remit indirect taxation to the extent of seven millions and a half. He relieved trade, by removing import duties on raw materials, and he tried to shift the burdens of taxation from the poor to the rich, and from industry to property. Sir Charles Wood, as the instrument of Lord John Russell, has added ten millions to the national debt, in two years. On the plea of saving the Irish peasantry from starvation, he has given the Irish landlords the handling of eight millions, and he ends the session proposing, in his fourth financial statement, to borrow two millions on exchequer bills, in order to lend three millions and a half to the English, Scotch, and Irish proprietors, to drain their estates

and obtain a profit of eight per cent. on the outlay of the loan. There was a surplus when the Whigs took office, and now there is a deficiency, a debt, and a borrowing to lend !

The financial condition of this country is such, we submit, as to require the most earnest attention. In the most prosperous years of the Peel ministry, as in the days of the Whigs, there was a defalcation of two millions in the ordinary revenue. With the income-tax, there is again a defalcation of two millions. There is something in this fact worthy of strict scrutiny. These defalcations must either proceed from a failure in the resources of the country, or from weak finance ministers, who cannot keep the expenditure within due bounds. They have not the strength needful to keep the expenses in hand. The exposures in the Woods and Forests show, that officials appointed by political interest are not to be trusted, and there are abundant grounds for suspecting that all the departments of the public service are infected with corruption. Peculation and malversation are not novelties, the novelty is the appearance of a spirit of exposure. A revision of the expenditure of the country, and an examination of the public offices, are indispensable reforms. Strictly and accurately, no one knows the income or the outgoings of the state. In some departments, there are accounts unaudited, twelve years old. It is said, for instance, on the authority of the Committee upon the Naval and Military Estimates, that, of the six millions a-year which the navy costs us, one million and a half are wasted ! For the sake of economy, and for the efficiency of the public service, there must be financial and official reform.

In an article like the present, we are rather noticing the features of the session, than commenting upon its topics. On some of its points, the West India question, the Sabbath question, and Electoral Criminalities, this Journal has commented repeatedly. Our views of the movement for Parliamentary Reform will be found in an article entitled, 'The People's League and the People's Party.' There is scarcely a topic which we can discuss here, without reviving in our readers the painful recollection of 'the wearisome longsomeness' of the debates. On the theme which the Session has given to the future, the Immediate Endowment of the Irish Catholic Church, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter.

But for legislators and journalists, for readers and hearers, in fairness to the topics themselves, change of scene, sea-sides, moors, lakes, mountains, seas besprinkled with sunlight, are necessary to make their discussion endurable.

Lord John Russell says, his government have introduced one hundred and twenty-five bills, and carried, or expect to carry,

one hundred and five. Of these, he takes most credit to himself, for the Encumbered Estates Bill, which, he says, cannot fail to do much good. Now, every man has a right to his own in this world, and the journalist, to be an impartial historian of the events of the time, is obliged to declare the fact, that the principle of this measure is one which the noble lord has adopted from his predecessor, Sir Robert Peel. In 1845 and 1846, the late premier was zealous for such a measure; and in his speech, on leaving office, he earnestly recommended it to his successor, who has delayed it at least a couple of years, and never delivered a speech manifesting any interest in it, until the end of the session of 1848, when he claimed the merit of it. All well-informed, and all candid men know and admit, that the celebrated D'Israeli joke is just the reverse of the fact; instead of Peel catching the Whigs bathing, and walking off with their clothes, for years, the Whigs have had no clothes, except what they have filched from him, or he has flung to them. Penny Postage, Commercial Reform, and the adjustment of the relations between the people and the soil, in so far as these beneficent measures have been adopted at all, have received Whig support only after they were well known in the upper political circles, to have been adopted by Sir Robert Peel. But, in adopting the measures, and repeating the lessons of 'the son of the cotton-spinner,' the Whigs have proceeded to work blunderingly. Peel, by passing the measures for the improvement of the relations between the people and the land, in 1846, would have prevented the necessity for the outlay of thirteen millions, which Ireland has cost the Exchequer under Whig rule. The eight millions of relief-money, the three millions and a half of loans for drainage, and the million and a half for extra military and police, might all have been rendered smaller items in the Budget, if they figured there at all, by speedy and timely Tenant Right Bills, Landlord and Tenant Bills, and Encumbered Estates Bills. But Lord John found 'lions in the way,' and has only adopted, too late, a small part of what justice and statesmanship demand.

Lord John Russell has repudiated all the doctrines of progressive reform in his last speech this session, and proclaimed that large legislative ameliorations are not necessary to great statesmanship. Except the series of measures which combine in his master-purpose—the ascendancy of Romanism in Ireland—Lord John Russell has no large legislative policy. He is to seek greatness in administration. Walpole, Chatham, and Pitt, are to be his models. The statesmanship of progressive legislation to give place to the statesmanship of administrative repression. Walpole governed by corruption,—Pitt added six

hundred millions to the national debt, and Russell glorifies himself for following these illustrious examples.

'Yet I must remind the honourable gentleman and the house that this supposed duty of government to introduce a great number of measures to parliament, and to pass a great number of bills in each session, is a duty new to government. It may be that the duty is less well performed by this than by other governments, but I maintain it is a duty hardly known and recognised by the greatest ministers we have had: I will mention three of the greatest ministers which this country has had, who had the support of the House of Commons:—Sir Robert Walpole had that support, and yet it would be difficult to name any legislative measure he introduced. He introduced a measure to alter the Customs duties and he failed. Then there was Lord Chatham. There was hardly a debate in his time without a division in his favour; but, with the exception of a bill by which soldiers' pensions were paid in advance, I hardly know of a legislative measure that bears Lord Chatham's name. Another minister had the command of this House, and had large majorities. He was considered the greatest supporter of the institutions of the country, and the best defender of that constitution from perils—I mean Mr. Pitt. Except some measure connected with the affairs of his administration, and the bill for the Union with Ireland, which he did not succeed in passing, there are few measures to which the name of Pitt can be attached. I say, then, that it is not the sole, nor is it even the principal, duty of an administration to introduce legislative measures and carry them through parliament.'

This doctrine is strange to the ears of a free people. It was the doctrine of Metternich in Austria, and of Guizot in France, with well known consequences. Not to deprecate the utterance of it in the British parliament, would be treason to constitutional liberty, to the cause of order, peace, and progress.

The minister claimed credit for the preservation of the public peace, and the suppression of rebellion and sedition, before the peril was past. If justice had been done in the matter of Ulster Tenant Right, and in improving the relations of landlords and tenants all over Ireland, would there have been the amount of danger and alarm which have prevailed? If retrenchment and economy had been the business of the government during their tenure of office, would chartism and confederatism have become considerable, even as bugbears?

The premier has been in Ireland. We believe there cannot be a doubt of his business and his object. It is to help forward the realization of his long cherished vision of good government for Ireland, the beginning and the ending, the alpha and the omega, of which is the establishment of popish ascendancy. When the Jesuits were expelled from Rome, they found a hospitable home in Malta! By their aid, Lord Minto obtained the authority of the pope in favour of the acceptance of endow-

ment. Lord John Russell is in Dublin to complete the preliminary negotiations, and overcome the well-feigned coyness of the Irish priesthood.

Retrograde, extravagant, despotic, and popish misgovernment—these are the things of which Lord John Russell is the representative.

But, at the risk of seeming tedious, we must briefly record our convictions respecting the Irish Rebellion, the renewed disturbances of which are now more menacing than ever. In July, they were very much got up by journalists and police spies; but in September, they have arisen naturally from the unhappy relations between the peasantry and the landlords. Determined to have their rents at all hazards, and emboldened by the presence of many soldiers and policemen, the landlords have placed keepers upon the unreaped and ungathered harvest fields. Evictions have been numerous. It is in these circumstances that rebellion re-appears.

The agrarian condition of Ireland has occupied many pens, but to a distinguished foreigner, now in London, M. Gustave de Beaumont, the ambassador from the French republic, belongs the high honour of having shed the strongest light upon it. The master fact can be stated very briefly. The original owners of the soil have been robbed of eleven-twelfths of it by confiscation, within a period embraced by the traditions of a Celtic people. We have been assured, that the peasantry know and honour the descendants of the chiefs who lost the estates to this day, though reduced to their own humble condition of common labourers or small cottiers. Be this as it may, there is a strong indignation in the minds of the Irish people, at this hour connected with these agrarian spoliations of the Norman, Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Orange invaders and conquerors. The Irish sing in St. Giles's, London, every week, songs, mourning over the confiscation of their lands.

The adjustment of the relations between the people and the soil, was felt to be the great duty of statesmanship by every one who came within the influence of the book of M. Gustave de Beaumont. This is the task, in which a beginning has been made this session. How necessary this was, may be inferred from one fact; no man could buy the freehold of a bit of land as a site for a mill or a factory in all Ireland, the law would not allow it, and no one was safe in making such an erection on land not his own for ever. The Irish are more than eight millions, and the landowners less than eight thousand.

'My chief difficulty is Ireland,' said Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell cried, 'Hear, hear!' Ireland will always be a formidable difficulty to every statesman who does not declare

war against the Irish landlords. Ireland is the chief difficulty of oligarchical statesmen, because they are the chief difficulty of Ireland.

Observant men often asked each other, 'What will be the consequences of the death of O'Connell?' They saw that, in the shape of a reviler, he was really the protector of the Irish proprietors and British interests. His appearance in public affairs caused a stoppage of the shedding of blood, and his withdrawal from the world was followed first by a frightful amount of agrarian assassinations, and next, by open rebellion. Just after his death, such had been the effect of his lessons, that it seemed probable an industrial movement would obtain the principal share of the attention of the people, under the leadership of the Irish council. The English journalists had made it a loud and bitter complaint against him, that he had not used his influence in favour of industry. In conversation with the present writer on these cruel charges, he observed, 'I have done all I could for industry; I have given them what they never had before, peace and security, for their industrious pursuits.'

The present scene in Ireland is partly that of a country which has lost its king during a famine. 'The monarch mind' is here no more. Thinking of the relation of the aged O'Connell to his countrymen, we have had brought to our recollection a grand, if ghastly, passage of Ossian, the Celtic bard. To our fancy, it symbolizes the attitude and influence of the kingly O'Connell towards the Irish people and in Irish history. 'A mist rose slowly from the lake. It came in the figure of an aged man along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid-air. It came towards Selma's Hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.' O'Connell, the impersonation of his country, vanishes, and the green island is spotted with the blood of assassination and rebellion. O'Connell was the great preserver of the peace. A million and a half extra spent on soldiers and policemen this year, will fail to accomplish the good done by this one man for the protection of life and property by his abhorrence of violence, and his lesson, 'The man who commits a crime, gives strength to the enemy.' While he lived, he was denounced as the opposite of all he was, by those persons he preserved and benefitted. Love for Ireland enabled the famine to lodge death in the heart of the venerable liberator, and with the withdrawal of his mind from Irish affairs, the mighty, moral-force influence he had created, dissolves in blood, though not, let us hope, in 'a shower of blood.'

Sir Robert Peel was one of the first among our statesmen to see that there must be an approach made to free trade in land in Ireland. But, to have adopted this necessity into his policy, on

the authority of the parties who alone supported it at the time, would have damaged his influence. Certain London and Westminster Reviewers, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and M. Gustave de Beaumont, were authorities to whom it would have been injurious to the Conservative Premier to have appeared to defer. How he disarmed the prejudices of his followers is a curious tale, and singularly illustrative of his party management.

In a good state of society, it would suffice to recommend any beneficent idea to the adoption of the legislature that it was recommended by men of genius and wisdom. But, in this country, such ideas are naught until indorsed by men of title, who are themselves proprietors of legislative influence by hereditary seats in the upper, and equally hereditary proxy seats in the lower, House of Parliament. Hence the necessity for a work every one has heard of,—Earl Devon's Report. There are as great differences in the circumstances in which books are published, as there are in the circumstances in which men are born. Seldom has any book been ushered into the world more pompously than was this thin blue folio volume of fifty pages. O'Connell would have given up the monster agitation of 1843, if Sir Robert Peel would have promised to act upon his own convictions respecting the relations of the peasantry and the land. But this he would not do. However, when Ireland seemed in a state approaching insurrection, and monster assemblages, marshalled and commanded by repeal wardens, appeared ready for civil war,—when there had been great homage done to O'Connell, at Tara, of the Kings, and at Mullaghast, a cap had been placed on his head like a royal crown,—the wary and sagacious premier had a wise thought: 'I will send to Ireland noblemen and gentlemen on whom I can depend,' said he, 'who will write a blue book on the relations between the people and the soil.' Of course the wise thought was applauded. The commissioners or authors proceed to Ireland to collect materials for their book. Years elapse; but, from time to time, intimations appear that the work will be forthcoming by-and-bye. When it is nearly ready, her Majesty rides to the House of Lords, in state, and, while the world listens, says to her auditory in ermine, lawn, and jewels: 'The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the law and practice in respect to the occupation of land, is nearly prepared, and shall be communicated to you immediately after its presentation.' As in the description of Milton, Morning fair—

' With radiant finger,
Stilled the roar of thunder, chased the clouds,
And laid the winds ;'

so Victoria held forth, in her jewelled hand, this blue book, to put down 'the grisly speeches' of agitation and insurrection.

Was there ever book so honoured? It is summoned forth by statesmanship to calm a nation, and ushered towards its high destiny by royalty. Surely it is a most valuable work. Undoubtedly its merits are correspondent to its honours. When thinking of the honours given this book, even in embryo, visions obtrude themselves of the circumstances suggested by contrast in which three other books were produced. Nearly a century ago, a young professor lectured to his students, in the little moral philosophy class-room of Glasgow, from his manuscripts, destined to be published, on political economy; but what was to be expected from a Scotch teacher of grown-up boys? But thus was prepared 'The Wealth of Nations.' There was once a young peasant who wrote parts of a book in the hay-loft of a stable in Ayrshire; but who would take from the hands of peasants their vile trash? Yet thus was produced 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Robert Burns. In the small back room of a bookseller's shop, in Naples, there toiled a student of the law at his books, while his family slept around him, and he was fearful of awaking the sleepers by the noise of turning the leaves. He was poor all his life, but his studies produced *The New Science*, as Vico called his *Philosophy of History*, the book which has been the source of most of the light which has of late been shed upon the course and causation of human affairs. What a contrast between the circumstances in which these immortal works were produced and those which attended the birth of Earl Devon's Report. This thin blue book sprung from coronetted brains; a premier was the editor of it—a queen the puffer of it—and a government and a legislature the publishers of it. What was it worth? Threepence a pound as waste paper. What was the use of it? The commission and their report gave the dull sanction of aristocratic authorities to the partial adoption of beneficent ideas, which are nothing to the legislature without this indorsement. Except for the sanction which it gave to the necessity for measures to adjust the relations between the peasantry and the land of Ireland, the report was as valueless as unreadable. But, though genius is just a heart and eyes for the feeling and perception of truth, the most valuable suggestions, the most powerful demonstrations go for little in the British legislature, and may not enter upon the sublime function of relieving human suffering, unless they have received the approval of men duly entitled to wear golden caps on their heads, and been invested with the weighty authority of unreadable folios in blue wrappers.

The Encumbered Estates Bills, the Tenant Right Bills, the

Landlord and Tenant Bills, and others, embody the attempts made to give the industry of the people scope upon the soil of the sister island. The phenomena of Ireland are very obvious: a Celtic people, whose land has been taken from them, and their religion persecuted, and who, therefore, wage a perpetual war, dumb or audible, against the descendants of the conquerors who seized their lands, and the protestants who have persecuted their religion. The conquering race have not merely protected their estates by law and arms, from the rescizure of the celts, but they have, in their jealousy, prevented the capital and labour of their industrious countrymen from tilling the earth and making it fruitful. The beginning of good for Ireland is the destruction of the legal cobwebry which has had these malign influences. At last, thanks to Sir Robert Peel, in spite of delays, a beginning is made;—made too late to alleviate the famine—too late to save the money of the British tax-payers, and too late to prevent disaffection from ripening into rebellion. The honour of the measure belongs to Sir Robert Peel, and his skilful tactics and manœuvres; and the blame of the delay, and the defects of it, belong to Lord John Russell.

But the good work is begun. The worthless squireens, without capital, without industry, and without enterprize, will, by and bye, be displaced by proprietors of capital and intelligence, who will give employment to the people by eliciting the fruitfulness of the soil.

Agrarian assassinations and rebellions are not peculiarities of any race. They are characteristics of all conquered races. They are phenomena of conquests. The Norman experienced them from the Saxons as the English experience them from the Celts. They are moral perversions displayed by all people who have been subdued by stronger races. Thuggery, in India, is only a different name for a perversion identical in its nature with the Rockite and Whiteboy phenomena of Tipperary. In broad day an Irish peasant shoots his victim in the presence of many witnesses. No one hinders—no one arrests him—no one denounces him—and no one succours his wounded victim. Such things are inconceivable in England in the present day, and it is flattering to the national pride to believe that these facts are characteristics of the Celtic race. Our Saxon ancestors did the same things. The conquered Hindoos have similar practices. It is not yet two centuries since the persecutions which the second Charles inflicted on the Scotch, made True Blue Presbyterians believe that it was quite right to murder Archbishop Sharp. Two hundred years ago, the noble and knightly followers of the great Marquess of Montrose deemed it a worthy act to murder, as he sat at dinner in a public ordi-

nary, Dr. Dorislaus, the ambassador who represented the English Commonwealth at the Hague. Had he not been concerned as a lawyer in the trial of the anointed Charles the First? Was it not right to slay a regicide—a parricide? Fanatical Royalists acted on this maxim. Clarendon and the Royal Charles, and James the Second, planned the assassination of Oliver Cromwell by an infernal machine which was fired at Hammersmith. After the Restoration, Royalists traversed both worlds to shoot Regicides wherever they met them, and one of them was shot as he left church. These moral perversions are not peculiarities of race. Human nature in certain circumstances always displays them. A lofty fanaticism in a Laud or a Corday, craziness in a Fenton, or vanity in a Fieschi,—they are symptoms of the paganism which still predominates over most of the actual proceedings of modern Europe. Theft is quite right in the eyes of the inhabitant of the thief villages of India. The Bheel says to himself—were not my fathers robbed of their all? The feelings of a long conquered race in the Thug justify the unjustifiable. He has been taught the meritoriousness of human sacrifices to the Black Goddess, and he offers up to her an enemy of his tribe. Robbery is wrong, but the enemy is dead, and the living alone have any right to property. Land is life to the Tipperary peasant. He, therefore, joins a secret association, and executes in open day the sentences of the midnight tribunal, who condemn to death the violators of their well-known conventions. All the governments of the world teach the people to overcome evil with evil, violence with violence. Blood for blood is the spirit of all criminal codes. Hence hereditary traditions, caste conventions, clan tribunals, which justify assassinations, insurrections, and rebellions. ‘Overcome evil with good,’ is a word which has yet to be uttered in the legislatures of Europe. Nevertheless it is true, that conciliation, the justice of kindness, alone can suppress the wild justice of revenge. Governments, like individuals, to be loved must be loveable. The Norman could not reconcile the Saxon by coercion—nor will the Englishman, the Irishman. When statesmen are embarrassed with their chief, their Irish difficulty, we wish a little bird might sing in their ears these words, ‘Recompense to no man evil for evil—see that none render evil for evil to any man—if thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink.—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, overcome evil with good.’

Free trade in land would, perhaps, be the most beneficent thing which this parliament could give by its present leaders and present constitution to the people. When we reflect what boundless resources there are in the soil of these islands, and

this empire, and what skill, diligence, and laboriousness in the British people, and see the soil kept barren, and the people kept miserable, by bits of paper, yclept, acts of parliament in favour of the sinister interests, and more sinister ignorance of a privileged class, we see an omnipotence of good in the power of the legislature wherewith to overcome the disaffection of the poor. But in some quarters it is the labourers who are kept from the soil, in others it is the soil which is kept from the labourers. This system cannot last. Landed property must be made as transferable as any other property and just as answerable for debts. All over the three kingdoms this spectacle is seen—labourers idle—lands run to waste—food dear—and the cause, the will of an individual peer, or the selfishness of the collective aristocracy. The offence is rank and unendurable.

Never did a session end amidst more contempt. 'Punch' represented the premier as the manager of a theatre, bowing to his audience with many smiles, and announcing, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, with your kind permission, this farce will be repeated next session.' All the journals vied with each other in jocular contempt. It was calculated that in the columns of Hansard, the session had produced a mile and a half of talk, in one thousand one hundred and seventy-six hours. If all the members had spoken as often and as long as Messrs. Urquhart and Anstey, who were accused of speaking five weeks, the session would have lasted thirty years! 'Mr. Speaker, what has passed?' asked Queen Elizabeth of Speaker Topham. 'Six months, may it please your majesty.' In September, had the sovereign people asked Mr. Shaw Lefevre what had passed, he might have answered, 'Ten months.' Mr. Urquhart has published a calculation, from which it appears, that he has occupied only a hundredth part of the talking time of the Lower House. But if every member, with an equal right, had done as much, the session would have been protracted to sixty-five months!

However, we are not going to be the dupes of the trick which makes the talkativeness of members the scapegoat of the ministry. The legislature has been marvellous in the dispatch of bills, destroying the liberty of speech, and suppressing the constitutional liberties of Ireland. But the incapacity of the administration has caused the chief waste of the public time. Four financial statements, and four coercion bills have been discussed, and all failures and futilities. There have been debates on issuing writs to corrupt boroughs, and on three anti-bribery bills, and none of them passed; and, with only one exception, all the delinquent boroughs have escaped scot free. What endless debates were caused by the shilly-shallying of ministers

between free trade and protection respecting the West Indies! How many hours were wasted by altercations about withheld despatches. A proposal is made to secure the dispatch of business, by depriving members of the power of moving the adjournment of the House or of the debate. This is just a gag for mouths which utter inconvenient truths. 'La cloture,' which the Bourbons introduced into the Chamber of Deputies at the Restoration, is to be adopted, upon the recommendation of that successful statesman, M. Guizot. But, we respectfully submit, that in order to dispatch business, it were well to make business habits the qualification for members, instead of income, and thus secure men of business for the dispatch of it. For the dispatch of business, nothing could be better than trying the experiment of making a man of business, premier.

While we have been writing these pages, the news is brought of the sudden death of an active personage in the events of the session. Lord George Bentinck was walking across the meadows, near Welbeck Abbey, when death laid him down as a corpse, unwarned, unattended, unnoticed, for hours. Tall, slim, stately, and energetic, he did not seem to be a man likely to be the victim of sudden death. His dark and handsome features promised a long life. Less than three years ago, the member for King's Lynn was obscure in political life, when events and a long-hoarded indignation made him the leader of the protectionists in the House of Commons. No man had more conspicuously the quality which Napoleon admired in the Scotch Greys—he never knew when he was beaten. The nephew, the private secretary, and the warm friend of George Canning, he seized his opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon the men he thought guilty of 'hounding him to death.' His indignation was straightforward, and even his suspicion was honest. Protectionism, in him, partook of a generous sentiment in behalf of the employment of the people. After suddenly becoming one of the most conspicuous men in political life, he suddenly disappears. He will be known no more in his place for ever. His indignation put Russell into the place of Peel. As a legislator, his influence was evil, and his influence on our history, has injured his country. Surely, his remarkable lot warns us all, impressively, to engage in no career in which we should not wish our mortal to put on immortality.

Brief Notices.

Sketches of the Last Naval War. Translated from the French of Captain E. Julien de la Gravière. By the Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.N.
In 2 vols. 12mo. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes consist of a translation of some articles which appeared originally in the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' a literary work of similar repute in France, to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews in our own country. They constitute a remarkable production, and are entitled to very considerable praise. Our Gallican neighbours have not been distinguished by a generous appreciation of opponents, and their historical writings have in consequence, exhibited a marvellous, and—if such thing may be—a most amusing disregard of truth. The Histories of M. Thiers are, in many instances, pure fiction, and serve rather to exhibit the anti-English passions of the author, than to detail the facts he professes to narrate. In this respect he is but an example of his countrymen, embittered, it may be, by the mortification a sense of defeat in his knavish policy has inflicted. From this epidemic the work before us is free, which is the more remarkable, as our obvious superiority in naval tactics, was specially adapted to wound the pride of our too sensitive neighbours. Warmly attached to his own country, and alive to whatever compromises her fame, the author is yet ready to do justice to the gallantry and skill of her most successful enemies. His pages, consequently, are not only free from the distortions and pure fiction which disgrace the writings of M. Thiers, but evince a generous appreciation of the English commanders, by whom the navy of France was nearly annihilated. He writes for the instruction of his countrymen, not for the gratification of their vanity. His object is to correct the defects of their system, and thus to guard them from the repetition of disasters similar to those of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar, rather than to pander to their national prejudices. Such an object is worthy of an enlightened patriotism, and the example should be imitated by our own writers. Our naval authorities may learn much from the reasonings of M. de la Gravière, though we hope the period is far distant, when the proofs of their having done so will be furnished. He does not profess to give a formal history of the last war, 'but rather to trace a spirited and graphic sketch of its chief naval events, viewed in connexion with their causes.' The career and tactics of Nelson are, therefore, the most prominent objects of his work, and the English reader will be much gratified by the light in which these are exhibited.

Captain Plunkett has done good service by rendering these volumes into English, the value of which would not have been

diminished had the latter part of his *Introduction* been omitted. There is bad taste, and much untruthfulness in his attack on Mr. Cobden. It will be well for professional men to bear in mind, that the time is past when such distortion and abuse can avail with our countrymen. The present labours of the member for the West Riding, will not be esteemed the less because naval and military officers denounce them. The cry of the workmen of Ephesus will not be mistaken for the voice of an oracle.

Plain Facts for the People, in relation to the Tithes and Revenues of the Church. By J. Henry Tillet. 8vo. pp. 26. London: B. L. Green.

AN admirable and most timely pamphlet, which ought to be in the hands of every reflecting Englishman. It is at once calm and impassioned, evincing extensive research, sound judgment, and clear views, combined with a gentlemanly bearing and forcible style. We have very seldom read a production on any controverted point which has afforded us such unmixed satisfaction. The temper of the pamphlet is worthy of its logic, and the latter is of a high order. Mr. Tillet's object is, not to furnish a treatise on church property, 'but merely to show that those propositions, which to some churchmen appear so startling, can be sustained by arguments, the cogency of which they must admit, though they recoil from the consequences involved in them.' With this design, he traces the history of church property, shows, beyond all question, its originally tri-partite division, and reduces its present holders to the alternative of admitting their parliamentary title, or of confessing to a misappropriation of their trust. The authorities adduced are of the highest order, and such as churchmen are especially bound to defer to, while the spirit in which the argument is conducted, is most courteous and admirable. The conclusions arrived at are briefly these, and we commend them, with the authorities and reasonings by which they are sustained, to the consideration of every candid man:—

1st. 'That there is no warrant or authority in Scripture, to justify the employment of the civil power in making a legal and compulsory exaction from the people, for the maintenance of the ministers of religion.'

2. 'That the practice of the Church of England, in respect to endowments, is at variance with the apostolical and primitive churches, which it professes to imitate.'

3. 'That the tithes and church lands never were designed for the personal benefit of the clergy, but that they are only trustees, and, as such, have misapplied the funds entrusted to them.'

4. 'That the Protestant clergy have not only possessed themselves of the endowments conferred for Catholic purposes; but have, contrary to the original design of tithes, cast upon the people the burden of repairing the churches, and maintaining the poor.'

5. 'That the legislature has full power at any time to resume these endowments, which it has conferred upon the church, and to apply them for the general good of the whole nation.'

The Works of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury. Edited for the Parker Society by the Rev. John Ayre, M.A. Vols. I. and II.

THESE volumes, as their title-pages indicate, are issued by the *Parker Society*, and will be welcomed by a large class of readers. Bishop Jewel was one of the best men of his day, and did more than most others to uphold the Protestant Reformation against the bitter assaults to which it was exposed. His *Apology* is the work now best known, but everything he wrote is deserving of attentive perusal, and will be found to throw much light on the condition of religious opinion and parties in his day. No productions could be more appropriate to the *Parker Society*, whether it be regarded as a protestant, or an anti-Puseyite, institute. We thank the Council for their selection, and shall be glad, when the promised *Life* appears, to present our readers with a detailed account of the history and writings of this distinguished man. We content ourselves at present with stating, that these volumes contain the Challenge Sermon of the bishop, his correspondence with Dr. Cole, the controversy with Harding, the Exposition upon the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Various sermons, and the Treatise of the Sacraments. These are printed from the edition of 1611, collated with several others, and have been edited with considerable pains. Two other volumes are to follow, which will be enriched with a general index and memoir. We hail the work as invaluable and most appropriate. Its appearance is opportune, and will serve to revive a study which has been too much neglected. In selecting our ground of opposition to the contemplated endowment of the catholic clergy of Ireland, we must be careful not to suppress our protest against popery. Protestant dissenters are the only parties who can enter on this controversy with clean hands, and on them, therefore, it especially devolves at once to mark their hostility to all state-endowments of religion, and their utter reprobation of the spirit and dogmas of the papacy. A diligent study of the popish controversy is called for by the times, and will form an admirable auxiliary in the contest that is approaching.

The Modern Orator. Charles James Fos. Part XVIII. London: Aylott and Jones.

WE have had frequent opportunities of noticing this work, and our report has been uniformly favourable. Few modern productions of the press have afforded us more real gratification,—mainly on the ground of its own merits, but partly, perhaps, because we had long pondered over a similar work, and had, in part, resolved to undertake it. Such a publication was much needed. The existing state of political science called for it, and the condition of our public affairs rendered the information it furnishes pre-eminently desirable and important. The popular mind of our country has recently been roused to action, and the wisdom of its

course must greatly depend on its regarding with becoming respect the instructions and warnings of the past. Hitherto, the speeches of our most distinguished senators—which constitute a vast store-house of political science—have been inaccessible to the bulk of our people. The editions in which they have appeared are too costly for the means of our countrymen, and they have, therefore, been unstudied and unknown.

'The Modern Orator' corrects this evil, by placing the most celebrated speeches of our chief orators within the reach of nearly all, and by supplying, in brief and appropriate notes, the information needful to elucidate their references, to disentangle the web by which skilful debaters sought to perplex and bewilder, and to throw over the whole a continuous light, enabling the historical reader to view events and personages in their due proportions as a consistent whole. The Part now before us completes the second volume, which is entirely occupied by the speeches of Mr. Fox. We need not say how highly we estimate his oratory, nor what are its qualities. It is enough to express our satisfaction at their appearing in so popular and cheap a form, and to recommend them earnestly to the study of our countrymen. We shall be glad to find that the publishers are encouraged by the sale of this and the preceding volume, to prosecute their undertaking. There is a large field yet before them.

Some Passages from Modern History. By the Author of 'Letters to my Unknown Friends.' London: Longman and Co.

THIS is an interesting little volume, well adapted to young readers. It consists of ten chapters, each devoted to the elucidation of some historical character or incident. The subjects are well chosen, and the style of the narrative exhibits extensive reading, and, on the whole, sound views. If open to any exception, it is on the ground of partaking too much of a martial character, and of being too favourable in the sketch given of some royal personages. We wrong the living by eulogizing the dead beyond their merits, and the injury is increased when the position and sufferings of the deceased are specially adapted to awaken sympathy. The view given of the character of Marie Antoinette is unhappily falsified by the records of history. Apart from these blemishes, the volume will prove both attractive and useful, and as such we recommend it to our youthful friends.

The Treasury of Natural History; or a Popular Dictionary of Animated Nature, illustrated with upwards of Eight Hundred Figures on Wood, engraved expressly for this Work. By Samuel Maunder. London: Longman and Co.

MR. MAUNDER'S *Treasuries* have obtained a wide circulation. They met a want of the reading public, and have, therefore, been welcomed. Moreover, they were prepared with much care, and evi-

dence both extensive research and sound judgment. The design of the present volume has long occupied Mr. Maunder's attention, and a vast range of reading was evidently required for its preparation. The articles are printed in an alphabetical order, so as greatly to facilitate reference, while a classified arrangement is prefixed, which will meet the views of those who wish to obtain a scientific knowledge of natural history. Mr. Maunder has rendered himself familiar with the works of our most eminent writers on natural science, and has condensed into his pages the more interesting and instructive portions of their multifarious volumes. The 'getting up' of his work is in happy keeping with its contents. The wood-engravings are numerous and well executed, and the type is clear though small. Altogether the volume is worthy of liberal patronage, as containing the results of careful observation and extensive reading, arranged with sound judgment, and conveyed in a style happily appropriate.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. 8vo. Vol. V. London : Charles Knight.

WE are glad to report the steady progress of this work, which is one of the best productions of the day. The present volume, constituting the fifth, extends from Roger Cotes to John Evelyn, and sustains, in every way, the reputation of its predecessors. The extensive circulation of such works is a good omen of the times, and will greatly contribute to the growth of a class of well informed and reflecting men. We congratulate the young, and all those whose means are restricted, on the provision thus made for their information, and warmly recommend their immediately possessing themselves of so admirable a companion. It will be their own fault, if they do not retain within their reach, one of the choicest storehouses of sound, multifarious, and well-arranged information.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for cause of Conscience Discussed, and Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered. By Roger Williams. Edited for the Hanserd Knolly's Society, by Edward Bean Underhill.

The Way of Faith, or the Abridged Bible ; containing Selections from all the Books of Holy Writ. By Dr. M. Bundinger, translated from the Fifth German Edition, by David Asher, specially sanctioned by the Rev. Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi of the United Congregations of the British Empire. Intended for the use of Jewish Schools and Families.

Mamma's Absence ; or, the Written Rules.

Scriptural Teaching ; or, a Pastor's Offering to his People. By Rev. W. Blackley, B.A.

Chambers' Book for the People — History of the French Revolution. Part II.

Familiar Letters. By Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne. Containing an Account of his Travels as one of the Deputation sent out by the Church of

Scotland, on a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, in 1839. Edited by his Father.

Epitome of Alison's History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. For the use of Schools and Young Persons.

Mutual Recognition in Heaven. A Discourse delivered in York Road Chapel, Lambeth. By Rev. R. Alliot. Published by Request.

The Modern Orator. Charles James Fox. Part XVIII.

Sermons for Sabbath Evenings. By Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. With Introductory Remarks. By Hugh Miller.

A Brief Historical Relation of the Life of Mr. John Livingstone, Minister of the Gospel; containing several Observations of the Divine Goodness manifested to him in the several occurrences thereof. Written by Himself, during his Banishment in Holland, for the Cause of Christ. With Historical Introduction and Notes. By Rev. Thomas Houston, Knockbacker.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. V. Cotes—Evelyn.

The Ethnological Journal, No. IV. Sept. 1, 1848.

The Scottish New Generation; or, the Re-action. By Hugh Scott, Esq. 'Presbytery Examined.' An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. By the Duke of Argyll.

Principles of Textual Criticism, with their Application to the Old and New Testament, illustrated with Plates and fac-similes of Biblical Documents. By J. Scott Porter.

Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association at Centenary Hall and Freemason's Hall, 1847—8.

The Irish Pastor and the Famine. Memoir and Remains of Rev. Samuel Brown, of Tralee, Ireland. By his Brother, the Rev. Isaac Brown.

Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical. By the late Rev. Robert Brodie, A.M., Glasgow.

The White Slave: a Life of John Newton, Written for Young Children. By G. E. Sargent.

Nos. 1 and 2 of Bunhill Memorials.

Studies of First Principles. By James Baldwin Brown, A.B. No 3. First Principles of Politics.

Monopoly the Cause of all Evil. By Arthur Condoreet O'Connor, General of Division. 3 vols.

Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy. Part V.

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land. By J. L. Stephens, Esq.

The Difficulties of Education; a Lecture delivered in the Croft Chapel, Hastings, July 16, 1848. By Rev. W. Davis. 2nd Edition.

The People's Dictionary. Part XXXVII.

An Introduction to the New Testament, containing an Examination of the most Important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books, with reference to the latest Inquiries. By Samuel Davidson, L.L.D. Vol. I. The Four Gospels.

The Presbyter, the Prelate, and the People; or, Presbytery, Prelacy, and Independency, as Practically Developed in England. By a Clergyman in the Presbyterian Church in England.

For Whom is Christian Baptism Designed? A New Dissertation on an Old Controversy, with an especial Reference to the Reasoning contained in Dr. Halley's Seventh Lecture on the Sacraments, to which is added, a Brief Inquiry into the Mode of Administering the Ordinance. By Thos. Morrell.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR NOVEMBER, 1848.

ART. I.—*Il Risorgimento de Torino. September, and October, 1848.*

AMONG the popular risings which the present generation has witnessed, that of the Italians may, perhaps, be regarded as the most remarkable. Attempts had, no doubt, from time to time been previously made by them, as well to shake off their domestic oppressors, in themselves contemptible, and ruling altogether by borrowed force, as to undermine the power of the Austrians and drive them beyond the Alps. But however favourable we might be to freedom and national independence, we could never disguise from ourselves the inadequacy of the means to accomplish the proposed end. The risings in the kingdom of Naples and Piedmont, the partial insurrections in the Papal States, the ably contrived conspiracy of Lombardy, were symptomatic of anything but a healthy tone of political feeling in the great mass of the people. All that we could infer from them was this, that among the educated and enlightened classes there existed an impatience of bad government, which, if strenuously persisted in, might be gradually communicated to the mass of the people, and thus produce that state of universal discontent which at once justifies revolutions and ensures their success.

But there were found throughout Italy, and more especially in the Papal States, two powerful elements adverse to the growth

of freedom ; the secret influence of Austria and the superstition of the masses. Far be from us the wish to put a harsh or unwarranted construction on any form of Christianity ; but, with every inclination to interpret leniently the opinions of those who differ from us, we find ourselves irresistibly driven to the conclusion, that Catholicism, especially in Italy, is essentially opposed to the full developement of liberty. Against these two sinister influences the Italian patriots had everywhere to struggle.

If, moreover, they turned their eyes towards neighbouring states, in the hope of discovering signs of sympathy and encouragement, they were immediately disheartened by observing, that statesmen and politicians generally desire nothing so much as the preservation of the *status quo* which saves them the labour of organising new forms of civil polity, and of studying the moral relations necessarily arising out of them. It is, consequently, easy to understand what has been denominated the torpor of Italy, which, whatever may now be imagined to the contrary, had, and could have, no hope of regeneration, but from the general overthrow of despotism throughout Europe. And, indeed, if the truth must be spoken, we think the freedom of each particular state will always very much depend on the capacity, or incapacity, of its despotic neighbours to interfere with its internal arrangements. It may be politic in the adversaries of freedom to affect supreme scorn for revolutionary governments, and the most unbounded confidence in the return of things to their old condition. They are very far from being sincere. They tremble while they mock and insult, and if they pray at all, pray for nothing so earnestly as that the experiment of democracy may prove a failure. Liberty is infectious, so that the most firmly rooted despotism will be unable to maintain itself if surrounded by free states.

French writers, with a pardonable partiality, imagine that the revolutionary impulse has been communicated to the rest of Europe by Paris. But France has been but the conductor of the electric shock, which really originated in the British parliament. Our debates on Negro Emancipation, on the Reform Bill, on Free Trade, carried on with unbounded liberty, and replete with principles and opinions which, anywhere but in England, would be considered in the highest degree dangerous, communicated a restless impulse to the whole of Christendom, and imperceptibly prepared mankind for the subversions of thrones and dynasties we have just witnessed.

Italy experienced her full share of the popular excitement thus created, and France herself was precipitated into insurrec-

tion, by the refusal of her government to allow her to follow the example of England, in holding political meetings, celebrating reform dinners, and making such speeches as, however familiar to us, were, until within the last few months, looked upon as fearful novelties abroad. Large numbers of English have long been resident in Italy, where, however great may be their reserve in political matters, their very presence has acted as an incentive to innovation. The proud independence of their bearing, their systematic resistance to every species of interference with their personal freedom, even their contempt for foreigners, based chiefly on the fact of their submission to arbitrary power, could not fail to exercise a considerable influence. We have, in fact, witnessed in all parts of Italy, the extreme surprise of the inhabitants, at the audacious contempt of authority habitually exhibited by our countrymen. They appear to breathe everywhere the air of Palace Yard, or St. Stephen's Chapel, and argue on political subjects as recklessly in the shade of the Vatican, or on the steps of the police office at Milan, as they would in the sanctuary of a London club-room. It is not too much, therefore, to attribute to their continued residence in all the great capitals of Italy, something of that movement, the progress and probable termination of which now occupy the thoughts of statesmen in all countries.

It is unnecessary to go over the ground which others have already trodden, and recapitulate the history of Italy, from the birth of her mediæval republic down to the present day; for it is not from the spontaneous inspiration of the people that we are to look for the regeneration of the peninsula. Not that we are disposed to deny the excellent qualities of the Italian mind. We cheerfully admit all that it has achieved in science, literature, and politics; we recognise its admirable fertility, its imaginative relics, its productions of art, its rare musical triumphs. But we have too much respect for truth, to think of complimenting the Italians upon having themselves originated the political agitation out of which their deliverance is, in all probability, to proceed. Nations act and re-act upon each other, and the beneficial influence we are now exerting beyond the Alps, is only a tardy repayment of the benefits we formerly received from the republics of the middle ages.

If we go back as far as the year 1812, we shall find that the constitution framed for Sicily by an English statesman, must be regarded as the great germ of the movements which have since taken place. The idea, passing from that island to the continent, slowly pervaded the whole mass of Italian society, fermenting perpetually, and exciting a multitude of indefinite hopes,

many of which we are, in part, to see realized. How long the combination of diplomacy may check the development of Sicilian independence, it is not perhaps possible at present to foresee, though, if the principle of humanity were properly recognised in politics, all doubt and suspense would be speedily cleared away from the Sicilian question, and the independence of the island established on an immoveable basis. Hitherto, however, there exist interests which, in the prevailing theories of politics, are deemed paramount to those of humanity, we mean those of the ruling families. The inquiry is not so much—What is best for the people of Sicily? as—How we are to reconcile their emancipation with what are called the rights of the king of Naples. The discovery, therefore, has not yet been made throughout Europe, that governments have only been instituted for the good of the people, and that when, from natural imperfection or the decrepitude of age, they cease to effect that purpose, they should no longer be suffered to exist.

But, not to dwell on this point, the aspirations, excited by the Sicilian constitution, communicated themselves to the whole of Italy, where, in spite of the benumbing influence of Catholicism, immense plans were formed for the establishment of liberty. At first, these plans were very naturally confined within the circle of secret societies, which, under various names, sprung up in nearly all parts of Italy, having for their object the overthrow of absolute monarchy, and the setting up in some places of republics, and in others, of constitutional governments. Among these societies, as is well known, that of the Carbonari was the chief. Originating with a few patriots, who had been driven to take refuge among the charcoal burners of Calabria, it speedily struck forth roots and branches, which spread over the whole peninsula, from sea to sea, and up to the very foot of the Alps.

Some have made it a reproach to the Italians, that they should then have sought their freedom through clandestine associations, and not have risen boldly in the face of day to vindicate their rights. But they who make this objection, can know nothing of the state of Italy, where, until recently, thought and feeling were wholly deprived of those instruments by which they cause their existence to be recognized. There existed, properly speaking, no press, no parliament, no right of assembling, no organized system of communication between man and man. Authority flowed like a pestilential flood between the integers of the population, isolating them from one another. The very freedom of conversation was denied them. Every man

dreaded his neighbour, the son held the father, and the father held the son in suspicion, not exactly knowing what dreadful influence the government might not have exercised upon him. An universal system of espionage overspread the land, the effect of which not only poisoned the enjoyment of the domestic hearth, but pursued men to the very privacy of their bed-chambers; for, in some instances, wives were bought over, to extort secrets from their husbands, when retired from the society of the rest of the world, that they might afterwards make revelations to the police. Brothers had been frequently known to betray brothers, and thus all the tenderness and all the charities of domestic life were poisoned at their source, in order to gratify the pride, and consolidate the tyranny of some dozen or fourteen families.

In such a state of things, however difficult it may have been to conspire, conspiracies were clearly the only means left to liberty. Political morality, let us be persuaded, assumes its character from the place in which it is found. We, therefore, who are free, who can think what we please, and speak what we think, and, consequently, stand in no need of plots and conspiracies, must not be too severe upon the Italians for building, as they did, all their hopes of success upon them. To conspire, under such governments, was a virtue; for all legitimate means of defence having been taken out of the hands of the people, those means became legitimate which were not originally so of themselves. The very nature of moral things was changed for the Italians. To be frank and open, became the act of fools. All integrity and all patriotism consisted in being reserved, in covering the feelings of the heart and the aspirations of the soul with that thick veil which, under other circumstances, would be denominated hypocrisy; in smiling upon the authority against which they plotted, and in secretly constructing a political machinery for shaking society to its foundation, and casting forth from its bosom those unclean despots who defiled and polluted it.

This must be the defence of the secret societies of Europe. And, instead of condemning them, let us earnestly thank God that, by the valour of our ancestors, we have been spared the necessity of emerging to liberty through avenues so obscure and questionable. As, moreover, we observed at the outset, the sinister influence of Catholicism was to be counteracted. An immense army of priests and monks quartered upon every city, every town, and every village in Italy, laboured incessantly to advance the cause of superstition, and along with it that of despotism. Whoever, consequently, had the good of his country

at heart, saw his best efforts counteracted, and, too often, rendered futile by some cowed impostor, whose supposed sacred character imparted a formidable weight to the blows he aimed at freedom. The effect was too often what might have been expected; to be a patriot, came by degrees to be synonymous with being an unbeliever; for protestantism not being at hand, they who strayed from the fold of popery knew not in what other ecclesiastical enclosure to take their stand. Yet it was felt from the beginning, by all elevated and comprehensive beings, that a great political movement, totally dissociated from the religious principle, could end in nothing but national confusion. Religion is the adhesive principle in human society, besides being its informing soul. Nay, as the body from which the spirit has departed soon moulders and falls to pieces, so the body politic, from which the influence of religion has been withdrawn, dissolves of its own accord, and falls inevitably to ruin.

Comprehending this truth, many of the Italian patriots, who have rejected Catholicism without adopting any other system in its stead, are forced to affect a reverence for the papacy as a spiritual dominion. There would otherwise exist no affinity, no bond of union between them, and the great mass of the people in all likelihood would rather crouch beneath the sceptre of despotism for generations yet to come, than relinquish the supposed spiritual advantages which they derive from the hierarchy of Rome. And here we touch upon the cardinal difficulty of freedom in Italy. It is of no avail to recur to the republics of the Middle Ages, and to say that they allied themselves extremely well with the genius of Catholicism. The condition of that religion has since undergone a total change. Before the Reformation, it knew nothing of the dangers which were invisibly marshalling themselves around it, and entertained no suspicion that republicanism would create a state of society inconsistent with the sway of popery. It therefore tolerated, through ignorance, those simple political fabrics, which were too primitive and too little powerful to give it umbrage.

But when the republic of Venice had culminated towards the zenith of its power, the papacy began to experience the most poignant alarms, and there arose between the court of Rome and the bridegroom of the Adriatic, an irreconcilable hostility, which has survived the triumphs of Austria in the Lagoons. Venice, therefore, may be said to have had pressed upon the mind the conviction that freedom, however modified, is inconsistent with the spiritual dominion of Rome. A papist, in fact, cannot be a free citizen. He has two countries, and owes allegiance to two sovereigns, and as the sway of the pope is a hybrid thing, which

flies between heaven and earth, and is neither altogether spiritual nor altogether temporal, it must often happen that the allegiance he owes to this strange power, will clash violently with that which is due to his own national government. It consequently follows, that before Italy can be properly free she must cease to be Roman Catholic, though she may approximate towards the desired point, while such popes as Pius ix. exercise equivocal sovereignty over the seven hills.

The correctness of the above reasoning will be recognised by all those who have watched the progress of events in Italy, where the popular tendency undoubtedly is towards the establishment of a republic, if this could be effected without producing an entire separation between the newly created States and the Roman See. Less embarrassment, as some think, will be experienced if, instead of republics, the attempt be made to establish a series of constitutional monarchies. But this may be doubted. Because, in the first place, it is certain that kings, whether constitutional or not, will as little bear the interference of another power, in the internal concerns of their territories, as the most jealous democracies. Besides, there is no small amount of pedantry in imagining that, because our limited constitution, which is indigenous in this island, and has been fostered and brought to maturity by the co-operation of a thousand causes, has been crowned with success, and therefore it may be transplanted to any other part of the world, with the same certainty of producing beneficial results. No real statesman can possibly entertain this opinion. That government is natural to a people which it spontaneously selects for itself, when the freedom of choice is really put into its power; and, therefore, if the Italians, being left entirely to themselves, give the preference to republican institutions, it is no doubt because they feel an instinctive preference for that form of government, which under such circumstances would ensure their happiness. It may possibly happen, however, that some of the States of Italy will prefer one form, some another, unless it should suit the policy of Europe to organise a single Italian government, the choice of which must, in that case, be unquestionably left to the people themselves.

The next hostile element with which the patriots of Italy have had to contend, is the influence of Austria, which, in all times, and in every locality, has been injurious to the character and material prosperity of the Italians. Foreign writers have generally made an exception in favour of the branch of the Austrian family, which has for some generations reigned over Tuscany. But people will decide in favour of

this exception, or otherwise, according to the temper of their own minds; if nature has so constituted them that they can experience contentment, altogether independently of freedom, from the mere enjoyment procured by wealth, and ease, and personal comfort, then they will probably decide that the Austrian government of Tuscany is all that a government should be. On the other hand, if they include in the idea of happiness the exercise of a manly independence, the power to think and to speak freely, in short, complete civil and religious liberty, they will reject with scorn the pretensions of the Austrian government, and insist that, politically speaking, its sway is as much to be deprecated as that of the most grinding despotism south of the Alps.

But at whatever conclusion men arrive on this point, it will generally be admitted that everywhere else in Italy, the influence of Austria has been most pernicious. Indeed, it may be at once taken for granted, that the whole of Italy would have been long ago emancipated, but for the Austrian bayonet. She has been confessedly the evil destiny of the whole country. When the people of Naples rose and proclaimed a constitution, it was an Austrian army that restored the sceptre to despotism; by Austria, Venice, and Lombardy, and Modena, and Parma, and Placenza, and indeed the whole of the north of Italy has been enslaved. And if we turn to the states of the church, do they form an exception to the general rule? On the contrary, nothing is more certain than that the popes would long ere now have been compelled to concede some sort of free institutions to their subjects, but for the withering influence of the German despotism beyond the Alps.

In the course of last year, when Pius ix. had made some progress in his system of reform, Austria gave a signal proof of the lengths to which her odious policy will carry her, when her object is to repress the spirit of freedom. We refer for an illustration of her Jesuitism to the narrative of a recent traveller,* who would appear to have investigated the subject on the spot, and to have convinced himself that the suspicions cast upon the cabinet of Vienna were not unfounded. There will, of course, be those who, discovering in the account the necessary vagueness of a contemporary testimony, since many of the sources of knowledge must long remain concealed, will direct a contemptuous scepticism to the evidence brought forward, and, perhaps, persist in regarding the conspiracy itself as a convenient fiction. We shall not envy them their incre-

* Whiteside's 'Italy in the Nineteenth Century.'

dulity, which we feel assured the public will not share. We, in this country, remember but too well the treachery practised towards the Bandieras, the infamies perpetrated in the dungeons of Spielberg, the persevering cruelties by which Venice has been degraded and kept in subjection, the oppression, secret assassinations, fabricated conspiracies, with all the other odious contrivances of tyranny, by which every spark of national spirit was sought to be crushed out of the Milanese—we remember these things too well, we repeat, to experience the slightest inclination to call in question the facts of that frightful narrative.

We should have been glad, had our space permitted, to place before our readers *in extenso* the manifesto of the provisional government of Milan, in which the charges of Italy against the Austrians are drawn up with a temperateness and forbearance, little to be expected from its authors at such a moment. After arguing the right of the Milanese to throw off the yoke of Austrian tyranny, and explaining their views in thus vindicating their conduct in the face of Europe, the manifesto recapitulates the grievances endured under the Austrian sway, bringing a formidable array of accusations against the court of Austria, and concludes with an earnest appeal for the support and countenance of the rest of Europe.

Our readers will now, perhaps, be prepared to enter upon a discussion of the terms upon which Great Britain and France ought to insist on their Italian mediation; or, in other words, will be prepared to think with us, that nothing short of the entire evacuation of Italy should be consented to. This we say in the interest of peace and humanity. There are those we know, who will contend that we may safely make in behalf of Italy some compromise with Austria, permitting her to retain the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, upon the easy terms of conceding to it a pretended free constitution. But without pausing now to discuss Austrian notions of freedom, we may safely adopt as the basis of the whole dispute the feelings of Italy on the subject. We argue then, that let Austria concede what institutions she may, and let Great Britain, or France, together with the whole of Europe, if you please, be guarantee for the performance of her engagements on the part of Austria, Italy will never be satisfied. She numbers twenty-four millions of inhabitants; is rich, enlightened, and industrious, and, therefore, with justice believes herself, fully equal to the task of self-government. Why should she, therefore, be made to submit to the sway of Austria? By the right of

the sword, you will say. Be it so then, and let the right of the dagger be opposed to that of the sword. Let insurrection and conspiracy go on, and see whether Austria will long consent to retain her possessions beyond the Alps, at such a price.

Besides, should England be prepared to abandon Italy to the Austrians, it is not yet certain that the French republic will be of the same mind; and if it should take a different view of the case, then farewell at once to the peace of Europe. The legions of France will pour over the Alps, and the Austrians, after a few ineffectual struggles, will disperse like mist before them, and the republican banner will triumphantly flap in the breeze, from the Alps to the extremity of Sicily. Let not the advocates of peace deceive themselves! If the sword of the French republic be once drawn in the Italian quarrel, it will not leave a single throne, royal or papal, standing in Italy, but will level the institutions of the whole Peninsula to the democratic standard, and consign the pope and the papacy to everlasting obscurity and oblivion.

From all his antecedents, we should say that Lord Palmerston would be favourable to the emancipation of Italy. He has no sympathies with despotism. As an old ally, he may respect Austria, but, for that very reason, he will desire to see her retire beyond the Alps, from a scene where she has never gained a foot of territory without dishonour. He must well know, if any one does, that, to permit the Austrians, under any excuse, to obtain a footing in Italy, would be voluntarily to leave open a furnace of insurrection in the heart of Europe; that is, supposing the French to remain neuter, spell-bound by the old incantations of diplomacy. There is, and can be no expectation now, that the populations of Christendom will retrograde, and content themselves with the governments against which they are now in arms. The contrary is the natural inference. Who, therefore, can hope that the people of Italy, after awaking from the sleep of ages, to draw their sword and shed their blood in the sacred cause of liberty, will again bow the knee before the imperial edict of Vienna, and quietly receive laws from a race they detest? If at this early stage of the European struggle, they have evinced a certain amount of preference for democracy, is it to be believed that they will recede, that they will re-instate in their breasts reverence for imperial thrones and sceptres, and when they are on the threshold of emerging from spiritual idolatry, will take back into their hearts idolatry of mere flesh and blood? They have as-

surely studied the history of the human race to very little purpose, who can seriously look for the occurrence of such phenomena.

Englishmen are apt to base their judgment on facts, and in the present case, we invite them to adhere to their traditional practice. The facts most prominent in considering the condition of Italy are these. First, that the Italians desire to develop the resources of their country, to apply themselves to the processes of industry, and to obtain their due share in the commerce of the world, by substituting the system of free trade for that of monopoly. They likewise desire to facilitate internal communication, by means of railways, and to allow no impediment to exist to the free communication of thought, by means of the press or otherwise. Now it must be obvious to all sensible men, that such a degree of freedom is altogether incompatible with the domination of Austria and Italy. For the press, if it be perfectly unshackled, will be constantly keeping before the minds of the Italian people the absurd anomaly of a large portion of them being governed by a number of German functionaries, from beyond the Alps; it will overwhelm those heavy foreigners with ridicule; it will point them out as objects of public hatred; it will fasten upon all their little weaknesses, and convert them into crimes; and it will dwell on these, and on everything else that may serve to kindle insurrection, and thus keep up a perpetual conflict, till what ought to be effected now by the intermediation of Great Britain and France, is accomplished by the national sword.

It is consequently to be presumed that, taking all these things into consideration, the French and English mediation will insist on the evacuation of Italy. We are aware that several able journalists, to whom all the facts we have mentioned must be known, nevertheless, in deference to the received notions of diplomacy, are favourable to a compromise. They would wrest Lombardy from the Imperial Crown, but leave to it the Venetian territories, because Austria stands in want of a port on the Adriatic. But regarded from the Italian point of view, the argument is worse than ridiculous. What is it to Italy that Austria wants a port on the Adriatic? Italy is not bound to supply the national deficiencies of Austria, or to make up for any of the advantages of which providence may have deprived her. But falling back on the *ultima-ratio* of military force, the advocates of Austria may say, that she has the power, and will use it in what she conceives will be for her interest. We reply, that this observation leaves the question exactly where it is, and justifies all the population beyond the

Alps, in adopting every means within their reach against their oppressors. To have arrived at this point, Great Britain and France need not have taken a single step, for it does not dry up the source of contention, but only removes it. Instead of fighting their battles on the banks of the Po, or the Mincio, the Italians would in that case have to fight them on the banks of the Adige. But that would be all. We cannot, therefore, imagine for a moment that, with his immense experience and historical knowledge, Lord Palmerston will employ himself to so little purpose, as merely to shift the cards of the Italian question, and leave it still invested with all its original difficulties. A man of consummate routine, like Metternich, who thought the practices of diplomacy more powerful than the eternal laws which regulate both nature and man, might naturally enough have fallen into such an error. But Lord Palmerston is a man of no school. He judges in such cases for himself, and we shall be grievously disappointed, if, with the strenuous sympathy of France to back him, he yield an inch to the unjust pretensions of Austria. His great reputation is at stake, and unless there be in the nature of the question some elements which have not yet been revealed to the public, we cannot see how he can take any other than the straight-forward course, which is alone consistent with his character and historical celebrity.

While we were yet writing, the whole conditions of the question have been suddenly and violently changed. Instead of dictating to the Italians from the imperial palace at Vienna, the Emperor of Austria is now once more a fugitive, not altogether without fear for his own life, which, in the paroxysm of their fury, his subjects would as soon sacrifice as that of any other man. This state of things, however, is not likely to continue long. The people of Vienna are as changeful as they are ferocious, and may at any hour recal the prince whom they have just driven forth with so much indignity. We, therefore, lay no particular stress on the emperor's place of residence or exile; but the troubles of the capital, the multiplied complications of affairs in the German provinces, the hostility of the Hungarians and Kroatians, the disaffection of the Bohemians, and the general confusion likely to result from the hostility of many rival nationalities, will in all human probability facilitate the emancipation of Italy. Radetski's real place is now in Austria, where he is already eclipsed in importance and popularity by the Ban of Kroatia. He should, consequently, lose no time in leading his legions across the Alps, where his mission would seem to be drawing towards a close,

to play on another field a juster and more honourable part. Austria is in its last agonies, and must perish, and be blotted out from the map of Europe, unless some patriots be soon found, capable of appeasing her internal dissensions.

We know, however, by the example of the Roman empire, that while the heart of a state is corroded and cankered by the most fatal diseases, its arms may be capable of dealing destruction to its neighbours. We are, consequently, not without our fears for Italy, since, if driven to desperation, the powerful army of barbarians still encamped within her borders, may, before their final departure, inflict upon her a terrible vengeance, though they should themselves be involved in the destruction they would dispense to others. It is the fixed opinion of the partisans of Austria, that she will not relinquish a foot of territory in Italy, and that her resolution is to set utterly at defiance both Great Britain and France. Such politicians would reason consistently enough if all Europe were still in its normal condition, because in that case it would be quite practicable for Austria, wielding the passions and prejudices of the whole Germanic body, and backed besides, as it would be by Russia, to menace the balance of power in Christendom, if she were not permitted to carry out her own policy in her own way. But man proposes, and Providence disposes. War is not now made with bayonets alone. The party of progress arms itself with destructive ideas, and sends them, like locust-swarms, over Europe, to eat away the thrones that oppose its predevelopments, and Austria is now engaged in mortal conflict with those invisible domestic enemies, against which the spear and the cuirass are useless, either to wound or protect. There is a propagandism of destruction in Germany which, if means be not speedily found to check it, will dissolve society into its original elements, and create the necessity for an entire reconstruction of it.

We should not, therefore, experience much surprise if, taking their cue from the convulsions which have occurred at Vienna, the Italians also were to organise a new insurrection, which would not, in that case, be confined to Lombardy, but in all likelihood would spread throughout the whole peninsula. What has hitherto prevented this, is the diffusion of that doctrine which, denominated moderation by the unwary, is, in reality, a pestilential formula, which contains the germs of all that is evil in society. It was long ago laid down as a maxim, that to be weak is to be miserable, doing or suffering; and that which we now denominate moderatism, is organic weakness. The apostles of this pernicious sect, preaching half measures, and teaching half virtues, saw everywhere the seeds of never-ending change

and confusion. They convert into truth the satire of the poet, and aim at effecting a political revolution.

‘Which ever must be carrying on,
And still be doing—never done.’

They have spread themselves over the whole surface of Italy, and instilled their maudlin and obsolete maxims into the ears of the whole population. Hence the indecision, the vacillation, and the protracted struggle for independence. Had different principles been imparted to the Italian people when the signal had been given by Milan, there would have been a simultaneous rising throughout Italy. All ranks and conditions of men would have rallied round the national standard. The Austrians would have been stricken, while they were paralysed by consternation, and would have been but too happy to take refuge behind the Alps from the storm.

At present, the great work remains to be accomplished with largely impaired means. When Providence, as it were, held up the beacon of independence to Italy, traced out in characters of fire the track by which it was to be obtained, and supplied the generous and holy impulse required to move the masses, the leaders of the nation were wanting in their duty, and pusillanimously held back. Eager to obtain from prejudiced and partial Europe, credit for moderation, which, in revolutions means cowardice, they neglected to proclaim a republic, when that inspired word would have gathered together all brave men for its support, and were contented to look to kings for their deliverance. This was the ruin of their cause. Carlo Alberto, true to the character of treachery, which he had long established for himself, affecting to be guided by motives of mere patriotism, undertook the expulsion of the Austrians. It is very commonly believed, and apparently on good grounds, that this prince had long been plotting against Austria in Italy, not from motives of patriotism, but in order to enlarge his own dominions. He had cast an eye of desire upon Lombardy and Venice, and had, perhaps, dreamed—for what will not vain ambition dream?—that the Austrians, once expelled, he should gradually be able to subjugate the whole peninsula, and take rank amongst the first powers of Europe.

But these visions have been dissipated, and it now remains to be seen what terms the Anglo-French mediation will procure for the Italians, or what, in the event of the failure of that mediation, those inheritors of the territory, if not of the spirit of Rome, will be inclined to secure for themselves. Before the

late insurrection at Vienna, the emperor, according to 'The *Risorgimento*,' of Turin, expressed his readiness to make large concessions; but whether those concessions would have appeared satisfactory under the circumstances then existing, is not the question, since the whole condition of the empire is changed, and everything will henceforward depend on the course which affairs may take at Vienna. This course it is impossible to foresee, for so rapid is the succession of events, so sudden the shifting of the scene, so uncertain and fluctuating the temper of the popular element in central Europe, that all the commonly received rules of judging must be abandoned. However, it may be of some service to place before our readers an epitome of the reported views of the Austrian cabinet, which is said to have accepted the mediation of Great Britain and France, on the following basis. 'His Imperial Majesty, wishing to benefit the inhabitants of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, even to the detriment of his own states, has accepted the Anglo-French mediation, on the following basis. 1. Liberty of the press. 2. National guard. 3. National functionaries. 4. National troops. 5. Evacuation of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, by all the soldiers who are not Italians. 6. Delivery of fortresses. 7. Separate administration, with a viceroy, to be chosen from the two sons of the Archduke Regnier; Ernest and Sigismund; an annual contribution of twenty-five millions; residence of the viceroy, five months at Milan, and six months at Venice. 8. A visit each year from his Majesty. 9. Increase of foreign invasion aid of 100,000 men; but reciprocally, the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom should engage to furnish an army contingent to the monarchy, should it be menaced.'

Warned by the example of a contemporary which had scarcely exulted over the final expulsion of the Austrians from Milan, before they were again complete masters of that city, we carefully abstain from all positive predictions. All we desire to insist on, is this, that there are principles at work in European society, which will manifestly baffle the calculations of those who judge pedantically of the present by the past. We affirm nothing; we only anticipate, and our anticipations are utterly at variance with those which we see generally entertained around us. The common cry, is, the bayonet must settle the question, and suppress that spirit of change, which is rapidly communicating itself from one people to another. There is one difficulty in the way of this settlement, which is, that the men who wield the bayonet, more especially in the Austrian Empire, would appear also to have become infected by the revolutionary virus. Therefore, the question is not to be

settled by the bayonet. It will be settled by the common sense, and common reason, of mankind, in conformity, we trust, with the eternal principles of the Gospel.

It is a proud thing for this country, and for France, to be engaged in the pious work of conciliation. Sicily looks to them in the south, for deliverance, and Lombardy and Venetia, in the north. Let not the hope and faith of these people be reposed in us in vain. An incomplete solution of the difficulty, would merely produce an armistice. Nothing short of entire independence, would satisfy Sicily, or Lombardy, or Venice. Entrusted with arms, they would turn them against their old oppressors. On the first provocation, fresh wars would burst forth, fresh mediations be called for, and ultimately, that general conflagration which we now dread, would become inevitable. In all human concerns, whether small or great, timidity and half-measures effect much more harm than good; for they resemble abortive attempts at damming up a stream, which by creating a momentary obstruction, only augment the force and fury of the current. Some persons look for the denouement of the great revolutionary drama of Christendom, in the armed intervention of the Russian Czar. We are of opinion, that that potentate will think twice, before he exposes his troops to the moral and political influences which would immediately be brought to bear upon them in the South of Europe. Besides, it yet remains to be proved that the Autocrat of the North is in reality, so formidable as he is represented by his partizans. We, for our own part, make light of his menaces, and believe him to be like that colossal image, with feet of clay, spoken of by the prophet, and that if brought into contact with the new doctrines, his power would be shivered to fragments by the shock. The march southward of a Russian army might, for a while, complicate the affairs of Europe, but would not greatly impede the progress of revolution, which affects its conquests more by ideas than by the sword.

Finally, we see, in what is taking place, the development of the true system of Christianity, and the imminent destruction of the Greek and Roman churches. They have flourished much too long already, for the happiness of mankind; and the principles of reformation, we care not whether under the name of protestantism or not, will obviously supplant the worn-out superstitions which have so long enslaved mankind. England may rejoice at the influence which, by her free institutions, she has exerted, in giving an impulse to these changes, for wherever democracy extends, there will, and must exist, a considerable degree of attachment for that country to which it owed its birth and

triumph. Nor should we quarrel with our brethren on the continent if, in organizing their new governments, they do not exactly imitate our constitution, which though suited to our national character could not be transplanted, and made to flourish elsewhere. Throughout the continent there is a strong republican tendency, of which our statesmen have long been conscious. This is especially the case in France and Italy, and to a certain extent in Germany, and we cannot, and ought not to regret the fact, because among the consequences of the establishment of such free governments, will be the triumph of pure Christianity at the expense of catholicism. However other governments may exist without religion, republics cannot, they must be based on faith and virtue, and, therefore, we see no great reason to lament the progress of events on the continent. Already, the spiritual dominion of Rome has received its death-wound, and though the Italians hitherto reject the name of protestantism, they are secretly taking the thing into their heart of hearts, following in this, the example of the Venetian republic, which, more than two centuries ago, violently shook the papal throne, and openly declared its hostility through the mouth of Fra Paoli Sarpi.

ART. II.—*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. 2 vols. London : Moxon. 1848.

Poems, by John Keats. London : Ollier. 1817.

Endymion, by John Keats. London : Taylor and Hessey. 1818.

Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems, by John Keats. London : Taylor and Hessey. 1820.

THE history of English poetry from the commencement of the present century is a study on many accounts well worthy attention. Never, within the short space of forty-eight years, have so many claimants of the poet's fame appeared among us, and never have poetical works produced contemporaneously, presented such marked and striking diversities. Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Hood, how utterly dissimilar is each to the other ! Coleridge, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Shelley,

and the subject of the present article; to what 'school of poetry' can they be assigned, for what poetical characteristics have they in common? But dissimilar in taste and feeling, and modes of thought, as they are, there is much that is alike in their history, much from which a deep lesson may be drawn,—a lesson alike of warning and of encouragement for the future poet. Few among these writers but had to pass through a hard and severe struggle. There was no club of learned men, no *coterie* of admiring ladies to push them into notice; no literary noblemen to take them by the hand; no wealthy Macænas to encourage the young poet by rewards more substantial than 'empty praise.' 'And it is well that it was so,' may our readers reply, recollecting the 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,' of Queen Anne's day, and the Hayleys and the Merrys of a later time. And so far it was well we agree; but then our earlier, our *real* poets, received, at least, a guerdon in the admiration of their contemporaries—in some cases popular applause, in others 'an audience fit though few;' but these—with the single exception of him, who in point of genius must be placed lowest among them, Moore—sang to an unwilling, a careless, even a scoffing public. Crabbe, unable to find a purchaser for his first work; Wordsworth and Coleridge greeted by a chorus of ridicule that pursued them for more than a generation; Southey fain to turn from his delightful ballads to prose composition; Byron laughed at by the 'Edinburgh,' and denounced in the 'Quarterly;' Shelley goaded on in his unhappy path by abuse, not so much of his infidel opinions, as of his sweet poetry; and Keats, in despair at the slow appreciation of his splendid works by the public, and the bitter scorn of his critics, requesting—but with no prophetic spirit—the words, 'Here lies one whose name was written in water,' to be inscribed on his tomb. Alas! that the gifted young poet had not lived, like him, the most abused of all the gifted, Wordsworth, to see the sentence reversed, and to enjoy in a happy and revered old age, that homage which was so long denied him!

Thirty years have passed away since the wild and dreamy, but magnificent poetical romance of 'Endymion' appeared, startling the critics who had listlessly passed over the little volume of poems, Keats's first offering, which had failed to impress on their minds the promise it displayed, or the importance of encouraging a genius so early developed. Keats sank into an untimely grave, weary and disappointed; but his name was not 'written in water.' His poems have been gradually extending their fame, and now, Mr. Milnes, himself a poet of no ordinary kind, has in the interesting volumes before us, collected toge-

ther from the accounts of friends, and his own correspondence, all that can illustrate the career, short, indeed, as that was, of one who, in his early promise as well as in his early death, greatly resembled Chatterton, but whose poems, unlike his, have unquestionably exercised an abiding influence on the genius of some of our best writers.

Like the majority of our poets, John Keats belonged, by birth, to the middle classes. His father was son-in-law to Mr. Jennings, an extensive livery stable keeper in Moorfields, and lost his life by a fall from his horse, when John, the eldest of four children, was only nine years old. Our young poet was born in October, 1795; and, although early distinguished for deep feeling, pugnacity, and 'a passionate sensibility which exhibited itself in the strongest contrasts,' he gave no indications of poetical genius, nor exhibited anything of that mental precociousness, which parents and tutors so eagerly welcome as a sign of unquestionable intellectual superiority, although the history of genius goes far to disprove that opinion. After his early childhood had passed, he was sent to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, where he became a tolerable proficient in French and Latin. Until the last year of his residence there, he did not distinguish himself as a learner, but was viewed by his schoolfellows as likely to succeed 'rather in a military or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature.' How strange, that one of the most imaginative of our poets—one, whose tendencies led him so to wander in a very dreamland, should give no indications of that bias, which, as we shall ere long see, exercised an irresistible influence over him!

As the period for leaving school approached, 'his intellectual ambition suddenly developed itself; and he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded: but the object was attained only by a total sacrifice of his amusements and favourite exercises.' This is worthy of serious notice by the many teachers who confound facility of learning, a mere rote-memory, with the possession of those higher qualities, without which the faculty of remembrance is of little value. Many a boy who has grown up quite a common-place man, delighted his schoolmaster by his facility of learning; while Keats, nigh upon fourteen years of age—perhaps past—remained at home, even on the half-holidays, merely translating those easy authors, Virgil and Fenelon! Stranger still, 'he does not appear to have been a sedulous reader of books; but 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Marmontel's Incas of Peru,' impressed him strongly, and he must have met with Shakespere.' It were to be wished, in

the case of Keats, that he had been 'turned wild' into a large library, instead of being kept to school-library reading. Thus were our earlier great men formed; thus was Milton's mighty genius nourished; and few can tell how such apparently vague and desultory reading in early youth, strengthens and expands the mind,—how the huge folio seems to ask, as 'a grown-up man's book,' the child's utmost attention, just as its size taxes his utmost strength.

In 1810, Keats lost his mother, left school, and was apprenticed, though it does not appear whether his wishes were consulted on the subject, to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon, at Edmon-ton. The vicinity to Enfield enabled him still to keep up his connexion with Mr. Clarke's family, and his friendship with the son, Charles Cowden Clarke, from whom he constantly borrowed books. Still, even when more than sixteen, 'so little expectation was formed of the direction his ability would take, that when, in the beginning of 1812, he asked for Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' Mr. Clarke remembers that it was supposed in the family that he merely desired, from a boyish ambition, to study an illustrious production of literature.' 'The effect, however, produced on him by this great work was electrical:—

'A new world of delight seemed revealed to him: 'he ramped through the scenes of the romance,' writes Mr. Clarke, 'like a young horse turned into a spring meadow:' he revelled in the gorgeousness of the imagery, as in the pleasures of a sense fresh-found: the force and felicity of an epithet (such for example as—'the sea-shouldering whale') would light up his countenance with ecstasy, and some fine touch of description would seem to strike on the secret chords of his soul, and generate countless harmonies. This in fact was not only his open presentation at the Court of the Muses, (for the lines in imitation of Spenser,—

' 'Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,' etc.,

are the earliest known verses of his composition,) but it was the great impulse of his poetic life, and the stream of his inspiration remained long coloured by the rich soil over which it first had flowed. Nor will the just critic of the maturer poems of Keats fail to trace to the influence of the study of Spenser much that at first appears forced and fantastical, both in idea and in expression, and discover that precisely those defects which are commonly attributed to an extravagant originality may be distinguished as proceeding from a too indiscriminate reverence for a great but unequal model. In the scanty records which are left of the adolescent years in which Keats became a poet, a Sonnet on Spenser, the date of which I have not been able to trace, itself illustrates this view:—

Spenser ! a jealous honourer of thine,
 A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
 Did, last eve, ask my promise to refine
 Some English, that might strive thine ear to please.
 But, Elfin-poet ! 'tis impossible
 For an inhabitant of wintry earth
 To rise, like Phœbus, with a golden quill,
 Fire-winged, and make a morning in his mirth.
 It is impossible to 'scape from toil
 O' the sudden, and receive thy spiriting :
 The flower must drink the nature of the soil
 Before it can put forth its blossoming :
 Be with me in the summer days, and I
 Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.'—Vol. i. p. 10.

This seems, indeed, to have been the occasion of revealing to him his strong poetic tendencies ; and the study of Chaucer, which followed, exercised, we think, unquestionably, an almost equal influence on his poetical character. The very opening of the first poem in his little volume, published in 1817, is as true to Chaucer in its minute touches of natural scenery, as it is in its rhythm, and varied cadence :—

' I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
 The air was cooling, and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride,
 Pulled droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
 Their scanty leaved, and finely tapering stems,
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
 The clouds were pure, and white as flocks new shorn,
 And fresh, from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves.'

Indeed, the sonnet written at the end of Chaucer's sweetest, but, unfortunately, least-known poem, 'The Floure and the Lefe,' proves the depth of the young poet's worship of that bard, who first revelled amid the green beauty of English woodland scenery, and so heartily sang its praises.

We regret that so few memorials can be gathered of Keats's succeeding years. It would have been both interesting and instructive to trace the self-cultivation of the young poet, whose newly-found gift seems to have been an equal surprise to himself, and to his friends. The epistle addressed to his brother George, in 1816, in his first volume, shows that visions of future fame had already become familiar to him ; and, more

pleasant still,—for the reward was present,—he had tasted ‘the living pleasures of the bard ;’ and he goes on in a strain that reminds us of George Withers, to tell of the joy, the ‘ sudden glow—

‘ ——— when nought they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy ;’

and ‘ the relief from pain,—

‘ When some bright thought has darted through my brain,
Through all that day I’ve felt a greater pleasure,
Then if I’d brought to light some hidden treasure.’

In 1815, his apprenticeship terminated, and he removed to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. Here he was introduced by his friend, Mr. Cowden Clarke, to some literary friends, among whom was Leigh Hunt. To him, the young poet addressed a laudatory sonnet, on the day he left his prison, and from henceforth, Leigh Hunt’s house, and library, and heart, were open to him. In many respects, the friendship of Leigh Hunt was beneficial. A warm friend, and most kind-hearted man, Keats was in no danger, in *his* society, of imbibing that spirit of querulous misanthropy, which the genius and example of Byron had made fashionable. An earnest admirer, indeed worshipper, of our fine old poets, and distinguished, too, by much delicacy of taste and feeling—Leigh Hunt, by his sound criticism, as well as extensive reading in this department, was well qualified to aid an enthusiastic young poet in his studies. But then, alas! Leigh Hunt openly avowed an unlimited scepticism; and the young man of twenty, just afloat on the waves of life,—the earnest mind, just beginning, too, to feel those anxious thoughts, those importunate questionings, as to the great mystery of the world around him, and the greater mystery of himself,—was taught to look upon life as a mere passing show; and to fancy that, somehow or other, and somewhere or other, there might be an Elysium for ‘souls of poets, dead and gone,’ and that, perchance, the loud pæans of praise that would follow their memory, might echo even to their shadowy abode.

Keats was now, and probably for the first time in his life, in literary society. Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, and Mr. Ollier, a young poet, as well as bookseller, and ‘who, out of sheer admiration, offered to publish a volume of his productions,’ were among his intimate friends; and perhaps the happiest hours of his life were those when engaged in preparing ‘this little book, the beloved first-born of so great a genius, for the

press.' There is much in the poems here collected, to prove the unquestioned genius of the author ; but, ' beyond the circle of ardent friends and admirers, which comprised most of the most remarkable minds of the period, it had scarcely a purchaser.' The apathy of the public galled the irritable spirit of Keats. ' He attributed his want of success to the favourite scape-goat of unhappy authors, an inactive publisher, and incurred the additional affliction of a breach of his friendship with Mr. Ollier.' The poems, however, were not altogether published in vain ; they attracted the favourable notice of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, and led to their offering advantageous terms for a poem, which, it was understood, he was about to write. This was ' Endymion,' and that the subject was one over which the mind of the young poet had long brooded, is evident from the repeated allusions he makes in the first poem in his little volume, to this story :—

' Where had he been, from whose warm head outflow
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight, to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly winging
From out the middle air—
Ah ! surely he had burst our mortal bars,
Into some wondrous region had he gone
To search for thee, divine Endymion.'

* * * * *

Queen of the wide air ; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen !
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale does this sweet tale of thine !'

It was probably with a view to devote his undivided energies to his poem, that Keats wholly abandoned his ' uncongenial profession ;' and at the suggestion of Haydon, who perhaps felt a just anxiety for the welfare of a keenly-susceptible young man, lately introduced into the society of some literary, but very gay young persons, he quitted London, early in 1817, to nurse his health, and brace his powers, ' by undistracted study.' He settled first at Carisbrook ; and his letters from thence give us a vivid picture of the eagerness with which he pursued his task. ' I find I cannot live without poetry—without eternal poetry,' he says, in one of these. Indeed, his excitable imagination so acted upon him, that, in a subsequent letter, he says, ' I went

to the Isle of Wight, thought so much about poetry, so long together, that I could not get to sleep at night. By this means, in a week or so, I became not over capable in my upper stories, and set off, pell mell, for Margate; * * * another thing, I was too much in solitude, and obliged to be in continual burning of thought, as the only resource.' 'Endymion' was at length finished, in November, at Burford Bridge, and Keats returned and passed the winter of 1817-18, at Hampstead, 'gaily enough among his friends,' who now consisted of many who took a kind and judicious interest in his welfare, and some who led him into excesses, which, injurious to any one, must have been peculiarly so to a young man hereditarily predisposed to consumption, and of singular mental excitability:—

'His health does not seem to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which is the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments, unconscious how scanty a portion of vital strength had been allotted him; but a strictly regulated and abstinent life would have appeared to him pedantic and sentimental. He did not, however, to any serious extent, allow wine to usurp on his intellect, or games of chance to impair his means, for, in his letters to his brothers, he speaks of having drunk too much as a rare piece of joviality, and of having won £10 at cards as a great hit. His bodily vigour too must, at this time, have been considerable, as he signalled himself, at Hampstead, by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher, whom he saw beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders. Plain, manly, practical life on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination on the other, were the ideal of his existence: his poetry never weakened his action, and his simple, every-day habits never coarsened the beauty of the world within him.'—*Ib.* p. 74.

'A strictly regulated and abstinent life,' from earliest youth, did not, however, impede the genius of Milton in its upward flight; nor can we imagine that Wordsworth would have written finer poems had he, though even as 'a rare piece of joviality,' drank too much.

There is something very mournful to us in the anxious letters which Keats addresses to his publishers and friends, previous to the publication of his 'Endymion.' His wish to have his portrait prefixed, which Haydon 'would do with all his art and heart;' then the exulting remark to his brother, 'I have sent my first book to the press,' and that 'to my surprise, it was to be published in quarto;' and then his anxious corrections, and suggestions to his publisher, all prove how deeply he staked his fame on its success. Meanwhile he was not idle. Many of his sonnets, and those fine lines on Robin Hood—

‘No, those days are gone away,’

were written about this time. The sonnets of Keats are, indeed, very fine; that noble one on reading Chapman’s ‘Homer,’ is well known; the following in a different mood is full of sweet and graceful imagery:—

‘To one who has been long in city pent,
 ’Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer,
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart’s content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love, and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlets’ bright career;
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 E’en like the passage of an angel’s tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.’

In spring ‘Endymion’ was published, ‘inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton,’ and with a very characteristic preface, in which occurs the following deprecatory, but, as he feared, prophetic sentence. ‘It is just that this youngster should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling, I may be plotting and fitting myself for verses fit to live;’ and he concludes by mournfully expressing his hope, ‘that I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness.’

The reader is, doubtless, well aware of the torrent of ridicule with which the critics, especially of ‘Blackwood’s’ and the ‘Quarterly,’ assailed this wild but beautiful poem. It could not have been from mere blindness to its merits, for the very opening line, a line now among our most popular quotations, and by many who quote it assigned to Wordsworth,—

‘A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’

stamped it with the true imprimatur of genius; but it was as the friend of Leigh Hunt and Shelley, that Keats was attacked with malignant personality, and told by those very men who exulted that Burns had left the spade and the plough, to ‘go back to his gallipots!’

A wild and bewildering, and most unequal poem is this ‘Endymion;’ but, then, there are passages in it scarcely to be

excelled by some of our greatest poets. The opening is very fine :—

' A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days—
 * * * * * Yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits.'

Very fine this too, how 'Cynthia—

' ——— Unobserved steals unto her throne,
 And there she sits most meek, and most alone ;
 As if she had not pomp subservient ;
 As if thine eye, high Poet ! was not bent
 Towards her with the Muses in thine heart ;
 As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
 Waiting for silver footed messages.
 O moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees,
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in :
 O moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier din,
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
 Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
 Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine :
 Innumerable mountains swell and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ;
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken.
 * * * * * The mighty deep,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea,
 O moon ! far spreading ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.'

The pictorial power of Keats in this poem is wonderful. The bower of Adonis, with its 'serene Cupids watching silently,' its mingled flowers clustering round him, and the 'four lily stalks' twining to make him a coronal, resembles a subject by Titian. So does the description of the wild revellers, bounding down from 'the light blue hills, crowned with green leaves, and faces

all on flame,' with the Nymphs and Satyrs dancing around the car of Bacchus.

And then in different style, how majestic a picture is this!—

'Forth from a rugged arch in the dust below,
Came mother Cybele! alone,—alone,—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death pale,
With turrets crowned. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed jaws,
Their surly eyes brow hidden; heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
The shadowy queen athwart.'

The chief fault of 'Endymion' is the want of human interest, its undramatic character; so that the Carian shepherd, and his goddess love, his sister Peona, and the various mythological personages that take part, pass before us like beautiful pictures, which we admire, but feel no sympathy with. Of the two golden keys, which Gray in his fine ode represents Nature giving to the true poet, Keats received, indeed, the one which unlocked to him all the treasures of imagination, but that which —

'Oped the sacred source of sympathetic tears,'

was denied him. This is even more apparent in his subsequent poems. 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil,' for instance, which he set about soon after 'Endymion' went to press, is certainly far inferior to his earlier productions, and the reason may easily be found in the character of the story, which depends for all its interest—like many more of Boccaccio's stories—upon the simple pathos with which it is told.

After the publication of 'Endymion,' Keats set off with his friend Mr. Brown on a pedestrian tour to the Lakes, and into Scotland and its islands. The narrative of this journey is given with much spirit, in his letters to his friends. As might be expected, the Isle of Staffa, and Fingal's Cave, delighted the excitable poet beyond all the mere common wonders of hill, dale, or mountain. Here is part of a poem, scribbled at the conclusion of a letter to his brother, improvised indeed. It is worthy transcription, as a specimen of his singular ease and terseness of versification, as well as a proof of how, in addition to his earlier favourites, he dwelt upon Milton's minor poems:—

'Not Aladdin magian
Ever such a work began;
Not the wizard of the Dee
Ever such a dream could see;

Not St. John, in Patmos' isle,
 In the passion of his toil,
 When he saw the churches seven,
 Golden aisled, built up in heaven,
 Gazed at such a rugged wonder!—
 As I stood its roofing under,
 Lo! I saw one sleeping there,
 On the marble cold and bare;
 While the surges washed his feet,
 And his garments white did beat
 Drenched about the sombre rocks;
 On his neck his well-grown locks,
 Lifted dry above the main,
 Were upon the curl again.
 'What is this? and what art thou?'
 Whispered I, and touch'd his brow;
 'What art thou? and what is this?'
 Whispered I, and strove to kiss
 The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes;
 Up he started in a trice:
 'I am Lycidas,' said he,
 'Famed in funeral minstrelsy!
 This was architected thus
 By the great Oceanus!—
 Here his mighty waters play
 Hollow organs all the day;
 Here, by turns, his dolphins all,
 Finny palmers, great and small,
 Come to pay devotion due.'—*Ib.* p. 186.

The gloom arising from the sceptical thoughts in which unhappily he indulged, is again and again evident in his letters and his poetry. On the summit of Mount Nevis, while a cloud enveloped him, which, as it slowly wafted away, showed the tremendous precipice at his feet, he wrote a fine sonnet complaining that—

'——— Just so much I wist,
 Mankind do know of hell; I look o'er head,
 And there is sullen mist—even so much
 Mankind can tell of heaven; mist is spread
 Before the earth, beneath me—even such,
 Even so vague is man's sight of himself!'

Alas! that, unlike his worshipped Milton, he did not seek to the only oracle that could give the true answer!

From a letter noticing 'Blackwood's' attack upon Hunt and himself, it certainly does not appear, that Keats sunk into hopeless despondency under the critic's lash, as has generally been supposed; on the contrary, he remarks, 'If he should go such

lengths with me, as he has done with Hunt, I must infallibly call him to account, if he be a human being, and appears in squares and theatres.' In another letter, addressed to Mr. Hessey, after the appearance of the contemptuous critique in the 'Quarterly,' he thus spiritedly expresses himself:—

'As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what 'Blackwood' or the 'Quarterly' could inflict: and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. I will write independently. I have written independently, *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment*, hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.'—*Ib.* p. 214.

Soon after, the death of his youngest brother, of the same complaint that ere long proved fatal to himself, increased his melancholy, which probably had its original from over excitement. His letters, now, are full of the praises of solitude, of his unwillingness to go into company; 'where I am a child, where they do not know me, even my most intimate acquaintance.' As we read these remarks, Keats—with his large forehead, and light hair parted on either side, gazing so abstractedly, but so mournfully, on the gaily dressed company—came before our eyes, vividly, as though it had been but yesterday, when we saw him in the midst of a large party, 'sitting,' as the lady of the house remarked, 'just as if he were a hundred miles off,' to her great vexation; and, though she probably thought poets ought never to open their mouths save in rhyme, and, like singing birds, keep them open almost incessantly—saying nothing! Well do we recollect looking at him as a sort of wonder, a real live poet; little expecting that in after years we should be acquainted with so many of his friends, and with writers to whom he looked up with homage. Still the sorrowful expression of the poet's countenance dwelt mournfully on our young memory, for the poet, to the child's mind, is a bright and a joyous being. And ought he not to be so? For the yes, we must turn to our religious poets—Spenser, Milton, and George Withers beguiling his harsh imprisonment with

songs, sweet as those of the caged lark ; for the no, alas ! to Byron and Shelley, and poor Keats.

During the winter of 1818-19, the importance of study, of close and continued study, was greatly felt by Keats ; and happily for his already failing health, he passed his time in comparative retirement. Hitherto, unlike the generality of young poets, he had been strangely unsusceptible of female attractions. The time, however, now arrived, when with all the vehemence of his character he formed an attachment to a lady, which, although reciprocal, gave him, perhaps, as much sorrow as if it been unreturned. He possessed some private property, yet it was too small to allow him to depend merely on it, and the precarious rewards of a poet ; he therefore, sought earnestly for farther literary occupation, and seems to have hoped both fame and emolument as a dramatist ; at the same time, 'turning it in my head,' he says. 'whether I should go to Edinburgh and study for a physician.' In the summer, Keats, in company with his friend Brown, went to the Isle of Wight, to compose a joint tragedy, Mr. Brown sketching the incidents, and Keats 'translating them into his rich and ready language.' The reader need scarcely be told that the plan was a complete failure ; the drama is appended to the 'Life and Remains,' and its inferiority to the most hasty of Keats's unassisted productions is striking.

His unfitness for dramatic composition was, probably, now evident, and he turned his attention to writing for periodicals ; not without much unwillingness, and a feeling similar to that of his friend, poor Haydon, when asked to paint portraits. 'I am determined to spin homespun anything for sale. Yea, I will traffic anything but mortgage my brain for Blackwood,' he says in a letter to his kind and most judicious friend, Mr. Dilke. We think that able critic must have smiled at the following :—'I am confident I shall be able to cheat as well as any literary Jew, and shine up an article on anything without much knowledge of the subject ; aye, like an orange.' The future editor of the 'Athenæum,' however, well knew that such superficial knowledge as poor Keats possessed would not be long available, even if he 'settled down quietly to fag as others do.' It is amusing, although melancholy, to observe in this correspondence, how, again and again, Keats apologizes for the mere thought of writing in periodicals. 'I shall not suffer my pride to hinder me'—'one must not be delicate ;' and yet, was it so great degradation for John Keats to do what Jeffrey, and Southey, and Sydney Smith, had long done ? what his own friends, Hunt, Dilke, and Hazlitt, were t that moment doing ?

But the time was at hand when all his plans were to be overthrown. During the winter of 1820:—

‘One night, about eleven o’clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him, one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered, but added, ‘I don’t feel it now.’ He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed and said, ‘That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood.’ He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend’s face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, ‘I know the colour of that blood,—it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death-warrant. I must die.’—Vol. ii. p. 53.

The immediate symptoms soon yielded to medical skill, and the kind attentions of his friends, especially of Mr. and Mrs. Dilke, aided greatly his recovery. The acceptance by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey of another volume of poems, farther cheered the mind of poor Keats, and as spring advanced, he again turned to his future prospects. ‘My mind has been at work all over the world, to find out what to do. I have my choice of three things, or at least of two—South America, or surgeon to an Indianman; which last I think will be my fate,’ he says, in one of his letters to Mr. Dilke. Soon afterwards, a relapse prevented farther prosecution of his plan, and it was determined, as the only chance of life, that he should pass the winter in Italy. During the whole summer his excitement was so great as seriously to retard his recovery. He speaks of the mere effort of writing a note as suffocating, and that his journey to Italy ‘wakes me at daylight every morning, and haunts me horribly.’

The publication of his little book seems to have afforded him scarcely any gratification, although ‘*Lamia*,’ and ‘*The Eve of St. Agnes*,’ received much praise, even from critics who had severely censured ‘*Endymion*.’ ‘*Lamia*,’ although distinguished by careful versification, and much beauty of description, is a tale which, to be told effectively, requires much pathos; and of this, as we have before remarked, Keats possessed little. The human being condemned to the serpent form; the woman’s heart beating beneath the scaly covering, and asking so importunately for release; the dis-enchantment; the joyful meeting with her lover; the marriage-day; and, then, the fatal encounter with the stern philosopher; his deadly glance, and his whispered word, that thrusts her back again to her hateful prison, and causes all the gay preparations to vanish away; what a tale would this have been for Elizabeth Barrett Browning!

In 'St. Agnes Eve' Keats is more on his own ground,—description. Here is the opening :—

' St. Agnes Eve—ah bitter chill it was !
 The owl, for all his feathers was a cold ;
 The hare limped trembling through the frosted grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven.'

And then the description of the maiden, and her silent anxieties :—

' As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart stifled in her dell.'

And the gorgeous ' casement high and triple arched,' that forms the back ground of the picture, with its splendid dyes 'and twilight saints, and dim emblazonings :—

' Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
 Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her head a glory like a saint :
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven.'

The splendid fragment, ' Hyperion,' was among the last of Keats's compositions; the time now drew near when he was for ever to lay down his pen. In the autumn, in company with his kind young friend, Mr. Severn, the well-known artist, who most disinterestedly offered to accompany him, sick in body, but more sick in mind, Keats set sail for Naples. On his arrival there, he addressed a most painful letter to his old friend, Mr. Brown, with this heart-broken conclusion :—

' I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers !—then I might hope,—but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all ! '—*Ib.* p. 78.

He soon hurried from Naples to Rome, still suffering by a most strange and melancholy fate, the deepest depression of spirits, although dying of a complaint, characterized beyond every other by buoyancy of feeling. The accounts given by Severn are truly mournful:—

'Dec. 17th, 4 A.M.—Not a moment can I be from him. I sit by his bed and read all day, and at night I humour him in all his wanderings. He has just fallen asleep, the first sleep for eight nights, and now from mere exhaustion. I hope he will not awake till I have written, for I am anxious you should know the truth; yet I dare not let him see I think his state dangerous. On the morning of this attack he was going on in good spirits, quite merrily, when, in an instant, a cough seized him, and he vomited two cupfulls of blood. In a moment I got Dr. Clark, who took eight ounces of blood from his arm—it was black and thick. Keats was much alarmed and dejected. What a sorrowful day I had with him! He rushed out of bed and said, 'This day shall be my last;' and but for me most certainly it would. The blood broke forth in similar quantity the next morning, and he was bled again. I was afterwards so fortunate as to talk him into a little calmness, and he soon became quite patient. Now the blood has come up in coughing five times. Not a single thing will he digest, yet he keeps on craving for food. Every day he raves he will die from hunger, and I've been obliged to give him more than was allowed. His imagination and memory present every thought to him in horror; the recollection of 'his good friend Brown,' of 'his four happy weeks spent under *her* care,' of his sister and brother. O! he will mourn over all to me whilst I cool his burning forehead, till I tremble for his intellects. How can he be 'Keats' again after all this? Yet I may see it too gloomily, since each coming night I sit up adds its dismal contents to my mind.'—*Ib.* p. 85.

To the kindness of Dr.—now Sir James—Clark, and the more than sisterly attentions of Mr. Severn, poor Keats owed the lengthening out of a life which, we may hope, was prolonged in mercy; but the details are most painful. The beautiful disinterestedness of the poor young artist, watching over the death-bed of his friend, is touching:—

'Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place: and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more! But, above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed, and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness.

'If I could leave Keats every day for a time I could soon raise money by my painting, but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear

the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. You see my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off, unless I send a picture by the spring. I have written to Sir T. Lawrence. I have got a volume of Jeremy Taylor's works, which Keats has heard me read to-night. This is a treasure indeed, and came when I should have thought it hopeless. Why may not other good things come? I will keep myself up with such hopes.'—*Ib.* p. 88.

The volume of Jeremy Taylor's works must, indeed, have been a boon to the imaginative, but dying poet, who might probably have turned away from addresses of equal power, but less distinguished by rich and gorgeous eloquence. Another month passed away. The kindness of their friends in England swiftly relieved them from pecuniary embarrassments, but the mental wretchedness of Keats remained almost the same. It was then that he requested Severn to inscribe on his grave, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' A letter from the lady on whom his mind dwelt so anxiously, came; but 'a glance at it tore him to pieces;' he would not read it, but requested it to be placed in his coffin, with another, from his sister, and a purse. After most severe suffering in body and mind, 'opening his eyes in great doubt and horror,' but closing them peacefully when they fell upon Severn keeping patient watch beside him, on the 23rd of February, the last struggle came on, and he gradually sunk into death. Thus closed the life of John Keats, at the early age of little more than twenty-five years. Just after his death, Mr. Severn received a letter from Leigh Hunt, a portion of which is worth extracting, as a specimen of the 'cold consolation' which a most attached friend with sceptical principles could offer to a dying poet, agonized in body and mind. After expressing hopes of his recovery, he goes on:—

'If he cannot bear this, tell him—tell that great poet and noble-hearted man—that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Or if this again will trouble his spirit, tell him we shall never cease to remember and love him, and, that the most sceptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think that all who are of one accord in mind and heart, are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somehow or other again, face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else; or, whether you tell him the latter or no, tell him the former, and add that we shall never forget he was so, and that we are coming after him.'—*Ib.* p. 96.

Alas! 'the faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads,' was altogether unavailing in the case of poor Keats.

We have thus gone over at some length, the circumstances of this young poet's death, since, as religion has been often reproached for surrounding the death-bed of Cowper with horrors, it is important to show that Keats, without one religious impression—until, as we earnestly hope, just at the last,—could lie a prey to agonizing thoughts, not so lengthened out, yet more fierce than Cowper's. These, it may be said, arose from disappointment; but, although disappointed, still, Keats, as to his worldly prospects, was never *irretrievably* disappointed. His lot had never been, like Johnson's, or Goldsmith's, an actual struggle for bread; he had never, like Milton, 'fallen on evil tongues and evil days;' nor, like Byron, and many a kindred poet, had he been disappointed in his first love. Emolument, either literary or otherwise, awaited him, though distantly, and the lady to whom he was attached, never withdrew her preference. It was patience, 'patient on waiting,' that alone was required. But the feverish mind that busied itself with passionate questionings as to the evil around us, could not calmly await the reward which, though distant, was sure. And this, we think, is 'the moral of the tale;' for, while we agree with Mr. Milnes, that the poetic faculty did much in the case before us, as it unquestionably did also in the case of Cowper, to 'sustain in vigour and delight a temperament naturally melancholy,' still, it had no power to dissipate the gloom of adverse circumstances, still less of a death-bed.

As to the place which Keats claims among our poets, we should assign him one only below our first. His descriptive powers are wonderful; and, to the imaginative artist, his works are a treasure. Mr. Milnes speaks of Keats's want of moral purpose; this we are inclined to consider partly as owing to his strong sympathy with the external, and partly to his wavering scepticism. Unlike Byron, whose fierce and scoffing spirit tracks, Mephistopheles-like, his every path, and whose loose morality forms the ground-work of every tale; unlike Shelley, who seems to have felt it a solemn duty to stand forth as the high-priest of doubt; Keats conceals, especially in his chief poems, the sceptical views to which, in his letters, he gives utterance, and seems to turn to poetry as an actual relief. Happily, if deficient in high purpose, his poems offer little that is exceptionable; and when we remember that he may almost be considered as poet-father to some of our later poets,—to Tennyson, and, we think, to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, we feel some debt of gratitude is his due. Wonderful poems are these! all written before the poet had completed his twenty-fifth year, so rich, so abundant in imagery, so magnificent in diction. Like his nymphs sacrificing to Pan, he has given us a heaped-

up basket of finest flowers, exquisite in form, in scent, in colour; but, alas! there is no fruit. He has taken us into a fairy land, bright, and lovely as the gardens of Hesperus, or the bowers of Armida, and we wander on—in joyous mood, well pleased; but in more solemn mood, not without a sigh, that all these pleasant paths should lead to nothing,—that all this affluence of genius should have been purposeless and vain.

ART. III. — *Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers — Daily Scripture Readings.* In 3 vols. 8vo.

WE resume, as we promised, the notice of Dr. Chalmers's posthumous publications. These volumes were produced under circumstances peculiarly calculated to excite interest. They are not only the thoughts of a mind, powerful and full of vivacity, but of that mind disciplined to various inquiry, and in its maturest state. Nor were these pages written merely at a period of great intellectual vigour, and ripeness of religious experience; they were composed more as helps to private reflection, than for the public eye. They have, accordingly, the charm and the force of unbiassed expressions of sentiment and feeling. We see the real workings of the inner man, and get at the first and purest reflection of a mind spiritually illuminated. Not that they are the most splendid of the author's productions; far from it; but they are impressive and valuable, being carefully written, and very closely scriptural. 'He used the pen,' says Dr. Hanna, in his preface, 'in this instance, for his own private use alone. Seeking to bring his mind into as close and full contact as possible with the passage of the Bible, which was before him at the time, he recorded the thoughts suggested, the moral or emotional effects produced—that these thoughts might the less readily slip out of his memory, that these effects might be more pervading and more permanent. His great desire was to take off from the sacred page as quick, as fresh, as vivid, and as complete an impression as he could—and in using his pen to aid in this, his object was far more to secure thereby a faithful transcript of that impression, than either critically to examine or minutely to describe the mould that made it. His own description of these *'Horse Biblicæ*

Quotidianæ' was, that they consisted of his first and readiest thoughts, and he clothed these thoughts in what, to him, at least, were the first and readiest words. Traces of his own peculiar phraseology do constantly occur, and yet in such a form as to demonstrate of that phraseology, that it was as capable of condensation as of expansion—that it could be brief and aphoristic, or ample and many-volumed, as the time or the object might require. And yet, though as to thought and expression of such instant, and easy, and natural growth, we have here the mature fruits of a whole life-time's study of the Divine oracles, conducted by one who tells us more than once, that the verse in all the Bible most descriptive of his own experience, is the utterance of David, 'My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments, at all times.'

It is not, however, the exclusive prerogative of genius to be able to instruct by this means. Truth is susceptible of illustration from such a variety of points, and is so inexhaustible by the researches of every individual mind, that almost any one, even of the commonest understanding, would he take the pains to record his independent impressions, might be an instructor to others; at least, he might be, and this is no mean consideration, an instructor to himself. We do not peruse the same chapter of Holy Writ, nor, indeed, the same verse or phrase, always with the same sense of its meaning and importance. At one time, we see it in one light, at another, in a different aspect; taking diverse views of the significance or bearing of particular passages and, moreover we have, at different times, our predilections for one course of reflection rather than another,—choosing to pursue the prophetic, historical, argumentative, experimental, or the general subject of the writer, and the application of it to these or any of its practical intentions or possible combinations.

Now, if every person, or if a great number of persons, were to adopt the method pursued by Dr. Chalmers, of committing to writing his first as well as his more deliberate thoughts on the passages of scripture read from time to time, is it not certain that a vast amount of valuable materials might be collected for future reflection, and for future mental enjoyment? Who would not be specially interested in looking back upon his own states of mind, and his own impressions of biblical subjects, as they were presented, from the period of his earliest reading of the word of God, and then through the successive stages of his life? The fervour and the peculiarity of his primitive ideas might thus be made usefully to intermingle with his after judgment and feelings, and while many things would be corrected, other conceptions would be justified, and sentiments essential

to truth and well tried character secure a firmer hold upon the heart.

It must be observed that these should be his *own* thoughts, not the gathered opinions of others, or the views of commentators. Writers of this description are, indeed, highly valuable, and ought to be treated with all due respect; nay, even the most gifted and acute inquirer after truth will sometimes find them materially serviceable, for they furnish the communications of the studious, the learned, and the experienced. But it is to be deplored, that they too seldom manifest the character of independent thinkers; walking after each other in the train of their lucubrations, and giving a sense, or an illustration, already given, instead of meeting difficulties, tracing out beauties, or digging for themselves, into the ore of wisdom.

The unbiassed feelings, the fresh thoughts, of almost any mind, we should be glad to see—more especially those of such a man as the author of these volumes, who must have found it both pleasant and profitable to write and review them, fortunately not for himself alone, but now by their publication for the benefit of coming generations. They are recommended by their brevity, their truth, and their comprehensiveness. They possess, to a great degree, the *vis vivida* of the writer, and we rejoice to see so glowing a spirit coming into contact with truth as its kindred element, and ever receiving and imparting its glory.

After many things have been written, and written foolishly, on the subject of the serpent, as mentioned in the beginning of Genesis, it is refreshing to see the simple and humble-minded piety of a man like Chalmers breathing forth in such a statement as the following:—

‘Gen. iii. 1—13. The serpent was actuated by Satan, as is evident from other scriptures. That is a very lax theology which disowns, and still more which derides the doctrine of this evil spirit, and of his mischievous agency in the hearts of man. I feel as if it gave an additional security to my salvation, and inspired additional confidence in Him who is the author of it; when I view his work as a warfare, and the success of it as his victory over him whose works he came to destroy. It seems all the more to identify my safety with his honour; and never, never will he give power or reason for the great adversary to say, ‘There is a poor sinner, who, misled by the assurances of your gospel, trusted himself to you, and you have disappointed and deceived him.’ Let me not be afraid, then, but only believe; and let this view not only confirm my faith, but animate my practice. Let me enter into the spirit of the warfare; and, in the name of Christ my captain, let me resist the devil, and he will flee from me.

‘The interposal of the devil at this point in the history of the world

is, of itself, a wondrous evolution, and affords a glimpse of the relationship which obtains between our earth, and the distant powers or places of our universe.'

Other brief expositions are also admirable ; as—

'Genesis xviii, 1—9. There is an exceedingly picturesque and graphical interest in this narrative ; and I feel the highest value for it, as an exhibition of the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times. There is something particularly graceful and imposing in the politeness of Abraham ; and I can now better understand the fitness of sacred biography, as abounding in the exemplars of all that is good and great in the character of man. One likes the exuberant and affectionate hospitality of the good old man ; and the very material of which it was made up, enters most fitly and beautifully into the description of the whole scene. I do not know if it has ever been made the subject of a painting, but surely there is enough of the visible and the local to furnish the artist with objects for an impressive representation : the tent door, the tree, Abraham and Sarah, the three strangers, the servant, and the food which was dressed and set before them. Let me not hide myself as heretofore from my own flesh. Let me remember that hospitality, even to the unknown, thus exemplified in the Old, is expressly enjoined in the New Testament, and under the warrant, too, of the example recorded in the earlier scriptures—' For thereby some have entertained angels, unawares.' I have much to learn, and much to unlearn, ere I attain the perfection of the second law.

' I figure the great deference of Abraham for these unknown personages, in his standing by them while they ate, as if officiating in the character of their servant. Connect this with their being unknown, with his being unaware of their dignity ; and we see in this trait an exhibition of the virtue—to honour all men.'

The third volume comprises the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. It has occurred to us, that if Dr. Chalmers fails at all, it is on those passages which are generally most familiar and beautiful : he finely brings out, by occasional and vivid touches, the less observed parts of sacred writ. There are, however, exceptions to this remark ; of which, but for the want of space, we should have introduced some interesting exemplifications. As it is, we retire for the present from our pleasing task ; commending these volumes to our readers, and the life of the departed author to their study and imitation.

ART. IV.—*History of the Jesuits, from the Foundation of their Society, to its Suppression by Pope Clement XIV.; their Missions throughout the world; their Educational System and Literature; with their Revival and Present State.* By Andrew Steinmetz. 3 Vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

AT the time when Charles v. of Germany resigned his imperial office, the principles of the Reformation had spread, not only throughout Germany, Switzerland, and Prussia, but had established themselves in the Scandinavian empires. In Britain, the Reformation had been suppressed, for a time, by persecution and the grossest acts of tyranny; but it speedily rose with renewed vigour, and was more triumphant than ever. Protestantism had also penetrated into the Netherlands, and taken root in France, Hungary, and Poland. Less noisy, and although suppressed at a subsequent period, still not the less important was its progress in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. In short, the Romish Church, shaken to the foundation, was at that period menaced on all hands with destruction. She, therefore, put in motion all her energies, partly for her own preservation, and partly to combat the mighty adversary by whom she was assailed.

Nothing promoted her object and general interests in so high a degree, as the order of Jesuits, which had just then sprung into life, the founder of which was Don *Inigo*, or *Ignatius Loyola*, a Spaniard of noble extraction. The history of the Jesuits, therefore, is closely connected with the history of the Reformation, and yet both are distinct from each other. In the history of the Reformation we perceive a gradual but steady regeneration of the human mind; a liberation from those fetters under the weight of which it had groaned for ages. The whole is a picture of a religious and social transformation for the better, according to the dictates of a wise providence. In the history of the Jesuits, on the other hand, we see a strong, and not always unsuccessful attempt, to bring back that spirit to its former state of thralldom. The whole, in fact, is a record of the prostitution and relapse of that once liberated spirit into its former state of inanity. We no longer behold the noble struggle of light with darkness, truth with error, which distinguished the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries; on the contrary, the whole is one broad mass of darkness, uninterrupted by the smallest ray of light. It is a conflict of powers as well as of parties, while the main-spring is private interest, selfishness, and impure sen-

timents. Hence, while the history of the Reformation claims the attention of every lover of truth, the history of the Jesuits is a warning to all who have tasted the bliss of mental freedom, and have at heart the cause of truth, and the eternal well-being of their fellow men.

Few in modern times, have contributed more towards a right understanding of the character of the Jesuits, their institutions, habits, and system of education, than the author of the volumes before us. Much of what the world has recently learned concerning them, is due to him. He has devoted to this subject, not only the best moments of his life, but has spent a considerable amount of money in its service. It has seldom, therefore, fallen to our lot to notice a work in which learning, research, a deep interest, eloquence, and above all, the greatest impartiality, have been so happily blended as in the *History of the Jesuits*. In order that the reader may form a correct idea of the merits of the work, we propose to inquire into the origin, history, and character, of the order therein treated of, and into the motive its founder had for instituting it, following our author as closely and as much as circumstances will admit.

The founder of the order of Jesuits was *Ignatius Loyola*, whose birth is supposed to have taken place in the year 1491. A native of the Spanish province Guipuscoa, he was the scion of Don Bertram of Loyola, a Hidalgo, or nobleman, whose main wealth consisted in a large number of children. Having left the paternal roof at the age of sixteen, young Ignatius tried his fortune as a page at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and at a subsequent period, as a soldier in the service of the Duke of Najara, where he was distinguished for his deportment, and fine athletic figure.

'The last military achievement of Ignatius,' our author says, 'strikingly displays the leading features of his character. In the year 1521, Francis I., king of France, sent a large army into Navarre, under the command of Andrew de Foix. The province of Guipuscoa was ravaged; the invading forces laid siege to Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre. A Spanish officer in the garrison endeavoured in vain to inspire the troops with valour, to resist the invaders; they would capitulate. The panic spread; the officer left these cowards, and retired into the citadel, attended by a single soldier. A parley in the citadel was offered and accepted eagerly by that officer, determined to 'improve the opportunity.' The severe terms of surrender were proposed—the base compromise was about to be made, when he seized the moment, and launched into furious invectives against the French. The conference broke up. 'To arms!' resounded on all sides. 'Look to your fortress!' Sword in hand, the warrior leads his band (now forced to fight) to the gaping breach:

Hand to hand, foot to foot; the struggle is for victory or death! But fortune or providence decides the day; the hero of the fight falls, desperately wounded. The hero of the fight is **IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA**. The splinter of a stone struck his left leg, and a cannon-ball broke his right. His troop surrendered at discretion, and the victors, in admiration of his courage, bore Ignatius to the quarters of their general, where he received every attention so justly due to the hero. As soon as he could be removed with safety, he was carried to the castle of Loyola, at a short distance from Pampeluna. His surgeons were now persuaded that it was necessary to break the bones anew, in order to replace them into their natural position, having been badly set, or jolted out of place by the movement of the journey. Ignatius submitted to the operation without a groan. The result was nearly fatal. A violent fever ensued: he was given over by his medical attendants.'—Vol. i. p. 184.

Not content with this evidence of courage, he suffered with the same heroism the sawing off of a bony excrescence, which had formed below the knee; and when the right leg threatened to become too short, he submitted to the painful operation of having his limb stretched by a machine of iron.

In order to relieve his weary hours while confined to his bed, he asked for a book:—

'He wanted a romance—some work of chivalry. There was none at hand. They brought him the life of Christ, and the Lives of the Saints, instead. The latter, very naturally, fixed his attention, so full of adventure, strange and windmill achievements. He read, and pondered as he read, and then his musing struck off a bright idea. 'What if I were to do what St. Francis did? What St. Dominic achieved?'—Ibid p. 188.

His relations observed with alarm the change which these books produced in his mind; and vainly endeavoured to divert him from the thoughts they awakened. His resolution however was firm; and as soon as the state of his leg permitted, he set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The money he obtained from his eldest brother for the journey, he bestowed on the poor, and was obliged in consequence to proceed on foot to the city of Barcelona. On his way thither, like *Cid*, or *Amadis de Gaul*, he took the vow of everlasting chastity, in the chapel of our lady of Montserrat, (a Benedictine Monastery not far from Barcelona) 'in order to render himself agreeable to the eyes of the virgin before whom he was about to appear,' and 'to ratify the grace which he had received in the apparition.'

In the monastery—

'He found a holy father, a Frenchman, a man of great austerity and devotion, whose duty it was to shrive the pilgrims. He had the

pleasure of listening to the darksome catalogue of the Caballero's transgressions, which required three days for the transfer, not without many interruptions by bitter groans and similar tears. After his confession, he gave his rich garments to a beggar, and being stripped to the shirt, he donned the accoutrements of the new order of knighthood which he was founding, in great jubilation of heart, devoutly kissing the penitential sack a thousand times, girding his loins, hanging his gourd at his side, and pilgrim-staff in hand, he passed the live-long night before his lady's altar, alternately kneeling and standing, but always praying, whilst he spent the indispensable 'Vigil at Arms,' as the paladins called it, according to the usages of ancient chivalry,—being now after his own invention, *the new Amadis of Gaul.* At the break of day he hung up his sword and dagger on a pillar near the virgin's altar, as a standing memento of his election, and in such exultation as may be conceived but not expressed, he set off, with bristling resolves, to Manreza.'—Ib. p. 201.

He travelled from village to village, dependent on the alms of others, until he arrived at his destination, where he went to lodge at the hospital, feeling 'an excess of satisfaction, at seeing himself in the number of beggars, its inmates.'

'To conform himself to their manner of life,' says our historian, 'he begged his bread from door to door and that no one might be able to discover his quality by a certain air, which persons well-born preserve even in rags, he studied the gross manners of those with whom he lived at the hospital, and forced himself not only to imitate them, but even to improve upon what he had remarked most loathsome in them. He succeeded in this attempt to a miracle. His filthy hair hung in disorder, and concealed one-half of his face; his beard as long, as much neglected, and as filthy as his hair, covered the other half; this with his nails, which he suffered to grow to a frightful length, so much disguised him, that he had rather the appearance of a bear, than a human creature. He was, indeed, so frightful, and so ridiculous at the same time, that when he appeared, the children would point him out to each other, and follow him through the streets with loud outcries: the women, of whom he asked charity, took flight, scared at his horrible figure; the gay made him their jest, and the grave were of opinion that he ought to be sent to a mad-house. He suffered all their insults with marvellous patience, and even affected to be more stupid than he really was, that he might excite more wonder, and have more occasions of mortifying those emotions of pride and self-love, which had not yet ceased to intrude amidst these strange follies. He fasted every day on bread and water, except Sunday, when he eat a few herbs, boiled and mixed with ashes. He girded his loins with an iron chain, wore under his coarse gown a rough hair-cloth, and in imitation of St. Dominic, gave himself the discipline or lash three times a day; and when he went to the church of our lady at Villwedodis, at some distance, he encircled himself with a wreath of rough and prickly briars, to tear and transfix his flesh.'—Ib. p. 210.

At the hospital, Ignatius made himself 'generally useful.' He sought out the most irritable and loathsome patients, and performed for them the most disgusting offices. Besides these services, he spent seven hours every day in prayer; and though he had learnt nothing but vocal prayer, he would pray mentally, without uttering a word, and remain for hours immoveable. At the expiration of a few months, it was rumoured abroad, that the 'unknown,' whom all the world laughed at, was a man of quality doing penance, and who, to conceal his rank, had stripped himself of his costly raiments, and exchanged them for the poor man's garb. The consequence was, that the holy man 'decamped' from the hospital. The place which Ignatius fixed upon, we are told, was a cavern at the foot of a hill, cut in the rock, dark, and fashioned like a tomb. Had it been designed by him, it could not have suited him better. Rough, and splintered was the approach; every bruise—every gash he received, was a merit. Briars and thorns blocked up the entrance. He had torn himself through them, and exulted in the pain. On all sides a dismal wilderness insured him freedom from intrusion, excepting that of the devil, by whom he thought himself pursued. He here spent his time in prayer, and self-inflictions. He continued whole days without nourishment, and when his strength failed, he eat some bitter roots which he found near his cavern, or a piece of the musty bread which he had taken from the hospital. Thus tormented, his bodily strength gave way, while pains of every description took its place, and sudden faintings very frequently deprived him of his senses. In this condition, almost lifeless, he was found at the entrance of his cavern, by some persons who had gone in search of him. A little nourishment having restored him from his swoon, he was carried back to the hospital of Manreza. He now became the prey of a deeply rooted disease, through which he saw, or thought he saw the strangest visions, and of which he boasted as of divine revelations. He once had a rapture of eight days' duration, which nearly cost him his life, inasmuch as the people who surrounded him were less favoured with visions, and ignorant of their nature, were on the point of burying him alive, when he was saved from a premature grave, by suddenly opening his eyes, and exclaiming, 'Ah! Jesus!' He once was elevated in spirit; and while in that state, saw a figure representing the most holy Trinity. Indeed, he is asserted to have received no less than thirty visits from Christ and the Virgin. In the meantime, his mode of life consumed and emaciated his frame. All this awakened the attention of the inhabitants of Manreza, who took a lively interest in him, and with much kindness, attended him during his

illness, and induced him to be less severe in his bodily afflictions.

From Manreza he departed in the beginning of 1523. Taking Italy on his route, the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, gave him a free passage thither, although Ignatius had to beg for the necessary provisions for his journey. Arrived at Gaeta, he remained there a short time, and then set out for Rome, notwithstanding his constant fear of death from starvation, (for the pestilence raging at that time throughout Italy, the inhabitants locked themselves up within their dwelling-places), kissed the toe of Pope Adrian VI.; and went forthwith to Venice. His deep set flashing eyes, and his wasted frame, made men regard him as the very image of the pestilence. Repelled by every one, and exhausted with fatigue, he arrived at Venice, and went on board a vessel ready to sail. During the voyage he preached to the sailors, reproving their profanity with a zeal, which was disturbed neither by their sneers nor their menaces. Arrived at Palestine, he commenced his pilgrimage to Jerusalem on foot. Tears of joy ran down his emaciated cheeks, on beholding it. He did not leave the place of the sufferings, death and burial, of the Redeemer, for several days; and as often as he knelt to pray, he kissed the holy ground. Unhappily his delight was short-lived. For having communicated to the provincial of the Franciscan friars at Jerusalem, his project of converting the Turks, that provincial declared against it. Loyola still persisted in his design, but was soon compelled to return to Europe. In this manner he arrived once more in Italy, and having made a tedious journey on foot from Venice to Genoa, he embarked for Spain, and arrived safely in the haven of Barcelona.

Although his plan of conversion had proved abortive, his intense desire to labour in the cause of the church was as vivid as ever. This led him to the notion of founding an Order. But to carry out an object of such magnitude, required something more than the fame of holiness. To rule over others, it is necessary to surpass them in judgment and knowledge. Hence, he had first of all to acquire the latter. But to commence the study of the Latin grammar, at the age of thirty-three, is no easy matter, and must have been doubly difficult to so fiery and passionate a temper. A few scholars had become attached to him during his sojourn at Barcelona. They all lived on the alms of the benevolent; and having commenced preaching to the children in the street, Ignatius was summoned before the Inquisition, and imprisoned, and was liberated only on condition that he and his disciples would abstain from instructing in religion, until they had attained a proficiency in divinity by a

study of no less than four years. He went thence to Salamanca, where he was once more sent to prison; and, after strict examination, only obtained a conditional acquittal. Indignant at this treatment, he resolved to go to Paris, to study at the university of that place.

In February, 1528, he arrived in the capital of France, where he had to struggle with want and misery, until he ultimately obtained the degree of Master of Arts in 1534. In Paris, his long cherished plan to found a spiritual society attained maturity. His first followers were *Peter Lefèvre, or Faber*, a Savoyard by birth; *Francis Xavier*, a native of Navarre, and afterwards a saint; *Jacob Laynez*, *Alfons Salmeron*, *Nicolas Bobadilla*, three intelligent Spaniards; and *Simon Rodriguez*, a Portuguese.

In a subterraneous chapel of a monastery, at Montmartre, not far from Paris, Loyola made them swear by a consecrated host, on the 15th of August, 1534, to renounce all worldly things, and to follow him to Palestine, and in case they could not go thither, or could not remain there, to go to Rome and throw themselves at the feet of the Pope, and to beseech him to dispose of them according to his good pleasure. However, as Loyola wished to see his fatherland once more, he took leave of his companions in 1535, and agreed to meet them at Venice.

His journey through Spain, which he made as usual, in the most wretched manner, was a constant succession of preaching, attending to the sick, and begging. He had become by this time well known, and men venerated him as a saint. His friends and relations endeavoured to persuade him to remain at Guipuscoa, but in vain. He left Spain, and having landed at Genoa, travelled on foot to Venice, where he was joined by his associates in January, 1537.

It was about this time, and at Vicenza, that Ignatius enjoined his companions to call themselves 'the company of Jesus,' because 'they were to fight against heresy and vice, under the standard of Christ.' Having given up his object of converting the infidels, he now set out for Rome, accompanied by Laynez and Lefèvre. 'On the journey,' says our author, 'whilst retired in prayer, Ignatius saw the Eternal Father, who presented him to the Son, and he saw Jesus Christ bearing a heavy cross, who, after having received him from the Father, said these words to him—'*I shall be propitious to you at Rome.*' Well might the excellent historian call this *the most remarkable vision Ignatius ever had!*

Pope Paul III. received Ignatius and his followers with favour, and the new society was speedily established in good earnest. To the three usual monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obe-

dience, a fourth was added, viz., to submit blindly to the will of the Pope, and to suffer themselves to be sent whithersoever it might please him. The extraordinary advantages likely to accrue to the Romish see, from a society which freely devoted itself to the service of the Pope, did not escape the observation of Paul, and he consequently confirmed it on the 27th of September, 1840, by the bull, *regimini militantis ecclesiæ*. The privileges granted to the new monastic order were gradually increased, while the society itself spread, in spite of the enemies it encountered, with a most surprising rapidity. Its first head, or general, as may easily be supposed, was Loyola, who died on the 31st of July, in the year 1556, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Like Paul III., Julius II. granted to their regular clergy unexampled privileges. They were not only to enjoy all the rights of the mendicant orders and secular clergy, and be with their property free from episcopal and temporal jurisdiction, but they were also to exercise priestly functions of every kind, even during an interdict; they were of their own free will to absolve from all sins and the punishments imposed by the church, change the vows made by laymen into other good works, acquire everywhere churches and possessions without any further confirmation of the Pope, found 'houses' of their order, and according to circumstances, be able to dispense themselves from attending to the canonical hours, fasts and prohibitions of eating, nay, even from the use of the breviary. Moreover, it was left to their general, who was invested with unlimited power over the members of the order, to send them with commissions whithersoever he thought proper, to appoint them as teachers of theology, and to invest them with academical honours equal to those granted by regular universities.

The internal arrangement of the order was the work of a sagacious and shrewd mind. The constitution itself was monarchical. To the general, who lived at Rome, were subject the heads of the provinces, the provincials, from whom downward, as in a standing army, there was a regular gradation of ranks. Rigid subordination prevailed throughout the body. The strictest consultation was held concerning those who were received as members of the society. They had to undergo a long 'probation,' and were ultimately assigned stations according to their respective capabilities. The most intelligent and shrewd were sent to courts, and were appointed confessors and tutors to princes; the most learned were advanced to professorships, or were suffered to follow their own inclination as writers; the zealous and enthusiastic were sent abroad to convert pagans. The vow of obedience to the superior for the time being, taken

by the novice, was unconditional. Whoever was guilty of transgressing it, was immediately expelled.

In order that none might be withdrawn from the society by any foreign interest, a law was established precluding the members from assuming any fixed civil appointment, and even from accepting ecclesiastical dignities. Leisure was thus afforded to occupy themselves in the sphere of science and art, and hence it followed that many of the order became distinguished as teachers or writers, in various departments of knowledge. This, of course, procured them esteem: but the main cause of their favour was the zeal with which they devoted themselves to the education of the young. It was considered a divine beneficence that so many talented men offered their services to instruct the people freely and gratuitously. It is not, therefore, surprising that the order spread in less than thirty years, not only throughout the whole of Catholic Europe, but in other parts of the globe, where it amassed immense wealth, partly from voluntary presents, and partly from the trade its missionaries carried on both in India and America. For more than two-hundred years the Jesuits exercised extraordinary political influence, as the confessors of kings and princes. They were in possession of the education of almost the whole of the Roman Catholic youth; they propagated the popedom in the remotest corners of the globe, and even raised a mighty empire in *Paraguay*, in the interior of South America. There were, moreover, Jesuits both in Asia and Africa, very soon after the foundation of the order.

But the main endeavours of the Jesuits were directed towards the Reformation in Europe; to set bounds to the progress of this distemper, to eradicate if possible the mischievous malaria, were the objects, for the attainment of which the Jesuits set in motion every species of power, persuasion, cunning, intrigue, calumny, and withal an incessant stirring up of the mighty of the earth to use violence, fire, and sword, for the extermination of 'heretics.' How much they gained by such proceedings, we shall presently see. By their endeavours to suppress Protestantism, but above all by the impurity of the means to which they had recourse, the Jesuits raised a bitter and deeply-rooted hatred against their order.

Their progress, however, was marvellously rapid. Even so early as 1556, the Society of Jesus counted rather more than a *thousand* members, who were divided into twelve 'provinces.' The first of these was Portugal, where *Xavier* and *Rodriguez* had established colleges, in the year 1540, at the request of the king. No less rapid was the progress of the society in the Italian States, and in Spain, where the example of the great, especially of *Francis Borgia*, Duke of Gandia, produced an effect.

'The rich, the great, the learned, all knocked at the gates of the society, humbly craving admission. The Society of Jesus was the ark, at the last hour, when men ceased to doubt; all rushed to the gates of salvation; but this ark would never be closed; its voyage was to be long and difficult; it needed all sorts of 'hands;' every trade, every profession, every disposition, every talent, would there find employment.'—Ib. i. p. 372.

The Order spread likewise with great rapidity throughout Roman Catholic Germany, particularly Austria and Bavaria. In the universities of Vienna, Prague, and Ingolstadt, it obtained an ascendancy which it retained for more than two hundred years. In the strong hierarchical principles of the society, in its untiring activity, and successful system of conversion, all the popish-minded princes, as also the popes themselves, soon perceived a powerful antidote to the mighty influence and success of Protestantism. The Jesuits, however, ere long recommended themselves to the great mass as the children of a new spirit of the time, with whom even those who had otherwise an aversion against the monastic orders could soon befriend themselves. Those who found the Franciscans too uncouth and mean, and the Dominicans as moralists and inquisitors too severe and stern, were the more pleased with the polished, cheerful, smooth, and social Jesuits. An idle life, spent in ascetic exercises, prayer, and chanting, could not be laid to the charge of these holy men; they did not dwell long over their devotional exercises; they carefully avoided the appearance of pride; in their dress and general outward appearance, they resembled much the secular clergy—nay, they could, if they chose to do so, exchange this dress for the one worn by every gentleman of the world. They had, moreover, instructions to proceed as gently and cautiously as possible in the exercise of their spiritual and political functions, to win men by yielding to their peculiarities, to keep their designs secret, to assume, externally, an air of coldness and reserve, but to carry out in secret the more indefatigably, what might openly be opposed.

Their subtlety and skill in intrigues of every kind, emanated in a high degree from Laynez, their second general, who endeavoured to ameliorate and soften down whatever was repulsive, gloomy, and monkish, in the rules of the founder, so as to suit it to the spirit of the times, and to enable it to effect its object. This was no other than the saving of papal dominion from ruin. Under the pretext of promoting religion *in majorem Dei gloriam*, the Jesuits took possession of the youth, by establishing schools, and of adults, by preaching and the confessional. At the death of Laynez, this spirit had so pene-

trated the body, that the example of a conventual affected piety to which his successor, *Francis Borgia*, had given up himself, and the wishes of the Popes Paul iv. and Pius v., to bring the order back to an observance of canonical rules remained ineffectual. Henceforth they were independent of every earthly power; neither were they much affected by public opinion. The main secret of their strength lay in their 'apparent' willingness to impart knowledge. What had been done on a small scale by the *Barnabites*, the fathers of the Christian doctrine, the *Oratorium*, the *Pietists*, and others, for the mental improvement of the lower classes only, the Jesuits did on a large scale for all classes.

Claudius Aquaviva, a descendant of the ducal house of Atri, the fourth general of the order, was the creator of their system of education, and his *Ratio et Institutio studiorum Societatis Jesu*, the plan upon which it is founded. By means of their scholastic institutions, they were enabled to pick out early the best minds, and to train them for their purpose. This simple circumstance explains why the Society of Jesus could boast of so many superior men. Their houses and possessions also continually increased; their churches and confessionals were never empty. Bequests, and donations of every kind, were received to an enormous extent. Nor did they lack shrewdness to perceive whatever would prove advantageous to their order. In their internal arrangement and constitution they neither wished to be pried into, nor to be imitated. Hence, when a number of women and maidens in Italy and the Lower Rhine, expressed about the year 1623, the wish to establish an order of their own, under the name of 'Jesuitesses,' which was to be in its internal arrangements a faithful copy of the Society of Jesus, the latter obtained a papal breve for its suppression. Their repeated attempts to settle in England, and the Northern Protestant States, failed, but their number in 1618 had increased to thirteen thousand one hundred and twelve, divided into thirty-two provinces.

Their joy and exultations however, were marred by occurrences which contributed to lower them in general estimation. The *non-jesuitical* clergy and the learned had soon discovered the evils of their system. Their unholy conduct, and venomous attacks on the universities, bishops, and rectors, who stood in their way, afforded ample material for complaint. They observed no line of demarcation between their own sphere of action and that of other orders; and agreed only with the Carthusian monks, who, with the exception of their own order, were, on account of their silence, the only clergy to whom the Jesuits would confess. They at last drew on themselves the displeasure and

jealousy of public men by their uncalled-for interference in political affairs, the pernicious effects of which had been perceived even in Portugal, where it had proved the main cause of that empire being given up to the Spanish crown. In France, also, the parliament, and the higher orders of the clergy, strongly opposed for more than twenty years the entrance of the Jesuits. The University of Paris declared the order to be useless, and incompatible with the rights and privileges of the Gallican church. The Jesuits were, therefore, indebted solely to the favour of the court for being at last admitted into France, in 1562, under the name of the 'Fathers of the College of Clermont,' and on condition of renouncing the use of their most important privileges. In spite, however, of these restrictions, they established themselves firmly in the capital, and in the southern and western provinces of France, and, protected by the House of Guise, they materially injured the cause of the Protestants. They also gradually asserted their privileges, and maintained their position, notwithstanding the suspicion of being participators in the murder of Henry III. They were, it is true, expelled in 1594, in consequence of the attempt made upon the life of Henry IV. by Chatel, one of their pupils, but they remained undisturbed at Toulouse and Bourdeaux. Respecting the attempt of *Chatel* on the life of Henry IV., and the results which thence ensued, Mr. Steinmetz says:—

'In the following December, whilst Henry was arriving at the Louvre, from the provinces, a young man glided through the crowd unobserved, and, with a knife, aimed a blow at the king's throat. At that moment, two gentlemen had approached, making their salutation on bended knee; and the king, having stooped to raise them up, received the blow on his mouth. The assassin threw away his knife, and, at first, protested his innocence; but afterwards he confessed the attempt:—his name was Jean Chatel. Eight days afterwards, Henry wrote to Du Plessis, saying:—'I am quite cured of my wound. These are the fruits of the Jesuits. But they shall evacuate my kingdom.'

* * * * *

The miserable wretch suffered the dreadful punishment awarded to regicides at this period.'—Vol. ii. p. 506.

And yet on being re-admitted by Henry IV., in 1603, they soon assumed their former character as the confessors of the court. Their participation in the murder of Henry IV. by *Ravaillac* cannot be fully proved, although there is little doubt of the fact. They assisted, however, in condemning the book in which *Mariana*, the Spanish Jesuit, justified the regicide, and thus, by cunning and flattery, contrived to remain in the possession of their properties.

Speaking of *Mariana's* execrable book 'De Rege,' and the regicidal principles which it inculcates, Mr. Steinmetz says :—

'I need not inform the reader that the maintenance of these regicidal opinions, forms one of the great charges against the Jesuits. They are conscious of that stigma: but, instead of at once admitting the evil tendency of these doctrines, and instead of tracing the doctrines themselves to the peculiar exigencies of the times, when two parties were striving for victory, the apologists for the Jesuit-regicides strive to mystify the minds of their readers with theological distinctions, and what is perhaps still worse, by enlisting the whole body of catholic teachers, from the earliest times, into the lawless ranks of king-killers or king-deposers.'—Ib. p. 454.

A still higher distinction awaited them in Germany, where they enjoyed the implicit confidence of the Emperors Ferdinand II. and III. They displayed unusual political talent during the thirty years' war; they were the soul of the League, and appropriated to themselves, in 1629, the property of the Catholic church, restored by the imperial mandate, although such appropriation was an act of gross wrong to those monastic orders to whom the property formerly belonged. Through Father *Lamormain*, a member of their order, and the confessor of the emperor, the celebrated *Wallenstein* was plunged into ruin, while the machinations of the same Jesuit, and of his associates, preserved jealous Bavaria for Austria.

A new storm burst over them in France and the Netherlands, which had its origin in the *Jansenistic* controversy. The old hatred of the University of Paris, and the moral severity of *Jansenius* against the notorious *semi-pelagianism* of the Jesuit *Molina*, and other brethren of his order, were aroused. Wounds inflicted by the 'Lettres Provinciales' were deep and incurable. Moral relaxation has never been without some counteracting elements. The Puritans were roused by the abuses of a Protestant church sinking more and more into Romanism:—a weak-minded king, incessantly tampering with Rome, paid the penalty of prevarication on the scaffold. Thus also the Jansenists of France, with their rigid conduct and maxims, rose up to oppose the lax morality of the Jesuits. It was then that *Pascal* assailed the Jesuits with his 'Provincial Letters,' which may be styled the 'handwriting on the wall' against the company of Jesus.

It availed them little that royal decrees and papal bulls, procured by the Fathers *Lachaise* and *Letellier*, the Jesuitical confessors of Louis XIV., inflicted death-blows on Jansenism, and that the notorious bull *Unigenitus* secured them a final and complete victory. They were henceforth suspected of adherence to the depraved theses of their most noted casuists. *Pascal* had made disclosures never dreamt of, which effectually

destroyed the reputation of their order. Lax morals well suited to the immorality of the time, and which submitted principle to the promptings of policy, and sanctified the worst means under the plea of good ends, were seen to be their distinction. A system of principles suited alike to the vicious and the virtuous, which permitted everything that could be defended, furnishing palliations for perjuries and crimes of every kind—at one time by verbal distortion, at another by ambiguous expressions; then, again, by mental reservations, whereby the grossest and most heinous sins were justified—these and the like reproaches were laid to their charge, partly on the ground of Pascal's 'Lettres,' and partly from the writings of the Jesuits *Sanches, Bauny, Escobar, Suarez, and Busembaum*. Their own defences, on the other hand, only confirmed the suspicions raised against their system, by admitting one half of what was objectionable. At the same time, other accusations were brought against them, which they were still less able to refute, but which want of space prevents our enumerating.

Men, moreover, discovered an agreement between their principles and their morals, inasmuch as they were not always careful in their excesses. Hence it happened that even the Iroquois, who had been converted by them, expressly demanded, in a treaty of peace in 1682, the removal of the Jesuits, who, they said, *did everything that was not done by Jesus*. They were removed, likewise, from several places in Italy, on account of their criminal intercourse with women; and a general horror prevailed throughout Europe, at the atrocious crime committed by the Jesuit Gerard on an innocent girl, in the very confessional. Men thus perceived, that it was not the propagation of true religion which they sought, but that of the papal power, and with it their own advantage and aggrandisement. The latter reproach was confirmed by the complaints raised by many merchants, against the trade which the Jesuits carried on with the productions of their missionary stations. The republic which they formed in Paraguay and Uruquay, under Spanish authority, in which they exercised an absolute government, may have been the best means of civilizing the natives; but that this republic was of importance to them in a commercial point of view, was seen in the convention of exchange, by which Spain ceded to Portugal, in the year 1750, seven parochial districts of that country. The resistance which the natives under the guidance of the Jesuits offered to the Portuguese troops, at last compelled the interested powers to enforce the demand, the result of which was the destruction of this Jesuit republic. In spite of their efforts in Portugal, the Jesuits became entangled in a criminal law-suit, which had not yet been

concluded, when a murderous attack was made on the life of King Joseph I., in the year 1758, which rendered their case still worse. The minister, Pombal, proved their co-operation in this infamous attempt on the life of the king, and succeeded in expelling the order by an edict, dated Sept. 3, 1759. So that, though Portugal was the first kingdom in which the influence of the Jesuits became paramount, it was the first to strike it down. If Philip II. humbled Portugal by the aid of the Jesuits, the vengeance of Pombal was a fearful retribution—such as may be ever and anon recognised in the history of man, and especially in the history of the Jesuits. Up to this time, the order counted 24 ‘profess-houses,’ 669 colleges, 176 seminaries, 61 houses of noviciate, 335 places of residence, and 273 missions in pagan and protestant countries; and, in all, 22,589 members of every rank, one half of whom were consecrated priests!!

Nor was their case any better in France. For here, too, where the minister *Choiseul-Amboise*, as well as Madame de Pompadour, were their inveterate enemies; the trade they had carried on in spite of papal rescripts, caused their ruin. Ever since the year 1743, they had, through their delegate, Father *Lavalette*, established a commercial house at Martinique, under the pretext of a mission, which almost monopolized the sale of the produce of this and the neighbouring West Indian islands. Two vessels, laden with cargoes to the value of more than three hundred thousand pounds, having fallen into the hands of English cruisers, the commercial house *Lioncy*, at Marseilles, to which Lavalette had assigned them,—and because the Jesuits refused to make an indemnification,—commenced a law-suit against them; the consequence of which, besides that they were condemned in the full amount, was the disclosure of many other abuses. *Lorenzo Ricci*, their general, refused to make the least change in their constitution; and a royal decree of 1764 abolished, in consequence, the order, as a purely political society. It was in vain that Pope *Clement XIII.* issued a bull, recommending the Jesuits as the most pious and useful of religious orders; no notice whatever was taken of it. The death of this pope, which followed soon after, the author tells us, ‘raised the hopes of those princes bent on the destruction of the Jesuits.’

About three years later, they were expelled from Spain, Naples, Parma, and Malta. Respecting their expulsion from Spain, Mr. Steinmetz says:—

‘That they were ‘suddenly and unexpectedly driven out of Spain by Charles III., a pious, zealous, most catholic sovereign, if history is to be credited.’ ‘This act took the Jesuits totally to windward—it mystified

even them; and to this day the motives that dictated their expulsion from Spain, remain inexplicable, if we may not believe the exclamation of the king, alluding to a frivolous revolt some time before, which the Jesuits suppressed so easily, that they were suspected of having fomented it. The king is said to have declared 'that if he had any cause for self-reproach, it was for having been too lenient to so dangerous a body;' and then, drawing a deep sigh, he added, 'I have learned to know them too well.'—Ib. p. 609.

Pope *Clement* xiv. pronounced their complete abolition in all Christian lands, in the bull '*Dominus ac redemptor noster*,' on the 21st of July, 1773. The description given of this event is one of the best in the work under consideration. It is so graphic and powerful, that we cannot resist the temptation to give the whole of it:—

'The election of *Clement* xiv., which followed in due time, was affected by these princes (those bent on the destruction of the Jesuits). This is not denied by any party. The princes of the earth placed in the papal chair a man who was to fulfil a written promise to suppress the Jesuits. So the vicegerent of the Redeemer—the exponent of Councils over which the Holy Ghost presides—sold himself to a party, and the price was the honour of the pontificate.

'Ricci was the last general of the Jesuits before the suppression. If the accounts respecting the doings at Rome, during the period in question, be correct, that man was bitterly humbled by his former friends; still he exerted himself to his utmost in endeavouring to avert the ruin of his order; but failed. Ganganelli assumed the tiara; and after the most disgraceful tergiversations, displaying a degree of weakness that would cover the pettiest prince of Europe with scorn—the *Pope* of Rome condemned the Jesuits—the *Pope* did this—compelled by the kings of the earth, whom his predecessors had trampled to the dust! Here was a retribution indeed! The breve of suppression was ready on the 21st of July, 1773, and began with the words,—'Our Lord and Redeemer!'

'Dread must have been the anxiety of the Jesuits whilst that conclave was proposing their destruction! If the authorities of Count *Alexis de Saint Priest* be true, (he seems to be an impartial historian), the last struggles of the Jesuits were truly *systematic*, that is, in accordance with the theory by these pages unfolded.

'Father Delci started for Leghorn, with the treasures of the order, intending to transport them to England; but Ricci stopped the pusillanimous flight.

'The fortune of Cromwell was decided, the star of Napoleon was made a sun, by that supernatural boldness inspired by the emergency of life or death! Ricci put forth his character, or rather, he rose with the occasion. Anxious, disturbed, he was seen hurrying from place to place;—one while mingling in the numerous bodies of the *Guarda Nobile*, the pompous escort of the dinners of the cardinals, which are carried through the city in rich litters; at another time, mixing in the

groups of the grave Transtevirini, or the motley crowds of cattle-drivers and peasants assembled from the Sabine territory, Tivoli, Albano, and every part of the Pontine marshes, to witness the grand ceremony. At daybreak Ricci was on foot, traversing every quarter of the city, from Ponte Mola to the Basilica of the Lateran. The Jesuits *de consideration* (so styled in a contemporary document), imitating the example of their chief, were continually engaged in paying visits to the confessors and friends of the cardinals; whilst loaded with presents, they humbled themselves at the feet of the Roman princes and ladies of rank. Nor was all this attention superfluous: the current of public favour had already been diverted from the Jesuits; and, amongst other fatal prognostics, the Prince de Piombino, a partisan of Spain, had withdrawn from the use of the general, the carriage which his family had for more than a century placed at his disposal.' The last general of this redoubtable society threw himself at the feet of the cardinals, and in tears, 'commended to their protection, that society which had been approved by so many pontiffs, and sanctioned by a general council—the Council of Trent: he reminded the cardinals of his services, and claimed the merit of them, without casting blame upon any court or cabinet. Then, in an under tone, and in the freedom of secret conference, he represented to the princes of the church, the indignity of the yoke which these courts were attempting to impose upon them.' But the honour of the popedom was sold and bought; *Judas, the Iscariot*, with the price of blood in his hands, not *Peter* in repentance, was now to be the papal model!

'Joseph II. of Austria would be present at Rome on that pregnant occasion. On this straw of royalty the Jesuits fondly relied: he stooped to *insult* the men who could not resent the injury! He paid a visit to the *Gran Gesu*, a 'house' of the order, and a perfect marvel of magnificence and bad taste. The general approached the emperor, prostrating himself before him with profound humility. Joseph, without giving him time to speak, asked him coldly when he was going to relinquish his habit? Ricci turned pale, and muttered a few inarticulate words; he confessed that the times were very hard for his brethren, but added, that they placed their trust in God and in the holy father, whose infallibility would be for ever compromised, if he destroyed an order which had received the sanction and approval of his predecessors. The emperor smiled, and, almost at the same moment, fixing his eye upon the tabernacle, he stopped before the statue of St. Ignatius, of massive silver, and glittering with precious stones, and exclaimed against the prodigious sum which it must have cost. 'Sire,' stammered the father-general, 'this statue has been erected with the money of the friends of the Society.' 'Say, rather,' replies Joseph, 'with the profits of the Indies.'

'Clement XIV. died. Very suspicious symptoms attended his death; he was probably poisoned; but I can find no proof that the Jesuits promoted the crime, though such is the implied accusation. Nay, Ricci, the general, is said to have visited the 'prophetess' who foretold the pope's death!

'What motive could the Jesuits have for desiring the pope's death? I discard the idea of mere *revenge*, but was there hope in the probable

successor? This is the most dismal page of their history; if guilty of all the alleged crimes and misdemeanours, they became doubly so by their humiliations—such is the world's judgment.'—Vol. iii. p. 612.

This measure was everywhere carried into effect with much violence and extraordinary rapidity. The most important legal documents, however, and large sums of money, had been previously removed, so that their archives and treasures did not answer the expectations of the authorities and the public. No further injury was done to the ex-Jesuits, except that they were obliged to leave their 'houses,' put aside the dress of their order, renounce all connexions with each other, and had either to join other monastic orders, or to place themselves under the surveillance of the bishops of the dioceses. From the amount of their confiscated property, the Jesuits received annuities in almost every country, except Portugal and Spain. In these they were not even permitted to reside; whereas they were tolerated in the capacity of private individuals in the Papal States, Upper Italy, Germany (where they were most leniently dealt with at their dissolution), in Hungary, Poland, and even in France. *Frederick II.*, it is true, did not agree in the then prevailing notion. They had, nevertheless, to give up in the Prussian dominions their constitution, and the habiliments of the order, and to confine themselves to the education of the youth, under the special name of 'Priests of the Royal School-Institution.' However, even this institution was abrogated by *Frederick William II.*, and Russia became the only country left them. From that empire they had been banished, under *Peter the Great*, in the year 1719, but many of their houses were once more incorporated with the eastern part of Poland, in 1772. The Empress Catherine tolerated them even after their banishment; and owing to the favour of *Czernitshev* and *Potemkin*, they obtained permission, in the year 1782, to elect a vicar-general.

Matters had, in the meanwhile, changed at Rome, greatly to their advantage. *Clement XIV.* died in 1774, and his successor, *Pius VI.*, proved a friend of the Jesuits, who, although suppressed, were very far from being extinct. They had willing and active friends in every rank of society, in consequence of which, important offices both in educational institutions and in the church were entrusted to them. Out of Italy, there were in the year 1780, about nine thousand Jesuits, who, according to the prevailing notion, still retained, though secretly, connexion with their superiors. They are, moreover, said to have had a share in *Rosicrucianism*, and in the plots of the *Illuminati*. In consequence of this, they were exposed (especially in Germany) to repeated attacks of the press and the pulpit. However,

they awaited patiently the restoration of their order. An attempt, in 1787, to revive it, under the name of *Vicentines*, failed; and the 'Patres Fidei,' or Fathers of Faith, a clerical order, whom *Paccanari*, a native of Tyrol, and formerly a soldier in the papal army, had mainly collected from among the ex-Jesuits, under the patronage of the arch-duchess *Mariana*, in 1795, were never acknowledged by the secret superiors of the *true* Jesuits; in consequence of which, they were placed in Italy and France, under the surveillance of the police, whilst in England, where the Abbé Broglio founded a college of them near London, they became almost the prey of starvation. Pope Pius VII. confirmed their order in the year 1801, both in White Russia and Lithuania, where, being confined to pedagogical and priestly ministrations, they were suffered to remain under the superintendence of their vicar-general, *Daniel Gruber*. This pope also restored them, although secretly, in the island of Sicily, in 1804.

The first step taken by the same pope, after the downfall of Napoleon, was the restoration of the order of Jesuits throughout the whole of Christendom, by a bull, dated August 7, 1814, and entitled 'Solicitude Omnium.' So early as the 11th of November, in the same year, the solemn opening of their 'novitiate' took place at Rome. Here they took possession, in the year 1824, of the *Collegium Romanum*; and in 1829, their numbers had increased to such an extent, that the order was obliged to accommodate its members in houses without the city. On the death of Father *Lewis Fortis*, their general, *Father John Roothan*, a native of Amsterdam, was, through the interest of Cardinal *Albani*, the Secretary of the Papal States, elected general; and he is at this present moment, their head.* He has four assistants assigned to him, each to superintend one of the four provinces of the society—Gallia, Spain, Germany, and Italy. In Modena, a college had been assigned to the Jesuits, in 1815, whilst they found, in the same year, access to Sardinia and Naples. In 1829, the right of collegiate instruction, as also that of the exclusive education of the young nobility in a Lyceum, was conferred on them by Naples.

In Spain, the Jesuits were re-instituted to the possession of rights and properties by Ferdinand VII., on the 29th of May, 1815. The change in the political affairs of Spain, in March, 1820, was followed by another expulsion of their order, whilst the restoration of absolute power, in 1823, was accompanied by their return. In the year 1835, however, they were once more expell-

* This personage, if we are rightly informed, is at the present moment in this country, and is the guest of a British Roman Catholic nobleman.

ed, although their activity had previously ceased in that country, which seems doomed to be undermined by a constant internal warfare. The main seat of the Jesuits at this moment is *Gibraltar*, and it is *Andalusia* in particular, where they have gained firm ground. Portugal rigidly adheres to the mandate of September 3rd, 1759, by which the order was banished from the kingdom. Don Miguel, it is true, restored the Society of Jesus by his decree of the 30th of August, 1832, on condition of its renouncing its claims to its former possessions, privileges, and prerogatives. But Don Pedro, having taken Lisbon, on the 23rd of July, 1833, this decree was abrogated, and they were compelled to return to Italy. They have, nevertheless, nestled, in modern times, both in Lisbon and other cities. They have intercourse with *Gibraltar*, where they have a Junta, which receives its instructions from Rome, and directs the whole affairs of the community.

They have sought in vain to steal into France during the consulate and the empire. Even after the Restoration, all the ultra-royalist party could do for them was to procure an Act of Toleration. Their congregations and secondary schools at St. Acheul, not far from Amiens, St. Anne, in Brittany, at Dole, in the Jura, Montmorillon, in the department of Vienne, Bordeaux, Forcalquier, and Billon, and which counted, in 1828, between three and four thousand pupils, having been pronounced illegal, were abolished in the same year; and after the revolution of July, 1830, their order was abolished for ever. But even in that country their doings are at this moment unmistakable. They are busily engaged in sowing the seed of strife, and in endeavouring to regain their former ascendancy both in the school and the university. In Belgium, where the revolution of 1830 was mainly the work of the Jesuits, they have been more and more indigenous, ever since the separation of that country from the Netherlands; so that they were able to open a university at Mechlin, on the 4th of November, 1834, which is endeavouring to counterbalance the free university of Brussels. In England, they have been possessed of several colleges, residences, and missions, ever since the commencement of this century, such as that of Stonyhurst, near Preston, in Lancashire, which was presented to them by Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, where their order is busily engaged in teaching, in making converts to Romanism, and in spreading their foul and poisonous doctrines and principles:—

'The English fathers have no less than thirty-three establishments, or colleges, residences, and missions in England. Of course Stonyhurst is the principal establishment, where the provincial of England resides.

The college, in 1845, contained twenty priests, twenty-six novices and scholastics, and fourteen lay-brothers.

'Of the 806 missionary priests in Great Britain, including bishops, the Jesuits alone can say how many are enlisted under the banner of Ignatius, though, doubtless, this knowledge is shared by the 'vicars-apostolic' of the various districts in which they are privileged to move unmolested. The Jesuits are muffled in England; it is difficult to distinguish them in the names of the catholic lists annually published. They have established a classical and commercial academy at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield; and the prospectus of the establishment, after describing the suit of clothes that the pupils are to bring, not forgetting the ominous 'Oxford mixture,' simply informs the world, that 'the college is conducted by *gentlemen connected with the college at Stonyhurst.*' The 'gentlemen' are generally sent out in *pairs*, by the provincial, according to the constitutions, and thus may charm by variety; for the quantity of work on hand in the various Jesuit missions in England is by no means so evident as the speculation for *more*, by this constitutional provision. The secular priests are doubled and tripled by the *necessities* of the mission; the Jesuits are doubled, tripled, and quadrupled, by the requirement of the constitutions, *and the prospects* before them.

'The Jesuits in England dress as any clergyman, or any gentleman: by their outward man you cannot tell them. Strange notions are afloat respecting these men. I have been asked if I do not think that there are Jesuits *incognito* in the university of Oxford. This question I cannot undertake to answer. Such a speculation would, indeed, be a bold one, even in the Jesuits; but then, consider *De Nobili*, *Beschi*, etc.; surely, if a Jesuit may assume the *Brahmin* and *Pariah*, in order to 'ingraft Christianity on paganism,' he may assume the *protestant*, in order to ingraft Romanism on Protestantism, firmly convinced of Lucian's axiom, namely, that 'a beginning is the half of everything.' This is arguing from the past to the present—nothing more.'—*Ib.* p. 631.

In Ireland they had erected, in 1825, several schools and houses. The vice-province of that country, according to Mr. Steinmetz, numbered sixty-three Jesuits, in 1841, and seventy-three, in 1844. They possess, in Ireland, the colleges of Conglows, Tollaby, and Dublin. They have recently established a second 'house' in the last-mentioned city.

In the United States of America, the Jesuits have an educational institution in Georgetown, while their number there is constantly on the increase. In Central America, however, their whole order, with the exception of the *Bethlehemites*, was abolished in the year 1830. In the Swiss Canton, Freiburg, the former Jesuit college, at Friburg, was re-opened in the year 1818, for the education of youth, and counted, not long since, rather more than four hundred pupils, chiefly natives of France, Austria, and Bavaria. The Jesuits have there, also, a pensionate, a gymnasium, and an athenæum, as also

a seminary, at a place called *Staefis*. They were, at a subsequent period, likewise, admitted at Schwyz. Besides the foregoing places in Switzerland, they displayed their destructive activity in the Canton of Luzern. Their intended visit to that place caused the greatest excitement and commotion throughout the whole country, so that France, England, Austria, and Russia were compelled to address notes to the Swiss confederation, in the year 1845, in which the preservation of peace was strongly recommended. No notice was taken of this friendly advice. The melancholy consequences of this intrusion of the Jesuits are of too recent a date to require repetition in this place. There can be no doubt, however, that a just retribution awaits them throughout the whole of that country.

Germany has, up to this moment, refused to admit them; and in some of the German States, as for example in Saxony, there are express protests and declarations laid down against any such attempt. Still, traces of this far spread activity have been perceived even in Germany, as in Hanover for instance, where an attempt was made, in 1845, to re-introduce *Canisius's* Catechism; in the Prussian Rhenish lands which are chiefly operated upon from Belgium, in Saxony and others. In Austria the Jesuits continue their practices as *Redemptorists*, or *Ligorians*. Those of them who had been admitted into Austria after their expulsion from Russia, were, in 1825, menaced with banishment, in case they refused to submit to the bishops of the land. They were, nevertheless, so early as 1827, in the possession of five colleges in the kingdom of Galicia, and obtained a sixth in 1839. From Russia they were expelled on account of their intrigues by the ukase of January 1, 1817; at first from St Petersburg, and subsequently from Moscow. But as they carried on their practice of proselytizing as much as ever, and became more and more offensive and odious to the government, on account of their secret machinations, the Emperor Alexander, by an ukase dated March 25, 1820, abolished their order for ever both in the Russian empire and in Poland.

And thus what had once been said by *Francisco Borgia*, their third general, respecting the fate of this order, 'that they had entered as lambs, that they would reign like wolves, be driven out like dogs, and be renewed as eagles,' has in some measure been fulfilled. The gigantic endeavours they now make to 'be renewed' will founder on the spirit of the age, which will never be put again into fetters of priestly tyranny. We may safely say, with the learned writer under consideration, that the day of the Jesuits is passed for ever. Awhile they may yet interfere in the concerns of the world; but never more will

they either rule or 'convert' kingdoms. Men's eyes are opened. A simple faith alone will be admitted between man's conscience and his God. Soon shall we have reason to forget that Rome ever existed as a popedom; or, if we cannot forget the awful fact, the remembrance will be supportable when ecclesiastical domination of every possible kind shall cease, and the sacred name of religion be no longer obnoxious to the reproach of men.

In following our author, we have endeavoured to trace the origin and main object of the Ignatian scheme. And what was it? To restore Catholicism—to regain all that the Popedom had lost—in one word, to bring about a complete restoration of the ancient faith. We have watched the endeavours of the Jesuits, and we have seen their success and triumphs. And yet, what have they gained? How have their labours and toils been rewarded? What has Roman Catholicism gained by this process of centuries under its most redoubtable champions? 'Why,' to speak with our historian, 'that their downfall was the most undeniable evidence that the popedom was sunk in hopeless degradation—the spirit of Catholicism scarcely anywhere unalloyed by doubt or indifference—the Catholic kingdoms of Europe shorn of their greatness—whilst the Protestant dynasties (the object of Jesuit machination from the beginning,) *soared triumphant in the sphere of politics, deriving their power, wealth, and glory, from the expanding energies of Protestantism.* These are a few of the results of Protestantism; these are only a few of those blessings that attend the principles of a genuine Reformation.

From the foregoing brief outline of the work under consideration, the reader will be able to judge of its extent, learning, and interest. We have read it with intense pleasure, and do not hesitate to say, that it belongs to the best productions of the day. The candour, calmness, and philanthropy, with which the whole has been managed, are among its finest, as well as most praiseworthy features. If to this we add, that it has been got up in a generous and elegant style, and is amply furnished with woodcuts and steel engravings of some of the most distinguished Jesuits, we have said enough to recommend the book to every lover of truth, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic.

ART. V.—*The New Zealand Question, and the Rights of Aborigines.* By Louis Alexis Chamerovzow. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby.

THIS curious volume is addressed to the steadily increasing body among us, interested in colonization; and to all who feel the necessity of a more economical, systematic, and humane, colonial policy. It examines thoroughly the title of the barbarous aborigines of new countries; and scrutinizes the principles on which civilized men can justifiably settle there. It concludes that a more equitable course than the past has been, would be a wiser course; and for this conclusion it depends on the undeniable truth, that when well treated, these aborigines are eager to receive Europeans among them, and to enter into friendly intercourse, in a confident expectation of permanent benefits from their visits. The author follows up these just remarks by asking—Why, in occupying the lands of such barbarians, we should make might the measure of right? Why violate the sacred rights of nations, by disregarding the law that equity has laid down, that reason supports, and that religion invokes, in behalf of the uncivilized inhabitants of the earth?

The author has furnished an answer to these questions by exhibiting our colonial minister, Earl Grey, in a melancholy light. It is a growing opinion, that no preceding Secretary of State for the Colonies has committed so many grave faults as his lordship. Unusually pains-taking and honest, but self-willed and ill-tempered, he has erred past all recovery by adopting some of the worst practices of his predecessors. He never consults those who *necessarily* understand the subject better than himself. He will not ever listen to individual complainants. To be deeply interested in the permanent success of wise and humane modes of colonial government is a title rather to the jealousy, than to the ready attention, of Earl Grey. His administration, consequently, has only continued the miserable routine of the Colonial Office, of which of all men he ought to have known, and might easily have cured the vices. In individual cases he has done enormous wrong by setting at nought the elementary principles of justice. In public cases, by the same course, he has aggravated all the horrors of war in South Africa, and has exposed another colony, New Zealand, to the most imminent hazard of a worse convulsion.

Yet Earl Grey has done one act, founded on excellent principles, and calculated to improve the administration of all the colonies, and to secure to most complainants complete indemnity

against administrative injustice. This is the revival of a jurisdiction in the Privy Council for the adjudication of colonial administrative controversies. This was done in April last; and for reasons which are highly honourable to the candour of his lordship.

'Your lordships are aware,' said Earl Grey, in his letter to the Committee for Trade and Plantations, 'that when the Board of Trade and Plantations was first constituted as a united Board, in the year 1672, it was charged, amongst its other functions, with a principal share in the transaction of the more important public business relating to the colonies.

'I apprehend that all my predecessors have felt the difficulties of which I am continually sensible, of proceeding to investigate and decide on matters of this description in private, and unaided by the advice which might be derived from a deliberative body, authorized to hear the representations of all the parties to any such discussion, and enabled by their forms of proceeding to afford such parties every requisite facility for adducing evidence and for being heard, if necessary, by their counsel or agents.

'In conclusion, I have to remark, that in this proposal I have not suggested a *mere innovation, but rather a return*, as nearly as possible, to the mode of action contemplated on the original appointment of the Board of Plantations in 1672, to most of the functions of which your Lordship's Committee afterwards succeeded, and that your resumption, in the manner I have now proposed, of the functions thus properly appertaining to you, *but which have fallen into disuse*, would, I am persuaded, greatly contribute to the public convenience and advantage.'

The only error in this important measure is a condition, that no complainant can have access to the revived jurisdiction, whose case is not referred to it with the assent of the Secretary of State.

The two legal assessors of the board will be highly approved by all complainants. Sir Edward Ryan, one of them, possesses all the qualities that secure public confidence in a judge; and the other, Mr. James Stephen, is at length placed in a situation that compels him to *hear* appellants, who probably would not have been complainants, had he not habitually *refused* to hear them during his thirty years' rule in the Colonial Office. It will be a great satisfaction thus to appeal from Cæsar, uninformed and despotic—to Cæsar, controlled by his own *instructed* intelligence, and by an independent colleague. It is a set off to a world of faults, on Earl Grey, to have *re-opened** this tribunal, which closed with an American Indian's suit of seventy years' duration!!

* The form in which this much wanted tribunal is revived, must lead to some interesting discussions, such as the following case might open. In 1832, a claim by a colonial attorney-general upon the crown, was referred

This volume establishes against Earl Grey some most important positions respecting British title to lands in new countries, and especially in New Zealand. It is first shown with abundant learning, and ample quotations, that the right of the barbarian to his native land is equally strong with that of the most civilized people to theirs; and that, no colony can be founded by us, with justice, in a new country, inhabited by savages or barbarians, without their consent. These positions are made good by citations from the best writers on natural law, and the law of nations. The author should have gone a step further, and have produced the clear authority of the statesmen of the reign of George III., in favour of the same principles. The atrocities committed in Captain Cook's first voyages, raised the question, whether we were entitled to the lands discovered by our navigators. It was then declared, that the *consent* of the natives must be obtained, to our occupation of their lands. This just decision was abandoned, with many other good things, after the wars of the French revolution threw the moral world of Europe into confusion. Nevertheless, the principle was recognised by the highest authority, in the most solemn manner; and the incident should not be so utterly forgotten by the advocates of the Aborigines.

The author, however, has found good doctrine enough to place Earl Grey altogether in the wrong. His lordship unluckily got hold of a passage of the late Dr. Arnold's works, in which that eminent man rashly declared that *the cultivation of the soil is essential to a title to it*. 'So much,' says Dr. Arnold, 'does the right of property go along with labour, that *civilized nations have never scrupled to take possession of countries inhabited only by tribes of savages*,—countries which have been hunted over, but never subdued or cultivated.' On the contrary our author declares correctly, that all our colonial history, down to the independence of North America, is directly opposed to this, both in fact, and in judicial authority. It is further shown—and this is the most important part of the volume—that Earl Grey's promulgation of this false doctrine has been, and is now, in the highest degree, disastrous in New Zealand.

The following passage is of startling interest, and has all the marks of being perfectly genuine:—

for settlement to the Privy Council; that is to say, to the old jurisdiction of 1672. The lords rejected the case through an alleged *want* of jurisdiction. As Earl Grey states, that old jurisdiction was *disused*. The petition has, therefore, been hung up these sixteen years; and it will probably be revived in law along with the tribunal partially called forth by the Secretary of State.

'Our position is, that Earl Grey's enactment is a violation of the Treaty.

'That a similar opinion is entertained in the Colony itself is matter of notoriety. The local newspapers have discussed the point over and over, and the most influential residents, together with the missionary bodies, have not failed to hold serious consultations upon the subject, while the bishop himself went even so far as to pen a protest against the doctrine advanced by Earl Grey, and to address it to the Governor; in it he declares it to be his 'duty to inform his Excellency, that he is resolved to use all legal and constitutional measures, befitting his station, to inform the natives of New Zealand of their rights and privileges as British subjects, and to assist them in asserting and maintaining them, whether by petition to the imperial parliament, or other loyal and peaceable methods.'

'Nor have the natives themselves been inactive, though they had, up to the date of the latest advices, abstained from any hostile demonstration. Nevertheless, their suspicions are awakened, and there can exist no doubt that, but for the decision and admirable prudence of the Governor, assisted by the bishop and by both the missionary bodies, long ere this the colony would have been the scene of bloodshed and devastation.

The excitement which ensued upon the publication of the Despatch and the Letter of Instructions had not diminished at the period of the last advices; vague rumours and anxious whisperings were rife, but this was all, though portentous enough. In proof of what is passing there, we subjoin an abstract from a private letter lately received from Auckland, premising that it comes from competent and veracious authority.

'Auckland, 4th Dec. 1847.

'The subject of Earl Grey's Despatch and Instructions has not lost any of its interest. The judgment passed upon it by the settlers is, I believe, unanimous; at any rate, I have heard no dissentient from that which, I doubt not, is your own conviction, that the thing proposed and recommended to the Colonial Assemblies in the Queen's name is nothing less than a breach of the pledged faith of England. We are actually witnessing in this place the strange fact, that a memorial is drawn up and signed by the Colonists, praying the Queen to protect the native race from the injustice propounded by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

'The natives were soon aware of the contents of the Despatch, for many persons are able and willing to communicate such matters to them. Nor do I see how that can be complained of. The natives, as subjects of the Queen, have a good right to be informed of all measures by which they may be affected. However, so it is, that they are quite aware of the contents of the Despatch; *but with their usual practical good sense, they sit still and wait for the next move.* They have been long aware that there are amongst us some who prefer the seizing to the buying of their lands; and to them it makes no difference that what is mere cupidity in some may be philosophy in others. But they have a perfect confidence that our present Governor will never put forth his hand to wrong them; and they are satisfied that the new doctrines and

suggestions are not 'the word of the Queen.' I will give you an instance of the way in which the natives take this matter. A young man came, soon after the receipt of the news, to question me on the subject. He said, that at first he did not think it worth while to speak about the reports which had reached him. He steadily maintained that they were falsehoods; but having heard from four different persons (whom he named), of four different tribes, the same story, he went to an Englishman (whom he named also), and ascertained the truth. He then came to me. He was much calmed by learning that the Letters, Despatch, etc. from England had no present effect at all; that the Governor would take care that the native people should suffer no injustice by reason of any mistake or ignorance of any of the chiefs at home; and that in case any such injustice were attempted hereafter, it would be proper for them to petition the Queen and all the chiefs of England, who would take care that justice should be done. In the course of conversation, this young man said, 'If it does come to taking our land the result will be this—our people will believe what has often been told them, that all your proceedings from the beginning have been a trick. Your religion will be abandoned, and we shall return to our old way of living and of shedding blood.' [*Ka mahue te karakia : ka noho maori, ka patu maori.*] These were his words; for I was so much struck by them that I noted them down at the time. Now this person is a very good specimen of the most hopeful portion of the rising generation, greatly attached to the Pakeha, always wearing our dress, and having partly acquired our language. An older man, who keeps a school for children in his village, in talking the matter over with me lately, remarked, 'The natives will not thrive and grow, for they will say, There is a war at hand.' He quietly closed the conversation with these words, '*Ma te kuini tona hiahia e pehi*'—'It remains for the Queen to suppress his desire;' meaning the desire of the propounder of the new doctrine.

'I mention these small incidents as indicating the character of this people. Perhaps a sufficiently large collection of such facts might open the eyes of some persons in England.'—p. 356—360.

At so late a date as the 16th of last March, the determination of the natives of New Zealand was known to be unshaken, to combine to a man, and defend their right to the soil, so violently attacked by Earl Grey. But there is a feeling of deep despondency among their friends, at what is passing on the subject. 'What have we to hope,' say they, 'from the Colonial Office, where such a scheme of spoliation could by any possibility have been devised? Let all England,' say they, 'utter a voice that shall be heard hereon.'

It seems, indeed, to be highly probable, that a new war of races will break out in that country, when Earl Grey will have the disgrace of purchasing the soil at a price far exceeding its money value, and of sealing his purchase with torrents of blood.

The conduct of the New Zealand Company is assailed in this

volume as vehemently as that of Earl Grey's; but with less reason. The author is a sincere friend of the natives, and he should not have forgotten that his main argument in their favour, received more support from that Company, than from any other source whatever. By the New Zealand Association Bill, of 1838, the *consent* of the natives to the acquisition of their land by the English, was their first and peremptory condition of the foundation of the colony; and the Company substantially adopted the principles of that Association. A severer condemnation of the proceedings of the Colonial Office, for half a century, could not be found than that bill. Probably to its liberality, is to be traced the hostility of that office to the enterprise! The true offender in this case, is that same office; and the true measure of the penetration of those who would save the Aborigines from wrong, will be found to be the steadiness with which they bring their charges home to it, of neglect of wholesome principles, and of humane measures in the behalf of the savage whom we are now destroying.

ART. VI.—*The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul: with Dissertations on the Sources of the Writings of St. Luke, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients.* By James Smith, Esq., F.R.S., etc. 8vo. pp. 307. London: Longman and Co.

SINCE the appearance of Dr. Paley's '*Horæ Paulinæ*,' various authors have followed in his steps, though rarely with equal success. It was scarcely to be expected that he could have many followers in the same line, since he had reaped the largest portion of the field, and left only patches and gleanings for his successors. The comparison of the history of Paul with his letters, brings out nearly all the coincidences which could subserve the evidence of authenticity and undesignedness; and, though various others have been since added, after Paley's manner, yet they are only addenda and confirmations. Among these, Tate's '*Continuous History of St. Paul*' holds a high place. But Mr. James Smith has followed Paley's suggestions into a new track, and constructed a new argument for the authenticity of the '*Acts*,' by testing Luke's account of the voyage and shipwreck, just as he would that of Baffin or Mid-

dleton. He assumes nothing but that, in the book of the Acts, we have a very detailed and interesting account of a certain voyage. If it is a fabrication, it is highly probable that the writer will have left some indubitable traces of artifice and imposture; and this supposition is greatly strengthened by the very minuteness, technicality, and graphic form in which he has presented his narrative, as well as by the number and variety of the circumstances mentioned, and the places named, described, and visited, in the course of the voyage. It is not a mere general statement of a voyage from one port to another, more or less remote. Neither is it a simple narrative of a shipwreck, where the leading facts might be taken from any other specimen of such an event, and which, being affirmed by the alleged witness, could neither be verified, nor disproved, at any great distance of time. But it is a voyage somewhat complicated, indirect, and detailed circumstantially; and it is a shipwreck narrated more in the manner of a log-book, than of a common historian or landsman. We have particulars of winds, bearings, soundings, devices of nautical skill under peculiar exigencies, and specifications of progress and proceedings from the commencement to the issue of the whole affair, which render it possible to bring a great variety of information from other sources to bear upon the credibility of the entire narrative. The argument of Mr. Smith, therefore, is in brief this—the writer has given us such a statement of this voyage, has so described places and events, and so employed terms of art, etc., as to put it in the power of a minute and comprehensive criticism to say, whether the whole is a mere invention, or a real history, which no one could have given who had not experienced the events, witnessed the scenes, and passed over the localities at the time and under the circumstances described. ‘A searching comparison of the narrative with the localities where the events so circumstantially related are said to have taken place, with the aids geography and the navigation of the eastern parts of the Mediterranean supply, accounts for every transaction, clears up every difficulty, and exhibits an agreement so perfect in all its parts, as to admit but one explanation, namely, that it is a narrative of real events, written by one personally engaged in them, and that the tradition respecting the locality is true.’

A long and learned controversy has been maintained concerning the island where the shipwreck took place, whether it was Malta, or Meleda, in the Adriatic. But no other author has gone minutely and fully into the primary question of the voyage itself. Did it ever take place, and is it possible to ascertain from the narrative itself, whether it is supposititious, or susceptible of all the tests which could in any case be fairly applied to any

narrative of an ancient voyage which must have been prosecuted, if real, under circumstances very different from a similar voyage in modern times. These are the questions which Mr. Smith has undertaken to examine, and the result of which we have now to lay before our readers.

It is well known that tradition has pointed out a certain bay in the Island of Malta, as the scene of this shipwreck. It is called 'Cala di S. Paolo,' or St. Paul's Bay. It has never borne any other name. The name, however, is no guarantee for the authenticity of the narrative. Yet if the narrative can be proved true and accurate from other sources, the attachment of the name to the place was to be rationally expected, both from the nature of the event itself, and the interest which would attach to the locality in after times, and when the cause in which the apostle was a sufferer had obtained notoriety. Supposing him to have been at that island under the remarkable circumstances stated, and that the religion he taught, shortly after spread triumphantly around all the shores, and through all the islands of the Mediterranean, then it was natural enough that Christians should regard the locality of the shipwreck with great interest, and that both residents and visitors should connect the name of the apostle with the bay.

The tradition is a very strong and clear one. The place very probably had some other name prior to, and at the time of, the wreck; but this has been utterly lost, and geographers have never known the place by any other name but St. Paul's Bay. Yet the tradition is of no value till we have previously and separately ascertained the trustworthiness of the narrative. It then comes in as a concurrent or crowning coincidence, showing just such a result as must have been arrived at, if the circumstances were as alleged in the narrative. The presence of the tradition could not authenticate the history, but its absence would be unnatural and suspicious.

Mr. Smith enjoyed a winter's residence at Malta, under circumstances highly favourable to a minute examination of the locality. In his *Introduction* he takes a survey of the geographers, maps, charts, etc., and gives us the result in a condensed form. Most of the ancient authorities are worthless, and all the ancient maps are erroneous. Had the geographers of former days been contented, without filling up, conjecturally, the spaces in their maps, about which they were ignorant, or only given us 'elephants instead of towns,' we should have had but little reason to complain; but they more frequently did the reverse, and gave us 'towns instead of elephants.' Several of these egregious errors Mr. Smith points out, and then proceeds:—

'Recent surveys have, however, corrected these errors, and furnished us with a correct outline of the coasts of Crete. The soundings are not yet filled in; but this is immaterial in the earlier proceedings of St. Paul and his companions. At Malta, where we require to know not only the outline and peculiar features of the coast, but the soundings and nature of the bottom, we have Captain Smyth's chart of the island, and, above all, his plan of St. Paul's Bay, to a scale of 8—6 inches to the mile, which leave nothing to be desired with regard to the hydrography of this part of the voyage.'

In a note the author adds—

'I question if modern science has ever done more to confirm an ancient author, than Captain Smyth's survey of St. Paul's Bay has done in the present case. The soundings alone would have furnished a conclusive test of the truth of the narrative. To the common reader, the mention of twenty fathoms and fifteen fathoms, indicates nothing more than the decreasing depth which every ship experiences in approaching the land; but when we come to consider the number of conditions which must be fulfilled in both instances when the depth is mentioned, in order to make the chart and narrative agree, we must admit that a perfect agreement cannot be accidental. I refer the reader for the details of the coincidences to the narrative of the voyage; and take this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness with which Captain Smyth allows me to copy his chart, and at the same time of stating his approbation of the manner in which I have reduced it, to illustrate this work.'—Introduction, p. viii. ix.

Mr. Smith first offers 'Notices of the Life and Writings of St. Luke,' in which he adopts the opinion of Jerome, that he was a physician of Antioch, and supplies substantial reasons for his decision. Nothing, however, is known of Luke's history, till he is found in company with Paul, nor have we any information of the circumstances which first brought them together. It is certain, however, that he accompanied the apostle in several of his voyages and journeys, that he united with him in preaching the gospel, that he had sometimes been left by the apostle to continue his labours in certain places alone, and finally, that he joined him at Cæsarea and embarked with him on his voyage to Italy. The following remarks upon the peculiarities of Luke's style are interesting and instructive:—

'There are certain peculiarities in the style of St. Luke, as a narrator of nautical events, which it is of the utmost importance to attend to, because a knowledge of them throws light, not only upon the voyages he has recorded in the Acts, but upon several passages in his gospel, and even upon the sources of the gospel itself.'

'The difference in the manner of describing such events by seamen and by landmen, is too obvious to require remark; but there is a third class of authors, who are, properly speaking, neither seamen nor landmen—I mean men who, for some cause or other, have been much at

sea, who understand what they are describing, and who, from their living and being in constant intercourse with the officers of the ship, necessarily acquire the use of the technical language of seamen. An attentive examination of St. Luke's writings shows us, that it is to this class of authors that he belongs. How he acquired that correct knowledge of his subject, and that command of its language which he uniformly displays, we have no means of knowing; but I cannot help thinking that he must, at some period of his life, have exercised his profession at sea. From the great numbers of people which we often hear of in ancient ships, we must suppose they carried surgeons: whether St. Luke ever served in that capacity or not, is, of course, mere matter of conjecture. One thing is certain, no one unaccustomed to a sea life could have described the events connected with it with such accuracy as he has done.'

'But, although his descriptions are accurate, both as to manner and language, they are *unprofessional*. The seamen in charge of the ship, has his attention perpetually on the stretch, watching every change or indication of change, of wind and weather. He is obliged to decide upon the instant what measures are to be taken to avail himself of favourable changes, or to obviate the consequences of unfavourable. Hence, in describing them, he naturally dwells upon cause and effect. He tells us not only what was done, but why it was done. The impression produced by incidents at sea upon the mind of the mere spectator, is altogether different, and of course his mode of describing is equally so. He tells us what has happened, but rarely tells us either how or why the measures connected with it were taken. In doing so, he often mentions circumstances which a seaman would not think of noticing from their familiarity, or from their being matters of course, and is frequently silent as to those that are of the greatest importance, and which no seaman would pass over.

'Now these are exactly the peculiarities which characterize the style of St. Luke as a voyage writer; for instance, when the ship was run ashore, he tells us that they loosed the bands of the rudders; a seaman would have told us, in the previous stage of the narrative, how they were secured—a matter of necessity in an ancient ship anchored by the stern; and when we remember that it was on the face of a lee shore, in a gale of wind, it must have been one of difficulty, whereas loosing them was a mere matter of course. Thus, also, when they became aware of the proximity of land, a seaman would hardly have omitted telling what were the indications which led the shipmen to deem that they drew near to some country.' (xxvii. 27.)

'It would be easy to multiply instances from the narrative, and to cite analogous ones from the published works of medical men who have written narratives of their voyages; for those who are led by the love of science or adventure to make long voyages, frequently become their historians. I prefer, however, making the comparison with a fragment of a journal of an officer in Captain Cook's ship, from the 'United Service Magazine,' (May, 1812, p. 46.) There can be no doubt that in this case the author was a medical man. The correspondent who communicates it, infers that he is so, from the circumstance of a medical

case being in the same book. The professional manner in which he describes Captain Cook's remains would have been proof sufficient to me that he was one. I prefer this as a case in point, because we have it as it was written on the spot, without being pruned or worked up for effect, and because we can compare it with published accounts of the same events, written by professional seamen. It exhibits all the peculiarities which I have alluded to as characterizing the style of St. Luke. The author relates the events as they fell under his knowledge, in correct nautical language, but he offers no explanations as to the causes. Take the following examples:—

'24 Feb., 1779.—In the evening hauled our wind, and stood out clear of the islands.'—*Journal*, p. 46.

'Compare this with Captain King's account:—

'At sun-set, observing a shoal which appeared to stretch a considerable distance to the west of Mowee, towards the middle of the passage, and the weather being unsettled, we tacked, and stood to the south.'—*King's Voyage*, p. 84.

'28. Feb.—Hauled our wind, and are to stand off and on for the night.'—*Journal*, p. 46.

'It being too late to run for the road on the south-west side of the island, where we had been last year, we passed the night in standing on and off.'—*King's Voyage*, p. 88

'Here it will be observed, that the nautical language is quite as correct in the one case as in the other; the only difference being, that the seaman relates the cause of their proceedings, while the medical author of the journal omits them.

'When St. Luke mentions the incident of hoisting the boat on board, he informs us that it was a work of difficulty (*μολις*, xxvii. 16;) but he does not tell us wherein the difficulty consisted. In like manner, when the author of the journal notices the incident of getting the *Resolution's* foremast into its place, he merely says, 'The mast, after much trouble and many risks, was got in;' but is silent as to the causes of the risks and trouble. Compare this with the accounts given by seamen of the same circumstances, where we are not left in doubt as to the causes. Captain King, says:—

'Early on the morning of the 20th, we had the satisfaction of getting the foremast shipped; it was an operation attended with great difficulty and some danger, our ropes being so exceedingly rotten, that the purchase gave way several times.'—*King's Voyage*, p. 79.

'In a journal of the same voyage, by an officer of the *Discovery*, 8°. London, 1785, it is thus recorded:—

'Early on the morning of the 20th, we had the satisfaction of getting the foremast of the *Resolution* shipped, a work of great labour and some difficulty, as the ropes were now become rotten, and unable to sustain the purchase.'

'This mode of writing, accounts for the omission, in the narrative of St. Luke, of circumstances which, nautically speaking, were of much importance, and the insertion of others which were quite unimportant—a style which, had it been his object to have described a sea-voyage, would have been liable to serious objections; but it was no part of his

purpose to do so, farther than as his narrative illustrated passages in the life of St. Paul. And were it not that in cases where he was actually present, he is more than usually circumstantial, we should probably have learnt no more than that the apostle was shipwrecked on his voyage to Italy. His notices of events, when he writes as a witness, are altogether accidental and fragmentary. He records them simply because he observes them, and not because they are intrinsically important. They drop unintentionally from his pen, and are never thrown in for the purpose of heightening the effect; witness the account of the visit to Philippi; for it is scarcely possible to write circumstantially without at the same time writing graphically. Still less are circumstances thrown in for the purpose of lending probability to his narration. On the contrary, they often detract from it. '*Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*' The most important circumstances, probably, did not fall under his notice; and he never stops to offer explanations. St. Luke, however, possesses two qualifications as a writer, which, in a great degree, compensate for his omissions, and which enable us to supply many of them with the greatest certainty. The first is, his perfect knowledge of his subject, and the next his accuracy. No man, who was not gifted in a super-eminent degree with this quality, could have given a narrative capable of being tested as his has been in the following examination: he must not only have been an accurate observer, but his memory must have been accurate, and his habits of thought and reasoning not less so; hence his facts afford the firmest grounds for resting conclusions upon, and these in their turn furnish data for mathematical reasoning. The reader may give an incredulous smile at the idea of working the dead reckoning of a ship from such disjointed and apparently vague notices, yet I have done so, and the result is nearer than I could have expected beforehand, had it been the journal of a modern ship, and I had had her log-book lying before me. I admit that a coincidence so extraordinary, is to a certain extent accidental; but it is an accident which could not have happened had there been any inaccuracy on the part of the narrator: had he made an error of a single day, it would have been difficult to have reconciled his statements; and had it been any other island than Malta upon which the ship was wrecked, it would have been impossible. I refer the reader to the account of the voyage, for the calculations and authorities upon which they are founded.'—p. 7—14.

These observations upon the general style of Luke are followed up by a careful examination of the various terms employed to describe the progress of the ship, under all the different circumstances in which it was placed during the entire voyage, and these terms the author determines to be the accurate nautical terms, that would have been employed by a professional seaman at that period. It is a test that no fabrication would bear, and it cannot fail eminently to subserve the cause of the Christian evidence.

After this Mr. Smith proceeds to trace the voyage, devoting

a chapter to each of its portions. We have, first, the course from Cæsarea to Myra; secondly, from Myra to Fair Havens; thirdly, from Crete to Melita—the gale; fourthly, the shipwreck; and fifthly, Melita to Italy. In tracing the first portion of the voyage, Mr. Smith brings to bear upon his subject several narratives of voyages in the same seas, and at the same season of the year, a matter of great importance in determining the course of the ship, on account of the periodicity of the winds. He has occasion to correct the opinion of many eminent commentators as to the ship's course being to the south of Cyprus. He appears to us, clearly to make it out that they went to the north, for this is the only supposition agreeable with the statement made in the fifth verse, that 'they sailed through the sea of Cilicia, (διαπλευσαντες) not *over*, as in the authorized version, but as this sea lies altogether to the north of Cyprus, they could not have sailed through it without leaving the island on their left.' Mr. Smith's conclusion is, that in taking this course, 'they acted precisely as the most accomplished seaman in the present day would have done under similar circumstances.' He then quotes from several voyagers, evidence very remarkable and satisfactory in confirmation of his opinion.

The course from Myra to Fair Havens is traced with great ability, and admirable critical acumen. Several mistakes are corrected and doubtful points settled with consummate judgment. The determination of the places, and of the ship's course, was a matter of great difficulty, because no earlier writer has mentioned either the Fair Havens, or the City of Lasea. Yet, to say the least, Mr. Smith has made it tolerably certain, both what was the course pursued, and from what points the wind was blowing at the time the consultation was held, when Paul wished them to winter at the Fair Havens, and not to run the risk that they afterwards encountered, through the opinion of the officers, that it would be desirable to seek a better harbour to winter in. It is, however, fully admitted by Mr. Smith, that an harbour lying open to nearly half the compass, could not have been a good winter harbour. The opinion of the officers was unanimous, we may suppose, in favour of changing their quarters; and in this the centurion very properly acquiesced, though the event justified Paul's advice. The question is then discussed, as to the position of Phenice (ver. 12). This is supposed to be a harbour, on the same side of Crete, about forty miles to the westward. The generally received version of *κατα Λιβυα και κατα Χωρον*, 'lieth towards the south-west and north-west,' has opposed a formidable difficulty to the identification of the harbour they wished to gain. Mr. Smith is of opinion, that this harbour has lost the name of Phenice,

and is now called Lutro. The chief difficulty in the way of this opinion is, that Lutro, as a harbour, looks the reverse way to that stated in the narrative. This harbour was never reached by the ship, and it might, therefore, be deemed a matter of no importance to ascertain it. But Mr. Smith has in view the determination, not only of the accurate course pursued by the ship, but the minute and technical accuracy of St. Luke, in describing it, and he therefore evinces no little skill and learning in reconciling the language to the facts. The agreement he brings out is as striking as it is satisfactory. Everything, he first shows, depends upon the sense of the Greek preposition 'κατα,' and taking its meaning to be '*in the same direction as,*' he concludes, that it does not mean open to the wind blowing from the point indicated by the wind, but to the point towards which it blows—that is, it is not open to the south-west, but to the north-east. Of course, in such a case, everything depends upon the use of the preposition, in reference to the winds. Here he quotes an instance from Herodotus, and another from Arrian, which clearly show that κατα did not mark the point towards which a wind blew, but that from which it blew; so that when a cloud was driven 'κατα ουρον,' it was not going towards the east, but was driven by the east wind towards the west. 'When St. Luke, therefore, describes the harbour of Phenice, as looking κατα Διβα και κατα Χωρον, I understand that it looks to the north-east, which is the point towards which Libs blows; and to the south-east, that to which Cauras blows. Now this is exactly the description of Lutro, which looks, or is open to the east, but, having an island in front, which shelters it; it has two entrances, one looking to the north-east, which is κατα Διβα; and the other, to the south-east, κατα Χωρον.'

Chapter iii. traces the voyage as it was continued from Crete, in search of a better harbour. The anchor was weighed, with a favourable breeze from the south. Mr. Smith observes, that a ship which could not lie nearer to the wind than seven points, would but just weather Cape Matala, close to the land. Hence the propriety of the expression, 'ασσον παρελγουτο την κρητην,' *they sailed close by Crete*. The distance they had now to make, was about thirty-four miles, and as the bearing was west-north-west, the south wind was highly favourable. They had not proceeded far on their course, when a sudden change took place. The ship was caught in a *typhon*, and 'yielding to it, we were borne along' (επιδοντες φερομεθα). With great ingenuity, he then determines the direction of this wind; and shows, that it must have changed from a southerly to a violent northerly; for there was a fear, when under Clauda, of being driven towards the *Syrtis* (ver. 17). This, he shows, from other sources, is a com-

mon occurrence in these seas. He adds, also, descriptions of the typhon. Thus, he brings out both the nature of the gale, and the direction it took.

The narrative states nothing more than that it defeated their object of gaining Phenice, and compelled them to run under the lee of Claudia (*υποδραμοντες*). 'It will, however, be found, that the ship must have strained and suffered severely in her hull, and that the leaks she then sprung were gradually gaining upon the crew; and that if she had not providentially made the land, and been thereby enabled to save their lives by running the ship on shore, she must have foundered at sea, and all on board perished.' The inspired writer details the circumstances that followed, with remarkable precision; over the whole of which Mr. Smith passes, illustrating every point from the recorded conduct of other mariners in similar circumstances; and showing, with the skill of a practised seaman, what the exigencies of the case required, and what must have been their course. In criticising the translation of some of the nautical expressions, he shows that they have been, in some respects, misunderstood. Thus, *striking sail*, when they feared the Syrtis or quicksand, he shows, would have deprived them of the only means they possessed of avoiding that destruction. But the ship was not allowed to *scud*. It was hove-to upon the starboard tack, having been made snug by 'undergirding,' an expedient that is fully described and verified. Everything, indeed, appears to have been done which skilful and experienced seamanship could suggest, and everything is described in the most orderly and technical terms by the narrator; only some of these, as terms of art, have been misunderstood both by translators and commentators. Thus, at the end of the first day, they prepared themselves, as well as they could, to withstand the effects of the gale. 'A dreary interval,' as it is styled by Mr. Smith, of eleven days, succeeds; in which, without compass, without sight of sun or stars, they are 'exceedingly tossed with the tempest, and all hope of being saved was taken away.' The hopelessness of their condition arose from the state of the ship, and not so much from the violence of the gale. The leak could not be resisted. It gained upon them after the utmost exertion, and they had no prospect but of foundering at sea, unless they should be driven into safety, or discover some land where they might run the ship aground. 'At length, on the fourteenth night of their being *driven through* (*διαφερομενων*) the sea of Adria, towards midnight, the seamen suspected (*υπεινοουν*) that land was near.' The reason for this suspicion, Mr. Smith endeavours to ascertain, and has rendered highly probable. A very interesting case of the Lively frigate, in the year 1810, off

the same point of Koura, where the shipmen deemed that they were drawing near to land, is then given. It strikingly illustrates the sacred narrative. The ship of war was off the same point at midnight, in a gale; but not being aware of the nearness of the land, and the attempt to put her about failing, the anchor was let go, but before the ship could be brought up, she fell off broadside upon the rock, and went to pieces. Just before this calamity, they sounded, and found *twenty-five fathoms*. The seamen, in St. Paul's case, sounded probably a little nearer the island, and found *twenty* fathoms, and afterwards *fifteen*. This decided the next step—to cast anchor, and wait for the morning. Before we come, however, to the climax of running aground, we must observe, that Mr. Smith has given a calculation of the drift of a vessel, under all the circumstances of this ship, derived from the testimony of experienced officers, in the Levant; and has shown that Malta is the very land, and *the only land*, which she could have neared in the time, and with the wind then blowing. These calculations are exceedingly interesting, and confirmatory of the narrative. Thus Mr. Smith sums up this chapter:—

‘Hence, according to these calculations, a ship, starting late in the evening from Clauda, would, by midnight on the 14th, be less than three miles from the entrance to St. Paul's Bay. I admit that a coincidence so very close as this is, is, to a certain extent, accidental, but it is an accident which could not have happened, had there been any inaccuracy on the part of the author of the narrative, with regard to the numerous incidents upon which the calculations are founded, or had the ship been wrecked any where but at Malta, for there is no other place agreeing either in name or description, within the limits to which we are tied down by the calculations founded upon the narrative.’—p. 87.

The fourth chapter contains the examination of that part of the narrative which describes the shipwreck. The morning dawns, with the ship at anchor, and breakers to leeward. This was the position of the Lively frigate, which went upon the rocks and was lost. Paul's ship, however, remained at anchor, and, as Mr. Smith shows, in the most advantageous position for running her ashore. She was anchored by the stern with four anchors. This brings up a difficulty, which Mr. Smith treats with his usual skill and science. Were the ships of the ancients fitted to anchor by the stern? ‘Had they hawse-holes aft?’ inquired a sailor, ‘because, if they had,’ said he, ‘we are only coming back to old practices.’ This point Mr. Smith settles affirmatively, and then proceeds to explain, first, the advantage of being so anchored when they meant to run aground; and, next, the measures adopted to effect their ulti-

mate purpose, the cutting away the anchors, loosing the rudder-bands, and hoisting the artemon, all of which could be done simultaneously, with the ship immediately under command, and capable of being 'directed with precision to any part of the shore which offered a prospect of safety.' Whereas, if anchored in the usual mode, she might have taken 'the wrong cast,' or drifted on the rocks before she was under command. The shores of the bay are rocky. 'Selmoon Island, which separates the bay from the sea on the outside, is formed by a long rocky ridge, separated from the mainland by a channel of not more than a hundred yards in breadth. Near this channel, which a glance at the chart will show, must be where a ship from the eastward would be driven, they ran the ship ashore; the fore part stuck fast and remained entire, but the stern was dashed to pieces by the force of the waves. This is a remarkable circumstance, which, but for the peculiar nature of the bottom of St. Paul's Bay, it would be difficult to account for.' The author then describes the nature of the sand and clay formed by the disintegration of the rocks at that part. It is only in the still water that this tenacious clay is formed, and nowhere but in the creeks is it found. The depth of three fathoms is the sounding given by Captain Smyth in his chart, as the sounding in these creeks for the mud; and that is about the water such a ship would draw when she would strike 'a bottom of mud graduating into tenacious clay, into which the fore part would fix itself, and be held fast, whilst the stern was exposed to the force of the waves.'

We cannot afford space to go farther into the illustrations supplied, and we need go no farther to show the merits of this performance. Imperfect as is the outline we have furnished, it proves the extensive learning, nautical knowledge, and patient research of the author. His labours, which are here presented in a comparatively small volume, are of no small value, and deserve no niggard praise. The narrative is one so peculiar, and relating to events and the state of the nautical art, so far back in antiquity, that few inquirers would have deemed it possible to throw any light upon it, or to determine with anything like precision the course of the ship and the localities mentioned. But all these are brought out by Mr. Smith, in a manner highly satisfactory to the reader, and creditable to himself. Nothing is passed over or slightly touched. The simple narrative of Luke is verified in every minute particular, and as it appears to us, every difficulty solved, and every objection removed, in a style that seems to defy dissent from his opinions.

The volume contains four distinct dissertations of great value. The first is on the wind named Euroclydon; the second, on the

island Melita; the third, on the ships of the ancients: and the fourth on the sources of Luke's writings. To these is added an appendix containing much curious critical matter, and the volume is enriched by four plates and three charts—all tending to illustrate the general subject.

By far the most important part of the volume, is the dissertation on the sources of Luke's writings. The learned author takes up the tradition derived originally from Papias, that both Mark and Luke have translated from Memoirs written by Peter; *εξηγησεν Πέτρον* is the expression on which this tradition rests. It has been learnedly discussed by eminent authorities; but we cannot at present enter upon it. We may probably find another opportunity of noticing Mr. Smith's arguments. But at present we can only commend it, as well as the entire volume, to the careful perusal of our critical readers. We can assure them that everything Mr. Smith writes in elucidation of biblical subjects is highly deserving of attention. If his dissertation upon Luke's writings is not quite so satisfactory as his examination of the narrative of the voyage and shipwreck, it is only because the subject itself is a still more difficult one, and susceptible of far less illustration and argument.

ART. VII.—*Crosby Hall Lectures on Education*. London: John Snow.

THE Congregational Board of Education has rendered an important service by the publication of this volume. The design out of which it originated was a good one, and we rejoice that it has been executed with a wisdom and integrity worthy of the occasion. The perusal of these lectures has afforded us unmingled satisfaction. It has strengthened our confidence in the principles to which we are pledged, and furnished additional proofs, if such were needed, of the competence of their advocates to disabuse the public mind of its temporary delusion. If any of our readers are doubtful on this point, they need only examine the pages before us. Truth will not be wanting of fair play, where such knowledge, talent, and high-mindedness are arrayed on its behalf. There have been times when her voice was weak, and her advocates few and timid. But the case is different now. The publication on our table is proof of the fact, and we look with renewed hope to the certain and not distant triumph of the principles it expounds. Our notice

of these lectures has been delayed longer than we intended. This has not arisen from inadvertance, much less from indifference, or a low estimate of their worth. We were desirous of hearing what others might say, before pronouncing our own decision, and now hasten to discharge one of the most pleasing duties which our vocation devolves upon us. We are entering on a new struggle, in which principles of momentous importance are involved, and whence consequences will flow, for which few are yet prepared. This conflict requires a large knowledge of facts, a clear perception of great principles, and a deep, solemn conviction of their importance to the well-being of society, and the healthful working of religious agencies. A new element is sought to be introduced into the training of the young mind or England, the character and probable effects of which, ought to be carefully analysed before its adoption is permitted.

The ruling classes of society have hitherto stood aloof from the work. For many years they ranked amongst its opponents. It was decried as vicious in principle, and most threatening in aspect,—as adapted to destroy the due subordination of social life, to unfit the poor for their humble avocations, and to spread throughout the community discontent and irreligion. Such was the language ordinarily used by officials of all classes, lay and clerical. Statesmen and bishops with their subordinate grades of squires, rectors, and curates, were perfectly agreed on this point. The exceptions were so few, as only to render the general agreement more obvious. The clergy were ever foremost in opposition, and there was an asperity and bitterness in their hostility, which approached to the rancour of ecclesiastical hatred. This position was maintained so long as any hope of success remained, and there is no want of charity in the conclusion that it would have been retained to this hour, had it been possible to prevent the education of the people. Happily, however, this could not be done;—voluntaryism determined the people should be taught, and set itself to the work in right good earnest. Misrepresented, vilified, and denounced, it persisted in its noble purpose, gained rapidly on the ignorance of the nation, perpetually improved its machinery, augmented its resources, and gathered confidence from success, until, at length, it began to anticipate the speedy enlightenment of the whole people. It had done much; it was prepared to do more. An unpurchaseable zeal had worked itself free from the alloy which enfeebled its earlier efforts, experience had corrected its mistakes, adapted its plans more skilfully to the wants of the population, and increased a hundred fold its power to cope with surrounding darkness. All this it had done in the face of bitter and unrelenting hostility, and now when the

first and greatest difficulties are mastered, when it has proved itself equal to the work—we say so deliberately, and with a full knowledge of the facts of the case—when it has done this by a process at once simple and inexpensive, which benefits alike the teacher and the taught; confirming the benevolent habits of the one, and enlightening the ignorance of the other, we are called on to abandon our old agencies, to forego our appeals to what is generous, free, and virtuous, and to substitute in their place a reliance on what has hitherto enfeebled and corrupted whatever it touched. In the name of common sense and common honesty, we protest against the substitution. There is a meanness in the bare proposal, which we resent. It has no one element of honesty in it. It awakens our suspicion. The voice is that of Jacob, and we shun it as full of craft and treachery. Why should we exchange the weapon whose temper we have proved, for one whose edge is dull and unfitted to our hand? ‘The truth is,’ as Dr. Hamilton admirably remarks, ‘that the people have found for themselves an education, and have acquired the art of thinking,—and these parties do not approve of the spiritualism of that education and the independence of that thinking. They would take both under their management. They would give it their own direction. Hence their sudden conversion and newborn-zeal. They would unstring the evil. They would wield the power.—‘That it spread no further among the people!’’

But we must not pursue this train of thought. We have to do with the volume before us, and are desirous of making our readers acquainted with its contents. It consists of Seven Lectures, of which the following are the titles :—

Lecture I.—On the Progress and Efficiency of Voluntary Education in England. By Edward Baines, Jun., Esq.

Lecture II.—On the Education of the Working Classes. By the Rev. Algernon Wells.

Lecture III.—On the Parties Responsible for the Education of the People. By Richard Winter Hamilton, LL.D., DD.

Lecture IV.—On Normal Schools for the Training of Teachers. By Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A., Norwich.

Lecture V.—On the Non-interference of the Government with Popular Education. By Edward Miall, Esq.

Lecture VI.—On the Progress and Efficacy of Voluntary Education, as Exemplified in Wales. By the Rev. Henry Richard.

Lecture VII.—The Educational Condition of the People of England, and the Position of Nonconformists in Relation to its Advancement. By the Rev. Robert Ainslie.

We shall not attempt the invidious task of discriminating between the merits of these several lectures. Where all are excellent,

---and this is verily the case,—it is needless to say which is best. Each lecture bears distinctly the marks of its authorship, and different readers will judge of these, according to their several predilections. Neither shall we devote equal attention to all. Were we to do so, our notice would of necessity be so meagre, as to disappoint our readers, and we should fail to accomplish our own purpose. We say, therefore, in general, that there is not a page in the volume which is not creditable to its author, and will not amply repay for an attentive and repeated perusal; while the whole presents a view of the great controversy of the day, which must command the respect of intelligent opponents, and is admirably suited to confirm the convictions, enlarge the views, and animate the labours of the friends of voluntary education.

Mr. Baines's lecture, which is the first of the series, constitutes an admirable summary of the history of popular education in England. Its details are full, yet precise, embracing every aspect of the great question, and by an array of facts, with which few were competent to deal, leading on irresistibly to the conclusion in which he would have his readers rest. Like all men who have thoroughly mastered their subject, and are fully convinced of the soundness of their views, Mr. Baines shrinks from no test by which it may be fairly tried, and is specially free from the charge of taking a restricted or partial view of it. He deals with the question on the broadest scale; and appeals in support of his views, 'to the free press, the free literature, the free science, and the free education of England, in opposition to countries where all these things are taken under the care of government.' He has thus generously furnished his opponents with every opportunity they could desire of assailing his position, and in his ease and obvious sense of security, has displayed absolute reliance on the strength of his own defence. We have rarely met with such an instance of calm, enlightened, and triumphant confidence. There is nothing dictatorial in it. It does not speak in great swelling words, nor show itself in a contemptuous disregard of the views of others. It is the complacent repose of a spirit which has surveyed the whole field of vision, minutely examined its various objects, and deeply pondered over the general laws to which they give birth.

The disposition evinced by state-educationists to shrink from the test of experience, is most ominous for their cause. So long as the past could be referred to without fear of exposure, it was the arsenal whence their weapons were chiefly drawn. But now that the diligence of Mr. Baines has rendered the means of refutation accessible to all, these gentlemen adopt a different

style, and most suspiciously decry what they were formerly accustomed to place in the fore ground of their argument :—

‘ In illustrating,’ says Mr. Baines, ‘ the progress and efficiency of Voluntary education in England,’ I must ask leave to resort to two modes of proof, namely, the historical and the statistical. You may think it strange that I should apologise for using what may seem almost the only kinds of proof in a question of this nature ; but in nearly every work or speech which I have read on the side of State Education, I find a tacit discountenance of all appeal to by-gone years. There is extensive research among the Blue Books issued by Government Commissioners, but an almost total abstinence from a comparison of our present with our former educational state. I doubt whether, in all the speeches of Ministers and their supporters last session, there was a single reference to the experience of the last fifty years, for the sake of ascertaining the progress of popular education, and determining the worth of the principle on which it had been conducted. Still less did they venture, by more remote historical inquiry, to pry into ‘ the hole of the pit from which we were digged.’ And as to statistics, it is the fashion to scout them, not only as troublesome, but actually as proving nothing ! Last year I was sneered at by the ‘ Times,’ as ‘ bristling with statistics.’ And a few weeks since, in reference to an examination of the educational statistics of Wales, the ‘ Morning Chronicle ’ said—

‘ Mr. Baines has reproduced his old argument for the sufficiency of the Voluntary Principle, namely, the number of children at school in proportion to the whole population. We do not think it at all necessary to go into the details of this argument ! ’

‘ On the same occasion the ‘ Daily News ’ said—

‘ We repeat for the fiftieth time, statistics are next to worthless in this inquiry ! ’

‘ Now, if ‘ the number of children at school in proportion to the whole population ’ be not a point of the highest importance in this question, and if ‘ statistics are next to worthless,’ we might as well discard the science of numbers as a troublesome invention, tempting men to ridiculous exactness and inconvenient demonstration. I had thought that figures were admitted to be useful, as representing numbered, measured, and ascertained facts ; but it seems the indefinite is preferred to the definite ; and certainly it is more convenient to the rhetorician, who has to cover over an exposed fallacy.’—p. 9.

After the attention given in former articles to the statistical bearings of the question, we need not at present pursue this branch of the subject. Mr. Baines has placed it on an immovable position. Its general result is clear and unquestionable, whatever exceptions a captious opponent may take to details. We are entitled to regard it as admitted ground, and to proceed, in consequence, to other and more advanced points of the general question. We doubt, indeed, whether a candid person can be found, not already committed to the controversy, who will venture to express any misgiving on this point, and the

efforts of others are but as the plunges of a drowning man. We dismiss, therefore, the question of statistics, with the following tabular statement:—

DAY-SCHOLARS AND POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES, IN 1803, 1818, 1833, AND 1846.

Years.	Day-scholars.	Population.	Proportion of Day-scholars to Population.
In 1803	524,241	9,128,507	1 to 17½
— 1818	674,883	11,398,167	1 to 17
— 1833	1,276,947	14,417,110	1 to 11½
— 1846	2,000,000	17,026,024	1 to 8½

Increase of Population, from 1833 to 1846 . . . 86 per cent.

Increase of Scholars, ditto ditto . . . 281 per cent.

—p. 33.

It is admitted on every hand, that voluntary effort has not yet accomplished all that is desirable. No man alleges this, much less Mr. Baines. He admits frankly, and on every befitting occasion, that much remains to be done, yet triumphantly contends that the same agency which has wrought so far, is competent to what remains, and is now in a more promising condition than at any prior stage. We perfectly agree with his conclusion, that 'there never was a more vulgar piece of narrow statesmanship, than that of Lord John Russell, in adopting the project of Mr. Kay Shuttleworth.'

Though somewhat beside our immediate object, we cannot resist the temptation of transferring to our pages the following statement, compiled from the official publications of 1847, of what the voluntary principle has done in another department. It is an invaluable record, which may well shame the incredulity with which some nonconformists have ventured to refer to its operations.

Nonconformist Chapels in England.

Wesleyan Methodist . . .	3,000	Methodist New Connexion	277
Independent	1,800	Unitarian	220
Baptist	1,435	Orthodox Presbyterian	147
Primitive Methodist . . .	1,421	Lady Huntingdon's . . .	30
Roman Catholic	540	Inghamites, New Jerusa-	
Bible Christian	391	lem Church, and various,	
Quaker	346	(estimated)	500
Wesleyan Association . .	316		

Total . . . 10,423

Nonconformist Chapels in Wales.

Calvinistic Methodist	759	Quaker	9
Independent	640	Wesleyan Association	6
Baptist	312	Primitive Methodist	12
Wesleyan	469	Various minor Sects, (supposed)	80
Unitarian	30		
			Total . 2,317

Summary.

Chapels in England	.	.	.	.	10,423
Ditto in Wales	.	.	.	.	2,317
Total	.	.	.	.	12,740

Beside the above, there are many preaching-places. For example—The Primitive Methodists, in their Annual Report, say that the 1,421 chapels mentioned above are ‘Connexional Chapels,’ in addition to which they have 3,340 ‘Rented Chapels.’ The Wesleyan Association also mention 215 ‘Preaching-places, rooms, etc.’ The Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, Quakers, and perhaps all the other bodies, have also preaching-rooms and stations, in addition to the chapels enumerated.—p. 44.

Mr. Wells’s lecture ‘On the Education of the Working People,’ is a generous and noble-minded production, which we could read again and again, with ever growing pleasure. We have always thought highly both of the intellect and of the heart of the author; but in frankness we admit that he has here exceeded our expectations. His whole soul has been thrown into his theme, and the manner in which he has treated it bespeaks a lofty range of sympathies, great force of intellect, a profound conviction of the momentous bearings of his views, and a singleness of purpose worthy of a Christian patriot. There is a healthy tone throughout his lecture, which specially delights us. He not only knows but relies on the truth. His faith is simple and confiding. It is founded on knowledge, and calculates with certainty on triumph. Referring to the conduct of his own religious body, Mr. Wells remarks,—and we are glad to enrich our pages with his testimony,—

‘The belief of many Independents is, that from the hour they received Government money, they would be a changed people—their tone lowered—their spirit altered—their consistency sacrificed—and their honour tarnished. They know not how to conceive of their deputations waiting at the Treasury—how honoured men, whose names must not be mentioned, could there mingle with the delegates of other nameless bodies in the antechamber of the Committee of Privy Council. How they would be received by the dispensers of Parliamentary funds, we can

easily imagine ; how welcomed with bows and smiles ; how they would be complimented on their enlarged views and new liberality of sentiment ; and how they would feel, we may be sure—that their birthright was sold, their locks shorn, and they like other men. Therefore some Independents think the question is, not How can we obtain Government money ? but, How can we avoid it ? If there must be any ingenious interpretation of our principles for any purpose, let it be to determine how we can maintain our liberty, not how can we receive the grant ? So that, supposing such Independents to have no settled judgment, whether the State can or cannot rightfully and usefully interpose in the work of general education ; whether some other classes of the community could or could not, consistently and advantageously, receive State co-operation, money, and control in their schools,—they would still say, Independents must be independent ; which they will be no longer, and no further, than while they ‘owe no man anything.’ This may be an arduous, but it is an honourable, position : to be Dissenters in education, as well as Dissenters in religion ; to be misunderstood and repudiated on all sides ; to be shut out and kept down, without hope of emerging into national equality and advancement, is no light matter ; but a clear, ringing testimony to truth and liberty is worth it all.’—p. 65.

Of Dr. Hamilton’s, Mr. Miall’s, and Mr. Ainslie’s lectures, we will merely say, that did our space permit, each would furnish abundant materials for extended comment. They are worthy — no mean praise — of their respective authors, and should be diligently studied by those who wish to master the whole question. We regret that we cannot notice them at length, for a reason which will immediately appear. The same reason operates in the case of Mr. Reed’s lecture, which we commend most earnestly to the serious consideration of our readers. It is full of sound, practical sense, displays an intimate knowledge of the working of the school system, and is admirably adapted to improve our existing educational machinery. We rank the value of this lecture very high, and trust that the suggestions it contains will receive from the friends of voluntary education all the attention they merit.

We have been thus brief in our notice of these lectures, in order that ampler space may be given to that of Mr. Richard, on ‘The Progress and Efficiency of Voluntary Education, as exemplified in Wales.’ Various considerations lead us to give special prominence to this lecture, amongst which it is sufficient now to remark, the want of information amongst English readers on this branch of the educational question, and the unblushing arts by which it has been sought to draw from the Principality an argument in favour of the interference of the State. We had previously been compelled to regard the Reports of the Government Commissioners as unworthy of confidence. The accumulating evidence of many witnesses had

convicted them of artifice, misrepresentation, and calumny, while the statistical researches of Mr. Baines had established a case the very opposite, in many most important points, from that with which it had been sought to delude the public. Mr. Richard, however, has carried us much farther, and we have closed the perusal of his lecture with an overpowering conviction of the absolute worthlessness of these documents, and of the mingled ignorance, presumption, and malignity which they display. It is perfectly astonishing that any functionaries should have ventured, in the present day, on so gross and wholesale a defamation, and that, too, when the means of refutation were so accessible, and the public mind was so keenly vigilant. Never, we venture to assert, has a cause been so damaged by the ignorance, rashness, and pre-determined judgment of its friends. We blush for the men who have done the guilty deed, and have nothing but contempt for those who can seek to profit by their obliquity. But to descend to particulars.

In the latter part of the year 1846, Mr. Lingen, Mr. Symons, and Mr. Vaughan Johnson, were appointed by Government to inquire into the state of education in Wales. These gentlemen have presented the result of their labours in three bulky volumes, which have been hailed by state-educationists as a triumphant establishment of their case. The 'Morning Chronicle' gathers from them, that 'Wales is fast settling down into the most savage barbarism.' The 'Examiner' concludes, on the same authority, that the Welsh 'are sunk in the depths of ignorance, and in the slough of sensuality,' and that 'their habits are those of animals, and will not bear description.' The 'Daily News' wants language to depict the moral and social degradation of the principality; and the opinions thus expressed by government *employees* or their friends in the journals of the day, have been re-echoed throughout the country by their followers. These judgments, we frankly admit, are in perfect keeping with the documents on which they are professedly founded. 'It is scarcely too much to say,' remarks Mr. Richard, 'that any one reposing plenary faith in the competency and fidelity of these gentlemen, and forming his judgment under their guidance alone, can hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that there is not a more ignorant, depraved, idle, superstitious, drunken, debauched, lewd, and lying population on the face of the earth, than are the Welsh. That this is not too strong a representation, will appear from the impression which they have actually produced on the minds of Englishmen, who have no other means of information than that which these Reports supply.'

There is no great unfairness in the summing up of these

journals. Candour might, indeed, have employed different language, and a simple love of truth would unquestionably have thrown in some redeeming features. But we are too old to expect much of this from government functionaries, whose special vocation it is to support the case of their employers. If some parts of the Reports speak a different language, their general tenour is in harmony with the interpretation put upon them. The truth does, indeed, occasionally ooze out; statements are incidentally admitted, which are incompatible with the general representation given; but enough, and more than enough, is said to give rise to the startling judgment pronounced by the Whig journals. A judge might have been expected to compare and sift the evidence; but an advocate takes only those parts of a witness's testimony which are favourable to his case. Such is the course which the government organs have pursued. They had a foregone conclusion to support, and have laboured on its behalf with reckless zeal. But now to particulars.

We have already alluded to the indisposition of our opponents to deal with figures, and we do not much marvel at it. So long as they were deemed favourable to their theory they were made much of. But now the Commissioners tell us, 'that statistics are next to worthless in this inquiry,' and 'that no mere statement of either the number or increase of their schools, can possibly prove that the Welsh are able to provide for their own education.' We smile at this oracular decision, and instantly understand it on examining the following tabular statement. We present the figures without remark; they constitute an argument more direct and conclusive than any logic can furnish.

NUMBERS OF DAY SCHOLARS, AND PROPORTION TO POPULATION.

Years.	Day Scholars.	Proportion to Population.
In 1803	21,369	1 to 26
— 1818	30,601	1 to 22
— 1833	54,810	1 to 15
— 1846-7	110,034	1 to 9

But this is not all. 'Remarkable and even marvellous,' Mr. Baines remarks, 'as this is, the increase in strictly religious education, as indicated by the increase in Sunday-schools, is still more surprising.' It was in the year 1789 that the Rev. Thomas Charles established the first Sunday-school in North Wales. And now mark the wonderful rapidity with which these excellent institutions have struck their roots, and spread their fibres through the whole extent of the country.

NUMBERS OF SUNDAY SCHOLARS, AND PROPORTION TO POPULATION.

Years.	Sunday Scholars.	Proportion to Population
In 1818	24,408	1 to 28
— 1833	173,171	1 to 4 4-5ths.
— 1846-7	238,740	1 to 4

—p. 185.

In conformity with this fact, and which further illustrates the falsity of the charge preferred against the people, we find that the demand for the Bible existing in Wales, is greater than that in England. From 1804, when the British and Foreign Bible Society was established, to January, 1847, 740,000 copies of the Bible and Testament were circulated in Wales; and during the last three years, the demand had arisen to the enormous amount of 123,748, being, in the proportion to the population, of 1 to 7, whereas, the highest average in England is 1 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. But this is not all. Our author says,—

‘Mr Symons is pleased to say, in one part of his Reports, that the peasantry, especially the female peasantry in Cardiganshire, are grossly ignorant and illiterate. Now Mr. Phillips informs me, that the highest average of Bible distribution in Wales, for the last three years, is in that county; that is, in the proportion of 1 to every 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ of the entire population. Now, mark, these are not all the Bibles circulated in Wales. There are many issued by the Christian Knowledge Society, besides what are sold by private booksellers. In addition to which he informs me, that of the Rev. Peter Williams’s Bible, which is a large quarto, with annotations, the price from about 20s. to 30s. a copy, there have been sold, in eighty years, 40,000 copies in the principality. Now, it should be remembered, that the whole of these Bibles, from the Bible Society and elsewhere, were not given away, but sold; so that this immense supply was fairly created by the demand. And, I ask, what could the Welsh want with such a multitude of Bibles, if they could not read?’—p. 187.

The free contributions to the Bible Society are equally honourable to the Principality. During the last three years, in addition to paying for the Bibles sent them, they have remitted £10,062. 13s. 2d., being in the proportion of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for every man, woman, and child. The contributions from England, during the same period, have been £81,645. 10s. 11d., or 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. for each inhabitant,—just one half that of Wales.

But further, Mr. Symons tells us, that ‘the Welsh have no literature worthy of the name;’ and Mr. Johnson adds, that they have ‘neither language nor literature’ for secular know-

ledge; and yet these gentlemen had never read a page of Welsh literature, nor did they understand a word of the language. Mr. Richard indignantly protests against their competency on the point which they undertake so oracularly to decide, and arrays overwhelming evidence in disproof of their rash and silly judgment.

'What greatly aggravates the absurdity in this case,' he justly remarks, 'is the fact, that these adventurous gentlemen, instead of restricting themselves to their proper duty as inspectors of schools, aspire to give a complete estimate of the national character, and of the whole system of society—to pass a judgment on the domestic habits, the religious institutions, and the literature of the country, together with the influence and operation of all these on its social character, and the development of its civilization; and all this without knowing a syllable of the language. Could so radical a disqualification be supplied by the aid of assistants and interpreters? Mr. Symons, in one place, speaking of the anomaly of administering justice in English to a people who do not understand the language, makes this strong remark—'*The mockery of an English trial of a Welsh criminal, by a Welsh Judge, in English, is too gross and shocking to need comment.*' Now, did it never occur to him, that to bring a whole nation to trial, under circumstances yet more unfair and disadvantageous, had in it at least something equally 'gross and shocking?' The fact is, that such an appointment, after the Ministers had been expressly admonished against it, was an *experimentum in corpore vili*, an ungenerous presumption on the helplessness of their victims, which I believe they would not have dared to inflict, had they not thought that the poor Welsh were an obscure, defenceless, and unfriended people, on whom they could practise any injustice with impunity, because there was no one to stand up in vindication of their rights.'—p. 199.

We cannot enter on this branch of the subject, but must content ourselves with recommending it to the attention of our readers. The friends of the Commissioners must bitterly regret the folly which has exposed them to so severe and merited a condemnation.

The mode of procedure adopted by the Commissioners fully accounts for their gross blunders, though it cannot excuse them for the unfairness of merging their character as judges in that of the partizan. It is true, they were young Whig barristers, who probably accepted the job, as a step to further promotion; but they must have been amongst the most short-sighted of mortals, or have calculated largely on the wickedness of their employers, if they expected their interests to be permanently served by such wholesale defamation. Wales is notoriously a dissenting country. The proportion of dissenters to churchmen is as eight to one, and it might, therefore, have been expected, that the Commissioners would, if only to preserve the appearance of impartiality, have consulted the former equally, at least,

with the latter. Did they do so? We do not ask for more than this. We are willing to reduce our demand to such a level, but below this we cannot go; and if we show that they did not, nay, further, that an overwhelming majority of the witnesses cited, belonged to the smaller section, and were avowedly favourable to government interference,—then it is idle to talk of the impartiality of the Commissioners, and it would be the mere drivelling of idiotcy to place reliance on their Reports. ‘They began their work,’ says Mr. Richard, ‘under the influence of a foregone conclusion. They were sent, and they fully understood this implied purport of their mission, to make out a case in favour of government aid and interference.’ This is strong language, we admit, but let our readers judge whether it is not true. On arriving in the Principality, the Commissioners waited on the bishops, to consult them ‘in the delicate task of selecting suitable assistants.’ These dignitaries naturally enough recommended the clerical students in the Church College of St. David’s, at Lampeter, and this advice was immediately adopted, only two dissenters being employed.

And then, as to the sources whence information was sought. This was equally characteristic, and reflects like credit on their honesty and trustworthiness. An overwhelming majority of the people, as already stated, are dissenters; and their ministers live amongst them, are acquainted with their condition, have their confidence, and know intimately their language and sympathies. The reverse of all this is notoriously the case with the clergy of the Church of England, and yet it turns out, on enquiry, that of the 311 persons examined, 159 were clergymen, and 73 lay churchmen; while only 34 were dissenting ministers, and 45 lay dissenters. The gross injustice of such a procedure becomes still more apparent, when traced in particular districts.

‘In the hundreds of Dewisland,’ says a writer in the ‘Principality’ newspaper, ‘Keness and Kilgerran, in the county of Pembroke, in which the dissenters are as nine to one of the population, as the Report itself will prove, we find, out of fifty-four who give their evidence, thirty-eight are clergymen of the Church of England, and *not one dissenting minister!* Yet there are living in the above district, a large number of respectable and influential ministers connected with the independents, baptists, and calvinistic methodists.’ Indeed, nothing strikes a person acquainted with the Principality so strongly, in looking into these Reports, as the absence of almost all the most conspicuous men connected with Welsh dissent.’

But this is not all. The Commissioners were not content with this most suspicious selection of their witnesses. They

felt themselves at liberty to suppress the evidence given by many dissenters, and this, too, on the very points with which their reports were specially concerned. It would not, of course, do to omit entirely the names of dissenters. Such a fact would have revealed too plainly the sinister design of the Commissioners. A few dissenters were consequently examined, though their evidence was not wanted. It did not favour the 'foregone conclusion,' and is therefore consigned to oblivion, by these most impartial and veracious judges. But to the proof:—

'Not only,' says Mr. Richard, 'did these gentlemen ignorantly or wilfully omit to consult the best informed and most competent authorities, but they did far worse. Now, observe, I am not going to mince the matter; I have taken care to get firm ground beneath my feet before I stood here. I do distinctly and deliberately charge these gentlemen with having dishonestly garbled or suppressed, not once or twice, but in many instances, evidence given to them by some of the most respectable and intelligent men in Wales, but which evidence was almost uniformly in favour of the people. I will not refer to the numerous indignant complaints which constantly appear in the Welsh papers from persons whose evidence is contained in the Reports, against the mutilated form in which it is given, and against the manner in which the Commissioners have made a general application to the entire population, of certain strong expressions employed only in regard to a small and most depraved class of the population; I go on authority of the most direct and undoubted kind, when I affirm that the following gentlemen furnished valuable and copious information to the Commissioners, every line of which has been suppressed:—The Rev. Lewis Edwards, President of the Calvinistic Methodist College, at Bala: the Rev. John Phillips, Bangor, Agent for the British and Foreign School Society in Wales; Dr. Owen Roberts, Bangor, a respectable lay gentleman, who has interested himself long and deeply in the social and educational condition of his country; Rev. Edward Davies, of Haverfordwest, who, in a letter I received from him this week, says,—'I gave evidence myself to Mr. Lingen, which covered nearly two pages of his folio note-book, and of which there is not a word in the Report; simply because, I suppose, it tallied not with the grand purpose of making out a case for government aid;' the Rev. Thomas Thomas, Principal of the Baptist College, at Pontypool; the Rev. Evan Jones, of Tredegar; the Rev. Mr. Bright, of Newport.'

—p. 206.

The manner also in which inquiries were conducted, was singularly one-sided and suspicious. The witnesses were directed by leading questions, to the evidence that was sought. 'Is there *any deficiency* of good day-schools, with competent masters, in your neighbourhood; and in what respects are they *defective*? Is there *much ignorance* among the poor; and on what subjects? Are their *morals defective*; and if so, in what respects? State *instances and facts* which illustrate this.' We need not say, what would be thought of such a mode of questioning in any

court of justice; nor is it needful that we should deny the accuracy of the picture drawn, as a likeness of the general condition of the community. The attention of the witnesses was directed to the worst parts of society, and their replies are then exhibited, as a portraiture of the whole. 'I do not deny,' says Mr. Richard, 'that many of the evils depicted, do actually exist in Wales; though even these are, I firmly believe, in many instances, grossly exaggerated. But what I do object to, and vehemently protest against, is, the practice uniformly pursued by the Commissioners, of taking the utmost pains to hunt out, with the keen scent of a vulture, all the corruption and garbage of society, and putting these forward as fair average specimens of the intelligence and morality of the people.' We need say nothing in support of this protest. Every right-minded man will instantly perceive and admit its force. We might as well appeal to the language of Billingsgate, in proof of the current phraseology of London, or to the morals of our gaming-houses and brothels, as illustrating the general tone of English society.

We had marked many other points in this lecture for comment, but must content ourselves with alluding to one. We refer to the evidence given by several clerical witnesses, on which the case of the Commissioners mainly relies. The Rev. Richard W. P. Davies, of Crickhowel, represents the mining districts of Brynmawr, in Breconshire, in colours the most hideous and revolting. The commissioner, Mr. Symons, readily avails himself of this evidence, and putting it in the foreground of his summary, gravely assures us, that 'not the slightest step has been taken to improve the mental and moral condition of the population. Now, what are the facts of the case? It is true, as the reverend detractor alleges, that there is neither church nor chapel of the establishment, within two miles of Brynmawr. But what then? There are six dissenting chapels, built at an expense of nearly six thousand pounds, and which numbered, at the time, one thousand one hundred and thirty-six members in actual fellowship, and furnished accommodation for *every man, woman, and child, in the place*. Nay more, a British school had recently been erected, at a cost of three hundred pounds, and two hundred Sunday-school teachers were actually engaged in the work of popular education. What shall we say to such facts? They speak for themselves, and need no comment. The witness who could give such evidence, and the commissioner who relied on it, are equally unworthy, to say the least, of respect and confidence.

The same glaring violation of truth is observable in the evidence of the Rev. J. Griffith, of Aberdare, but we pass it over, for the

present, in order to make room for another instance, adduced by Mr. Richard, and which we shall give in his own words. The extract somewhat exceeds our limits, but we cannot forego its insertion, and it does not admit of abridgment. Mr. Richard says:—

‘I prefer selecting from all others, for special examination and remark, the evidence of the Rev. Henry Lewis Davies, of Troedyr, in Cardiganshire. And I do so for several reasons. In the first place, it is one of the worst (involving the most serious charges against the people and their religion) to be found in these three volumes. In the second place, it is put forward with great and studied prominence by Mr. Symons, in his summary. In the third place, it has been carefully culled as a choice specimen, by all the Whig papers, and published as an illustration of Welsh morality; and, in the fourth place, the parties on whose authority I am about to contradict its statements are personally and intimately known to me, as men on whose veracity the most absolute reliance may be placed.

‘The Day-schools are very deficient in Wales. The people generally desire and deserve to have better schools. I believe that good schools, where the Bible should be taught, without the Church Catechism or any sectarian doctrines, would flourish; but I am sure, that in this neighbourhood, no schools exclusively or any church or sectarian principles would answer, or be sufficiently attended. As an instance of this I may state, that when Sir James Graham’s Bill was proposed, the Dissenters and Methodists in my parish opposed my school, and told the people I was a Roman Catholic. Very few children remained, and it was obliged to be given up in consequence. The Independents and Methodists then joined in establishing a day-school in my parish. They tried to teach each their own doctrines and catechism in the joint school, and soon split, and were obliged to establish a separate school within two or three fields of each other; and yet their principles are nearly similar.

‘The Welsh poor people are wofully ignorant on all secular subjects. They used to be well instructed in the Sunday schools in the Bible and in scriptural truths; but latterly, since so much doctrinal controversy has arisen, they pretty nearly confine their questions, (*pwnc* in Welsh,) and catechising, to polemics. For instance, such as State and Church connection; that confirmation is contrary to Scripture; that baptism ought to be by immersion, or the reverse; Presbyterianism and Independency, etc.; they thus attend far less to Bible history and gospel truths than to these sectarian points. Having been absent in England for about twelve years, I perceived a great change for the worse in this respect, on my return six years ago; and this state of things is rather worse than better now. The *pwnc* is generally printed, and always chaunted at the schools about here. They often meet at evening schools, in private houses, for the preparation of the *pwnc*, and this tends to immoralities between the young persons of both sexes, who frequently spend the night afterwards in hay-lofts together. So prevalent is want of chastity among the females, that, although I promised to return the marriage-fee to all couples whose first child should be born after nine months from the marriage, only one in six years entitled themselves to claim it.’

'Now, I happened to be pretty well acquainted with this locality myself, and having received the impression, from annual visits to the neighbourhood for nearly ten years, and free and frequent intercourse with the people, that they were peculiarly peaceful, intelligent, and religious, I was utterly astounded when I read this piece of evidence. I wrote instantly to a friend residing there, calling his attention to it, and begging to know what truth there was in it. He made it known to his neighbours, and a universal storm of indignation was raised through the parish. Mr. Davies was written to in the first instance, to produce his authority for the charges he had made, each of them being separately and minutely described. He sent back a note denying being actuated by any sectarian feeling in what he had advanced, and declaring 'his intention to enter into no paper discussion on the subject.' But that would not do, for the Welsh blood was up. A public meeting was called. The largest chapel in the neighbourhood was densely crowded. Every one of the charges contained in the evidence was deliberately examined, and indignantly denied. It was proved that Davies's school was broken up, not because the people thought him a Roman Catholic, but because he insisted upon the children, (nearly all of Dissenting parents) attending the church on the Sunday; that such 'a joint school of Independents and Methodists, which soon split, because each tried to teach their own doctrines and catechism,' never had an existence, except in the curate's own imagination—that instead of the Sunday schools confining their questions and catechising to polemics, not one of the schools in his parish ever had a catechism on any one of the subjects he mentions—that so far from the evening schools for the preparation of the *pence* leading to the immoralities he describes, there has been no evening-school held in the parish for fifteen or twenty years,—that the secret of his never getting any one of his female parishioners to claim the promised return of the marriage-fee, was not the cause which he slanderously insinuates, but because Mr. Davies had made it a condition that the child should be brought to him to be baptized, and the people, being all Dissenters, disdained to sell their principles for the sake of his contemptible bribe—that, in one word, almost the whole of this foul representation was a tissue of the most wanton and gratuitous ——— (you know what), invented by this man, to avenge himself of his parishioners, because they were dissenters.'—pp. 220—222.

The extent of this quotation compels us to close abruptly, which we do with an earnest recommendation to our readers to keep their attention fixed on the Welsh branch of the educational movement. When such base arts have been resorted to, in order to make out a case, we must not rely on the fairness or common honesty of our opponents. Unless the vigilance of an enlightened people interpose, their end will be worthy of the beginning. We thank Mr. Richard for having called the attention of our countrymen to the subject, and strongly recommend his lecture, together with the series of which it forms part, to the early and repeated perusal of our readers.

ART. VIII.—*An Act to empower the Lord Lieutenant or other Chief Governor or Governors of Ireland, to apprehend, and detain, until the 1st Day of March, 1849, such Persons as he or they shall suspect of Conspiring against her Majesty's Person and Government.* [25th July, 1848.]

THE prediction of Hume as to the *euthanasia* of the British constitution seems about to be realised; but who could have expected it to expire in the arms of Whiggism? The history of the Whigs as an opposition would have led us to regard them as the incorruptible champions of self-government, local institutions, and municipal rights, the hereditary opponents of arbitrary power. To those who believed their loud and everlasting professions, their official career of patronage and intrigue, their large promises and poor performances, subserviency to the aristocracy, and resistance to the people, vacillating inconsistency, and endless delay in questions of reform; stubborn pertinacity, and rapid legislation in matters of coercion, — must appear peculiarly incongruous. In a party trading in professions of purity, such things strike the observer 'like stains upon a vestal's robe,' or 'blasphemies from the mouth of a bishop.'

This party took Ireland under its special protection. Misgovernment in no other part of the empire excited so much of their virtuous indignation. Against Irish Coercion Acts they declaimed with the vehemence of boys in a debating society. The numerous barracks regularly fortified, with holes for cannon and musket pointing to every road and street, and perforated towers at every corner; the jails crowded with prisoners for the crimes of politics and poverty; the system of detectives and spies, spread like a net over the wretched population; the representative of the Queen armed with dictatorial powers, proclaiming and disarming any district he pleased; all these things the Whigs condemned as violations of the constitution, which justice would instantly correct. For a season, Lords Normanby and Morpeth acted on such professions, and proved that they were right. Since then, however, the party have been retrograding rapidly.

Never had government such an opportunity of saving England from the reproach which the condition of Ireland brings upon it. The famine, followed by the death of O'Connell, gave them the occasion of putting an end to agitation, by putting society in that country on a new basis. Millions of money were freely voted for this purpose. Starvation, plague, and emigration, more than decimated the population, as if to render the work of regeneration more easy, to prepare the

way for the reconstruction of the social fabric so much desired. Advice, warnings, and exhortations were not wanting, men hoped and waited anxiously, and the premier promised great things;—all he asked was implicit confidence. Give him power and money enough, and see what he would do! He got all he asked, and the result is a rebellion.

In the autumn of 1846, the condition of Ireland called loudly for the solemn deliberations of parliament, to guard against the then plainly inevitable crisis. But parliament was not called in November, for the alleged reason that the Irish members would be more useful at home. They were, however, in London in the spring, when it was tenfold more needful for them to be on their estates, inducing their tenants to till the ground, which was greatly neglected, the population being employed in breaking up good roads. At that time, ministers assumed the whole responsibility of 'carrying Ireland through the crisis,' of feeding the people, and at the same time 'regenerating the nation.' They went on in the exercise of their own discretion, spending money freely enough, but so spending it that—as if over-ruled by some strange fatality—no traces of such an enormous amount of labour should be visible in permanent improvements, calculated to develop the resources of the country and reform the habits of the people. They might as well have been standing on the beach and shovelling sand into the sea. In unproductive and demoralizing works three or four millions were spent during one winter. Still the government demanded unbounded confidence. They brought forth a number of crude measures in a lump, telling parliament it must take all or none, that if it presumed to add or diminish they would go out, for they were the responsible parties, and the only possible government at that time, and they must be allowed to rule the nation after their own fashion.

Woe to the popular party when its leaders are in power; when the sovereign has a Conservative opposition. Office will cool the hottest patriotism. It will convert the generous enthusiast into a frigid and selfish utilitarian. There are no fetters so strong as those composed of red tape. And when the authority of office is wielded by the immense power of our oligarchy, united as it ever is against the people when the Whigs are in—what hope is there for justice or freedom? Aristocracy, bureaucracy, an enormous standing army, a Tory church establishment, how hard is it for any good institution to resist their combined influence! The constitution in their plastic hands is like a lump of potter's clay, or a nose of wax.

The absolute termination of advances on account of temporary relief was fixed by act of parliament for the end of Sep-

tember, 1847. Three millions of people—more than a third of the entire population—were then thrown ‘on their own resources,’ after having been for months in the receipt of gratuitous food, by which many lives were saved. In that number, it is true, were included many who could have done without state support, for in so large a system of relief abuses were inevitable; yet its magnitude reveals the fearful extent of the calamity. But what was to become of the millions thus cast off? The harvest gave partial employment for a few weeks. Thanks to a merciful Providence, it was abundant. Food of good quality was plentiful, but as a necessary consequence, prices were low, and the farmer was unable to employ much labour. Indeed, in many cases the whole of his crop would be required to pay his rent, especially where the arrears of the last year were demanded. Potatoes were but partially planted; and, owing to unskilful culture, turnips, their main substitute, were not productive. The *conacre* system, on which the three millions fed by government chiefly relied, was no longer in existence.

For this state of things the government, with all its expenditure and legislation, had made one provision—the Poor Law—a good measure,—but utterly incapable of sustaining by itself the pressure that came upon it. This was foreseen; and the advocates of such a measure never hoped that it could meet the necessities of the case, even in ordinary times, still less when the tide of pauperism was swollen to a deluge by famine. The public demanded and the government promised, that permanent measures, necessary to place society upon a solid basis, and to employ the people profitably, should have come into operation contemporaneously with the Poor Law. But those measures depended on the public spirit and co-operation of the landlords, and they have either been postponed, passed in a crippled state, or allowed to lie dormant. The legislators have been tremulously tender of the privileges of their own class,—and hence the lives of millions have been left dependent on the discretion of men, whose history is marked by neglect, selfishness, and extravagance. There seems a fatality about these men, as if the measure of their iniquity was full. Everything good for the country, it seems their special mission to obstruct. Their estates are but half cultivated; they have millions of acres of arable land lying waste. The reclamation of this land was strongly recommended by the Poor Law Commissioners in 1836, and again by Lord Devon’s Commission; but in vain. The compilers of the valuable *Digest* of its Report, state, that nearly 200,000 families, comprising 1,000,000 individuals, might have been provided for on 3,755,000 acres of waste land, giving to the nation a new produce worth, £22,000,000.

The landlords complained of want of money—of their encumbrances, and so forth. Well—to obviate these difficulties, they had placed at their disposal a loan of one million and a half, offered on the most advantageous terms under the Land Improvement Bill. Here were the means of giving reproductive employment to a large number of the indigent; but out of the million and a half, only £217,000 had been drawn last year. Then, had the Drainage Bill—which was passed for the accommodation of proprietors, and to be carried out, as a matter of course, according to their discretion—been put into operation during the famine, it would have saved an enormous waste of public money, and added greatly to the permanent value of the land, as well as increased its present produce. Early in the spring of 1847, before an act could be passed, Mr. Labouchere published a letter authorizing and pressing the expenditure of the public money in draining, subsoiling, and other useful works. For this appropriation of the funds, the farmers were most anxious; but the landlords met in their baronial sessions,—only to evade their duty and resist this rational demand. Some landlords were dissentient, others were absent: so those who did any thing voted millions for the public works. Every one now regards those works as an enormous blunder. The roads are generally useless. Scarcely any of them are finished; and when they are, they will entail a permanent expense on the counties to keep them in repair, in addition to the vast sums sunk in their formation.

One of the measures relied on, to enable the Poor Law to bear the burden of pauperism, by greatly enlarging the labour market, was a Bill for facilitating the Sale of Encumbered Estates, which was promised long ago, but postponed under various pretences to the present time. No doubt it will prove an immense advantage, though it is not all that the case requires. There are 1000 estates now in the Irish Court of Chancery, yielding a rental of nearly £800,000, or 1-20th of the whole rental of the country. Over these the court has appointed receivers, who have no power, without its special sanction, to spend a shilling in any sort of improvement, but whose sole business it is to get all the money they can from the tenants, to pay off the debts. The farms are put up to auction once in seven years. The land is soon exhausted; and failing to pay, it is at last sold, and per-haps falls into the hands of some solicitor, for law costs.

In the late debates on this subject in the House of Commons, Mr. Napier, member for the Dublin University, expressed the narrow-minded views of the legal profession—those bigotted defenders of established abuses, who have surrounded our institutions with an elaborate network of abuses,

in which justice can hardly assert her claims, except with protracted struggles, and at great expense. Why should the framing of Acts of Parliament be committed to these legal spiders, whose craft is endangered by simplicity, fairness, and expedition? The Solicitor-General told the House that the worst thing that could happen to an estate in Ireland, was to get into Chancery and have a receiver placed over it; and he mentioned one instance where only £2,000 had been spent in improvements, while £20,000 had been swallowed up in lawyers' fees! But why is not the Court of Chancery reformed? Why are hungry lawyers thus allowed to worm themselves into other men's properties, by heaping up costs till it is impossible to redeem them out of their hands? Mr. Napier professed to feel for the heirs—the women and children who might possibly suffer from the operation of the bill. Personally, the learned gentleman is worthy of great respect for his talents and piety. But just think of the profession to which he belongs yearning in compassion over women and children caught in the meshes of the law! What a long list of widows and orphans might be given, whose inheritance in Ireland has been devoured by these conscientious gentlemen of the long robe,—of cases where attorneys are now the lords of houses and lands they were unhappily employed to defend!

Owing to the perverse ingenuity of Chancery lawyers and solicitors, it is exceedingly difficult and expensive to make out a good title for the sale of land in Ireland. In regard to some properties, this is impossible. Hence, land is not a marketable commodity, and money is not invested in it to the extent which the interest of the country demands. At length one step has been taken to put an end to this enormous hindrance to social progress. The resources of the soil should be no longer *law-locked*, while the people are starving. By the Bill for the Sale of Encumbered Estates, 'receivers' under Chancery will be done away with. Estates overwhelmed with debt, for whose improvement the nominal owners are able to do nothing, will be at once sold to pay off the claims upon them. A host of tedious, vexatious, and expensive preliminaries are to be swept away. Notice is to be given to all interested parties, and the sale may be effected either by consent or by compulsion. Five years are allowed after the transfer, to afford time for the detection of any fraud upon absentees or minors, and then the purchaser has a parliamentary title against the world.

Sir Lucius O'Brien objected to the bill, because it affects the law of entail, and tends to diminish the power and glory of the aristocracy. This consideration outweighs with him the misery of the impoverished masses, the idleness of fertile land, and the

crimes and disorders which result from the want of capital skillfully employed in furnishing labour to the starving. The honour of great houses must be kept up; ancestral estates must retain the number of acres mapped out at the Conquest of Henry II., or of Cromwell, or of William, though the empire itself were dismembered.

The measure, however, does not go far enough. It ought to provide for the breaking up of large estates into lots, which would increase competition, and greatly add to the desiderated body of small proprietors, who would reside in the country and improve their freeholds. Such a middle class is the great want of the south and west of Ireland. We would have the matter taken altogether out of the Court of Chancery, and placed in the hands of a commission appointed for the purpose, and vested with power to sell all estates that are so far encumbered as to render their improvement impossible. All imaginary rights and interests of individual proprietors should yield to the general good. A law of this kind would throw a vast portion of the land of Ireland into the market; it would multiply such landlords as Lord George Hill, and open a fine field for the philanthropy of wealthy Quakers.

It is marvellous that such power as the Irish landlords possess should be allowed to exist under the government of a civilized people. Mr. Paulet Scrope lately stated in Parliament, that even now 8,000 proprietors can *legally* sweep 8,000,000 of people off their native soil. Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of half a county, and a benevolent man too, thinks the first step towards the improvement of Ireland must be the removal of one or two-thirds of its population. It has had the benefit of fifty years of imperial legislation, and the result is, that three millions of its people are starving for want of employment, while millions of fertile acres are uncultivated. For ages, the people have been crying out for justice, which would have enriched them and cost us nothing: we have given them alms, which cost us millions, and left them poor indeed;—and where any national pride remained, our pauperizing policy has awakened resentment, and kindled rebellion. Promises broken and hopes blighted have brought a hurricane of revolution over the continent of Europe. Pledges violated and charters nullified had made the nations irreverent, indignant, and desperate. Ireland, too, has had her share of promises, to which the performance has been in the proportion of a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff. Piles of ponderous blue books attest that her condition has been long enough ‘under consideration.’ The aptest illustration of all the parliamentary activity about her is the mountain in labour. Even the *Times*, which daily thanks God that Englishmen are

not like the publicans and sinners that fill all the rest of the world, is forced to admit, nay, bitterly to complain, that our wordy legislation is exceedingly barren of beneficial results.

Nearly all that is substantial in Irish society has sustained Lord Clarendon, in his efforts to maintain the peace of the country. In professing loyalty to the throne, men have said little of measures for allaying discontent, being unwilling to embarrass the government by drawing forth in reply declarations which might indicate weakness or shrinking. The friends of order felt that the first duty of all was to preserve society. Mr. Mitchel and his party were for destroying the machine, instead of putting it in better working order; for setting fire to the house, instead of repairing it. To prevent this great evil was the immediate duty of Lord Clarendon. It must have been painful to him to be the instrument of imperial coercion—to be set up as a dictator over a long-suffering nation. But few men could have performed such odious duties with so much wisdom and humanity. His popularity with the Orangemen and the revived ascendancy party, is but an accident of the sad position which has been forced upon him. We trust, however, that history will not have reason to rank him with the Camdens and Clares of the times that are past. We trust that victory in a contest so unequal will be marked with moderation; and that justice will be tempered with mercy. To punish vindictively, where a nation sympathizes with the felon, is to sow the seeds of still deeper hatred to the government; and to keep the cities of Ireland in a state of perpetual seige. We freely abandon the insurgent leaders to the ridicule which attends vain-glorious imbecility, and the infamy which covers defeated ambition. Once more, in Ireland, an intended revolution has become a crushed rebellion. That 'foul, dishonouring word' will be for ever associated with the ill-concerted and ill-starred movement of 1848. In this fact Toryism greatly rejoices—not because life and property have been saved in the sister island, but because reform may be checked and monopoly preserved. They ask for Ireland a military despotism—they tell us 'a permanent impression' must be made—and that the Irish people must have terror to their hearts' content; and they remind us that Ireland never was so peaceable as during the era of the penal code.

Now we say nothing about the practicability of such a system of government of Ireland in these times. We appeal not to the fears or the interests of Englishmen; we appeal to their justice and humanity—to their Christian equity. Have we, through our government—which is, at least, theoretically responsible to us—done to Ireland as we would be done by in like circumstances? Is it wise to persist in a course whose fruits have

been so bitter? We have no objection that the sister kingdom, now in the paroxysm of a fever, should be subjected to the hydropathic system, and tightly bound up in military blankets,—provided that, while the doctor labours to abate the fever, he takes care to draw out the peccant humours which have so long vitiated the constitution, and rendered disaffection to the government a chronic malady. All the old drugs of Toryism which still taint her blood should be effectually purged out; and then the patient should be at once admitted to the generous regimen of British rights and the bracing air of perfect freedom.

We must make allowance for Ireland's disadvantages. On her head were many curses. Conquest, confiscation, popery, persecution, came upon her together, in forms the most fatal to her virtue and her national life: all aggravated by an alien and jealous government. No other nation ever suffered such a terrible combination of the worst evils that can befall a community; and they have been working ruinously, with little mitigation, for many centuries. The penalties of conquest, and of the tyranny which it necessitates, are fearful and tremendous. Every one of the kingdoms converted into provinces of the Roman empire was utterly degraded by the yoke. Centuries of tutelage rendered them incapable of thinking and acting for themselves, and left them an easy prey to the barbarians. This tutelage found the Britons a race of brave and independent men; but with all its civilization, aided by Christianity, it left them like a parasite plant from which a tree has been torn away. Miserably conscious of their imbecility, they piteously craved the protection and masterdom of the Saxon heathens, and abjectly promised them any service they pleased to impose. By a law of nature, as sure as that which makes the life of plants dependent on sun and air, a nation ruled by the will of another nation becomes mentally, morally, socially degraded. Dependence on the will of another, even though it be a father, has the same effect on individuals. But if, instead of being a son, and feeling the influence of parental love softening his servitude, it be a neighbour whom you have captured and forced into your family, and compelled to serve you by the right of the strongest, the case is much worse. If any manhood remain in him, he will be rebellious, though you feed and clothe him well. But if ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-lodged, despised and reviled, loyalty is the last duty you ought to expect from him. If, when he grumbles and weeps over his fate, you indignantly ask him what he wants, he will instantly answer, 'Liberty! Let me go—let me go—and I will be your friend, and bless you for ever.'

More than half the evils of conquest are avoided, when the conquerors make the land which they subdue the seat of their

government, as the Normans did with England. In the course of ages, the two nations intermingle, and become one people. 'It is a very different thing,' says Mr. W. Chambers, 'when an invading host retires after it has inflicted the first dread blow, and leaves the country in a subjugated and denationalized condition. From that instant the people, no longer permitted or called on to think decisively for themselves, become gradually emaciated in mind, *etiolated*, like a plant deprived of light. Their noble faculties wither and die; while subserviency, and many base and pitiful passions take their place. By far the greater number of conquests have been of this permanently ruinous character.'

No race has been proof against the degrading influence of *delegated* government. Compare modern Germany with the brave Teutonic stock from which its people are descended:—Here, until the present year, were 'a hundred millions of people in a state of tutelage, stifling the recollection of a great name in the fumes of an odious narcotic; heard talking of liberty only at inglorious tavern brawls, and with every action watched over and regulated by a crew of moustached barbarians.' The American colonies are apt illustrations. These are worthless and expensive to the mother country, just in proportion to their want of self-government. And the United States are of more value to England than all her colonies put together. Happily, an insolent tyranny drove them to rebellion before they were fatally emasculated. Ireland has suffered more from tutelage than any country. Mr. Chambers describes her connexion with England as an everlasting marriage of Intelligence to Imbecility, Truth to Falsehood, Industry to Sloth, Peace to Turbulence, Riches to Beggary, Life to Death; and thus concludes: 'Let us drop the curtain and hide the appalling spectacle. Not so, however, can we extinguish that maniac shout whose echoes linger dolefully on our ears,—'Why did you take me? Why did you keep me? Why did you demoralize me and unfit me for self-reliance? Now that my mind is gone, and I am in a state of idiocy, I will cling—cling—cling to you for ever!''

Oh, the guilt unutterable of thus prostrating the mind of a nation! We ask every Christian man, Is this a sort of union that ought to be maintained with artillery? What is there in it that can compensate for such tremendous moral ruin? Ireland, however, is recovering her faculties, and may yet make a terrible use of them. We grant her, for education, as much as would support four regiments of cavalry; but it were better no education at all had been allowed, if we mean to rule her by force. The ministers of Queen Anne were more consis-

tent than those of Queen Victoria. They forbade the development of reason in men who were to be ruled like brutes.

In Lord John Russell's speech on Mr. Sharman Crawford's motion, he said that the peasantry are not worse off now than they were when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. Granting that this is true, it must surely be admitted that the imperial legislation of fifty years ought to have made their condition much better. But, whether Repeal be desirable or not, it is unfair and illogical to urge against it the common argument drawn from the inefficiency and corruption of the old Parliament. *That* was never the Parliament of the people. It was the Parliament of the landlords—the colonial council of the conquerors—a conclave of bigots and monopolists, who met, plotted, and enacted, for the sole purpose of keeping themselves up and the people down; and whose leading members undertook to carry any bill which the English ministry sent over, provided English power enabled them to tyrannize over the miserable natives. It does not follow that, because that Parliament did no good for the country, a rightly constituted native Parliament could not or would not. The Union was not, and, we fear, was not meant to be, a *bona fide* incorporation of the two kingdoms. It left the two races separate and hostile. The church of the monopolizing oligarchy was still suffered to prey on the vitals of the country. The alien parson took the tenth sheaf and the tenth potato from the poor man's field; while the landlord exempted himself from the support of his own church by throwing his land into pasture. A handful of Protestant retainers voted every Easter Monday that the Roman Catholics should pay for the bread and wine of their communion, for the ringing of their church bells, the opening of their pews, and the washing of their minister's surplice. The 'Church cess' was at last abolished, under threats of rebellion; and Lord John Russell thinks the Establishment entitled to consideration for the loss of property thereby sustained! In some places, the country actually rose in arms against the tithe system. But that was not abolished. O'Connell's horror of blood led him to accept a compromise, in which the people were cheated with a name, though relieved from an annoyance. The landlords undertook to pay the tithes to the clergy for 25 per cent. discount. That may have been a loss to the Church, but it was no gain to the Roman Catholic farmers. They continue to pay 100 per cent. as before; and Lord John seems afraid that, if the other 75 per cent. were taken from the clergy, it would follow the 25 per cent. into the landlords' pockets. If we want to see how the Premier becomes dwarfed in the presence

of great emergencies, we have only to consider what he said in reply to Mr. Hume on the Irish Establishment. 'No person,' he says, 'can deny that the appropriation of the whole revenue which the State has always recognized as the revenue of the Established Church, by a church to which only a small portion of the people belongs, is an anomaly and a grievance.' Why not, then, get rid of this undeniable anomaly and grievance? There are, it is said, insuperable difficulties in the way, the chief of which is, that the clergy of the small minority of the people would think it a great grievance that they should be deprived of any portion of the church property, which of right belongs to the whole nation. The endowed clergy belong to the aristocracy: hence, the subject is delicate, the ground dangerous, and the difficulty insuperable. Let famine, pestilence, rebellion, suspension of the constitution, military government, or any other social evils that can be imagined, come upon Ireland in consequence of this grievous national injustice,—no matter,—we dare not touch the Establishment. Such, in effect, is the avowal of the government.

A fresh proof was presented in the debate in the Lords on Secret Societies, of the pitiable impotence of the legislature in Irish matters. The Marquis of Lansdowne boasted of a 'constant endeavour' on the part of the Imperial Parliament, during fifty years, to benefit Ireland; and showed the value of that constant endeavour, by the fact mentioned, that only on that day the Royal assent had been given to a Bill for the Sale of Encumbered Estates, a measure so obviously necessary, that it ought to have been one of the first passed by the united parliament. And then the Duke of Wellington remarked, that for forty years the government had been striving to put down secret societies. Did it not occur to him, or to those who were capable of thinking, that forty years of failure in experimenting is quite sufficient to show the folly of persevering in the old course of policy. If, as was stated, four-fifths of the Catholic population are disaffected to such an extent as to render trial by jury impracticable; if the country can be held only by force; if nothing but the sword and cannon can maintain order; while the prisons are crowded, three or four persons being packed into a space designed for only one; is it not time to change the system? Did not the Whig ministry solemnly promise to change it? How disgusting is it to find them now throwing the blame of their do-nothing policy on the famine, on the fecundity and improvidence of the people, on agitation, and what not! They knew that so long as millions depended for food solely on such a precarious crop as the potato, famine was inevitable; they knew that hopeless poverty induces early marriages and

rapidly increases population; they knew that agitation is the constant result of national distress; and that the sparks of sedition fall innocuous, unless the mass of society is rendered combustible. But what the Whigs undertook to do, and what they put the Tories out for not doing, was to remove the causes of this well-known state of things, and to change our rule in Ireland from a government of force to a government of opinion. In this they have ignominiously failed, a fact which they have not the grace to repent of, or the courage to confess. They have not the capacity, or spirit, to remove the malignant elements that fever and madden Irish society, but they can give orders to chain and scourge the patient. Rather than take a feather from the cap of aristocracy, or a single wicked prerogative from the Irish landlords, or a pound from the surplus revenues of the establishment; rather than faithfully and earnestly press righteous and remedial laws through parliament, they pass coercion bills, suspend the constitution, and lavish millions of British money in the suppression of rebellion, which, after all, is but filling up the crater of a volcano with stones. The deep-lying fiery elements will again explode, and our repressive measures will but increase their destructive power. The rebels feel that we have taken them at a disadvantage, that we have played against them with loaded dice. Their singularly rash and incompetent leaders, so far from waiting for 'England's extremity,' gave her the best possible opportunity for crushing them. They published all their plans on the house-tops. They had no military experience, no sufficient organization, no commissariat. Effective laws were rapidly passed to meet the emergency—that for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, going through the Commons in a single day. These laws were promptly enforced by a splendid army and mighty navy, under the guidance of renowned commanders, acting on a country already garrisoned and fortified at every point, with a localised constabulary force of ten thousand picked men, intimately acquainted with the country, and a large Protestant population, willing enough to engage in civil war. The bulk of the disaffected saw that, under these circumstances, the game of insurrection would be too desperate. A few peasants in the south yielded to the passionate entreaties of the imprisoned editors, to rise and strike. They did so under bad guidance, and met with a shameful discomfiture. But has all this made the masses less rebellious in heart? We fear not. The priests have interposed to save them from slaughter; and the only argument which even they dared use was, that there was *then* no chance of success. Had the lucky accidents been on the other side, and had the time been a month or two later, or

had the English army occupation elsewhere,—had the priests risen *en masse* as well as their flocks, the issue might have been very different.

However, some of the leaders have escaped to foreign countries; but others, with a great number of their infatuated followers, have fallen into the hands of justice. During the past month, a special commission has been sitting at Clonmel, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Blackburne, the Lord Chief Justice Doherty, and Mr. Justice Moore. Mr. W. Smith O'Brien was the first person tried. He was charged with high treason. His trial, which lasted ten days, excited the deepest interest. The attorney-general's speech contained a moderate statement of the facts of the conspiracy and attempted rebellion. The witnesses were principally policemen, and an approver, named Dobbin, a Protestant, from the North of Ireland, who swore that he attended the meetings of the Irish League, for the purpose of giving information to government. Some of the most important witnesses summoned by the Crown, positively refused to give any testimony; one declared that he would not do so, if his heart were to be pierced by a thousand bayonets. Some were, perhaps, intimidated; others were restrained by sympathy with the prisoner and his cause. Consequently, the evidence was not as full and conclusive as might have been expected. But of the main facts, there could be no doubt. Mr. Whiteside, as leading counsel for the prisoner, did all that legal skill and brilliant eloquence could effect, to break down the case of the Crown; but in vain. The defence set up was, that Mr. O'Brien's appearance in arms against the queen's forces, was designed to prevent his arrest. If this were the exclusive object, his crime would not have been high treason, and he must have been acquitted. But the general object of effecting a national revolution, was too clearly proved. Mr. Whiteside's speech lasted two days. It was one of great power; and at its conclusion, not only the prisoner, but many others long accustomed to trying scenes in courts of justice, shed tears. The charge of the Lord Chief Justice, was able, luminous, and impartial; in this respect, very different from that of his predecessor, in the case of O'Connell. It commenced on Friday, the 6th; and was not concluded till the afternoon of Saturday. On that day it was interrupted by a singular episode. A person named Dalton, a student of Trinity College, went to the office of 'The Freeman's Journal' with a letter, giving some important information regarding the informer Dobbin. One of the editors, Mr. Wilson Gray, engaged a special train that night, and had him as a witness in the court next day, before the judge had con-

cluded his charge. The court consented to adjourn for a short time, the attorney-general was consulted; he ordered the witness, Dobbin, to be called, and Mr. Whiteside examined him regarding Dalton, of whom he solemnly swore he knew nothing whatever. The evidence of the latter, however, is admitted by 'The Times' to have utterly destroyed the approver's testimony. If so, he is a double-dyed perjurer; and, as such, should be prosecuted by government. If there must be spies and informers, *Powells* and *Dobbins*, they should be made to understand that they swear falsehood at their peril. The honour of the government, as well as the safety of the people, requires this. No man believes that loyalty or patriotism induces these wretches to take up their infamous trade. They are lured by the large rewards held out to informers in political cases and in troubled times. Their temptations to manufacture conspiracies, to concoct treason, and commit perjury, would be irresistible, but for the dread of public indignation. This, however, is not enough. Manifest perjury should not be suffered to escape with impunity.

Unfortunately for the prisoner, the case against him did not depend on Dobbin's testimony. The jury found him guilty on all the counts, except that which charged him with compassing the death of the queen, which was withdrawn by the crown. The jury, it is true, was composed exclusively of Protestants and Conservatives. One hundred Roman catholics, of substance and respectability, some of whom had served with credit on the last commission, were omitted from the present panel by the sub-sheriff, who is left to his own discretion in a matter so important to the pure administration of justice, and the peace of the country. Hence it so happened, that in a country where the bulk of the population are Roman catholics, and where the usual proportion of that creed, on the panel, is one-fourth, or one-third, the proportion, in the present instance was only one-seventeenth. As a matter of fact, not a single catholic was put to the book; and so the attorney-general had not the pain of saying to his brother catholic, 'stand by.' This exclusion is very significant; for it intimates, that in the opinion of that competent judge, catholicism and disaffection are co-extensive; and that the honour of the crown would not be safe with any jury not exclusively protestant.

Smith O'Brien's jury, we believe, were honest and conscientious. They brought in their verdict with reluctance and deep emotion. The fatal word, '*guilty*,' thrilled every part of the crowded court, and was followed by an interval of profound silence. The prisoner seemed the only person unmoved. He maintained calm self-possession and dignified firmness. From

the moment of his arrest, he has been an object of almost universal sympathy. The interest in his case is much deeper than in that of O'Connell. The jury strongly recommended him to the merciful consideration of the government, and prayed, for many reasons, that his life should be spared.

This prayer, we should hope, was not needed either by Lord Clarendon or Lord John Russell. Justice may warrant the execution of the convict, but policy and humanity alike forbid it. It would look like the vindictiveness of party. Justice will be satisfied, and crime will be much more effectually prevented by transportation, than by capital punishment.

On Monday, the 9th of October, the sentence of death was pronounced—the death of a traitor—to the effect that the prisoner should be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and hanged till he was dead, that his head should be cut off, and his body divided into quarters, to be disposed of *at the Queen's pleasure*!

Mr. O'Brien having been asked why this sentence should not be pronounced against him,—standing erect and unmoved, spoke in a loud and firm voice as follows:—‘My Lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of doing so. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country,—that I have done that which it was, in my opinion, the duty of every Irishman to have done. And I am now prepared to abide the consequences of my having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence.’

The awful sentence perceptibly agitated every one present, but the prisoner,—who looked about upon the assembly cheerfully, and smiled in recognizing his friends.

Lord Clarendon may write familiar letters to the bishops, calling them ‘My dear Lord,’ and ‘Your Grace,’ he may invite them to dinner, he may surrender to them the principle of religious liberty in the Queen's colleges, he may assure them that everything possible shall be done in these national institutions ‘to promote the interests of the Catholic religion;’ he may vow that he ‘entertains a profound veneration for the character of the pope, and implicitly relies upon his upright judgment;’* the people think they see through all this, and that it is only meant to blind the eyes of their clergy, and manœuvre them out of their rights.

It is in vain to think of pacifying Ireland by fraternizing with popery. Those who recommend that policy are traitors to a higher throne than that of Victoria. Lord Ellenborough's

* See his Excellency's ‘private’ Letter to Archbishop Murray.

panacea is one of the most miserable things of the kind that ever proceeded from an effete brain. Instead of repudiating, he would have the nation recognize the Roman Catholic religion. He would give the priests glebe-houses and lands at the public cost, 'and leave everything else just as it is.' Make the clergy easy rent-free farmers, and then Ireland will flourish. But this would apply only to the parish priests, leaving the curates and friars in all their mischievous power and activity. Where would, then, be Lord Stanley's *quid pro quo*? All this, however, is moderate for the hero of Somnauth. We should not have been surprised, if he had recommended the Queen to go on a pilgrimage to Loughdearg, or Croagh Patrick, and to pay a visit to St. Jarlath's!

There is certainly no want of disposition on the part of the British *people* to do justice to Ireland, if they knew how. They are generally puzzled to know what the Irish want; why they are everlastingly grumbling, begging, and rebelling? We are aware that the conquering and ruling nation are not in the best position to judge impartially of the claims of those over whom they bear sway, and whose destinies depend on the will of their government. And, on the other hand, the subjugated nation may colour its case too highly, and blame government for much evil which properly belongs to itself. We consider that British writers generally treat the question of repeal with too much ridicule and scorn, seeing that nearly all foreigners sympathise with those who demand an Irish parliament; and, at any rate, the question should be fairly and calmly discussed. It is true that discussion has been invited in the House of Commons, but pretty much in the same spirit in which heretics were invited to argue in the Inquisition—that is, amidst the groans and 'hootings' of the audience, and under the solemn threat of the prime minister, that, right or wrong, he would deluge Ireland with the blood of civil war, rather than consent to repeal. But, whatever imbecile and obstinate statesmen may do or say, and however the daily press may purposely mystify public questions, and inflame national animosities, the people of England and Scotland are not deaf to the voice of reason and justice. Having ascertained the right, we believe they would do it, even at a great sacrifice. We may ask, then, can Ireland make out anything like a case against the British government? 'An Irishman,' writing in a recent number of the 'Scottish Press,' puts the case briefly thus:—

'In Ireland you must add to popery, conquest, and to conquest, confiscation, and to confiscation, persecution, and to persecution, foreign government. All those hostile powers reigned and worked together, with little in the people to counteract their deadly influence. We will

suppose Scotland conquered in like manner by England before she happily became protestant;—suppose repeated rebellions had brought on her repeated confiscations—that all, or nearly all her proprietors had been disinherited, hanged, and banished—that the soil had been parcelled out among a handful of Episcopalians, residing chiefly in England, and represented by corrupt and cruel factors—that English Episcopalians filled all public offices, and invariably treated the natives with rooted distrust and sovereign contempt; suppose that a penal code were enforced against the body of the nation, expressly designed to impoverish and degrade—that the making and administering of the laws were solely in the hands of the monopolising and persecuting minority; suppose, again, that this minority had a parliament of their own in Edinburgh, subservient to that in London, and that, for a season, they became so far national and Scottish as to strive to make their parliament independent—that their success involved them in a fomented rebellion—deemed a necessary prelude to a union, which should for ever prevent such tendencies to nationality. Suppose, once more, that this union, thus corruptly brought about, was not a *bona fide* incorporation of the two kingdoms,—that it left the conquerors and the natives still distinguished and hostile, that it left all the national church funds in the hands of the minority, and expressly declared that it made *their* religion its basis. A shadow of royalty and a Brummagem court remained at Holyrood House, as a focus of faction, intrigues, and jobbing, where the interests of the country were the last things thought of. In the imperial parliament, Scotland became the battlefield of English factions,—Whigs making it an insuperable ‘difficulty’ to Tories, and Tories ditto to Whigs,—each alike forfeiting in office its pledges in opposition, and all so busy with imperial affairs that they could find time to do nothing for Scotland but appoint commissions of inquiry, and pass coercion bills. Let our readers suppose all this, and ask themselves, What in that case would have been the condition of Scotland? We shall change the single element of Popery, and substitute Presbyterianism. How would the Presbyterian people have acted under such circumstances? They might not have asked for the repeal of the Union; but they would have insisted on justice for Scotland, and would have obtained it.’

The effects of repeal are absurdly caricatured by a large portion of the English press. Its opponents take counsel from their fears rather than from experience. The Irish are an essentially agricultural people, and *we* should have nothing to fear in such an event from their competition in commerce or manufactures; on the contrary, we should have everything to hope from their increased custom, in the event of their onward march in the course of national improvement. We should be freed from the enormous pressure of pauperism, increasing every year, swelling our poor rates, lowering our wages, demoralizing our people, and reducing our working classes to their own level of hopeless wretchedness. Parliament, released from Irish ‘botheration,’ would be able to attend to the business of this island, of the colonies, of

India,—all of which are now sadly neglected, owing to the interminable Irish debates. As to Ireland going to war with us, or joining our enemies, we should have nothing to fear on that score. As we should not allow France to invade Holland, we should, for the same reason, forbid her to invade Ireland, who could have no possible motive to do anything but resist such a visitation. Even were she wholly independent of the British crown, which could not be, if repeal can be peacefully negotiated, still it would be her interest to be on the best possible terms with England, to which a great portion of her people are bound by the closest ties; all of which would be strengthened and increased by the intercourse of commerce. And as we derive more advantage from the trade of the United States, than we do from that of all our colonies,—and incomparably more than when they were colonies themselves,—it may be presumed that self-government would have the same happy effect in Ireland.

Our readers are familiar with a very different picture of the state of things which would result from repeal. But such speculations are idle. Repeal is impracticable, even if desirable. Its advocates have appealed to the sword, and by the sword their cause has perished. What the friends of Ireland should unite to secure now is, a real union of the two countries, a complete equalization of rights, privileges, and advantages, as well as the removal of practical grievances. Gloomy as the prospects of that country are at the present moment, we do not despair. Those who have read history philosophically, will have no fears for the progress of society. There is important and consolatory truth in the reflection of M. Guizot:—

‘ In all great events, how many unhappy and unknown efforts occur before the one which succeeds! In all things, to accomplish its designs, Providence lavishly expends courage, virtues, sacrifices, in a word, man himself. It is only after an unknown number of unrecorded labours, after a host of noble hearts have succumbed in discouragement, convinced that their cause is lost, it is only then that the cause triumphs. The enfranchisement of the Commons in the eleventh century was the fruit of a veritable *insurrection*, and a veritable war, a war declared by the population of the towns against their lords. The first fact which is always met with in such histories is the rising of the burgesses, who arm themselves with the first thing which comes to hand.’

We may be sure that those insurgent burgesses to whom, under God, we owe our liberties, were denounced by their lords and the minions and scribes who ministered to their ambition, as rebels, traitors, felons, villains, madmen, and idiots. And did not our press abuse the Americans, and pour upon Franklin

and the other 'glorious rebels,' the same torrents of contempt and scorn with which it treats the Irish? Liberal journals should not lend themselves to such base acts of tyranny. On the side of the oppressor is power, but on the side of the oppressed is God and his righteous Providence. We should not think that Ireland was created for the use and benefit of England, as the moon was made for the benefit of the earth. No nation has a right to hinder another nation in the pursuit of happiness. We have been lamenting our failures for fifty years. Let us now try another system; let us establish perfect religious equality, by abolishing the establishment—let us concede a large portion of self-government. We have great faith in the good sense, industry, business talents, and energy of the protestant portion of the population. These qualities, together with their property, will always secure to them a large share of the ruling power; of which, the temporary clamours of agitation, or the ambition of priests, can never deprive them. Henceforth, in every land, intelligence, civilization, and commerce will overbear and subdue bigotry and priestcraft, while protestantism asks only to be freed from its secular weights and its besetting worldliness, to make the conquest of the human mind. Nor do we despair of the Roman Catholic population. We have faith in man, even in Ireland. It is not the Celtic race which, in peaceful and patient wretchedness, vegetates and rots in Connaught, that has rebelled. It is the *mixed race* along the eastern side of the island, where English settlements were repeatedly made, and English blood predominates; and, we may add, that this is the race, not the old native, that has been always given to insurrection. On this subject the English press grievously errs. The secret of hostility to England is not to be found in Celtic blood. It is the result of centuries of bad government. Shall this be perpetuated under worse forms than ever? The latest accounts describe the people of the disturbed districts as animated by the malignant spirit of an overwhelming rebelliousness, which nothing but the presence of an irresistible military force can repress. And the 'leading journal of Europe,' in this year of grace, 1848, arrives at the conclusion, that 'Ireland must be *kept* at all hazards, that *we* are its *masters*, ordained by an eternal law; and we cannot abdicate our dominion without a serious and merited degradation.' The natural corollary from this proposition, is thus announced by the same self-declared organ of English opinion, '*Irishmen are best governed by martial law.*'

In the name of humanity, we say, God forbid that the people of England should adopt so monstrous a doctrine! Indeed the

success of the State trials at Clonmel has removed all apprehension of this. All the prisoners hitherto arraigned for high treason have been found guilty. Not only O'Brien, but M'Manus, O'Donoghue, and Meagher, have forfeited their lives, and lie at the mercy of the Crown. In Ireland, the demand for that mercy is urgent and unanimous. All parties deprecate what Mr. Hamilton, the member for the Dublin University, has called 'a horrifying exhibition of sanguinary severity.' We believe there are few this side of the Channel who dissent from his view of the subject; and a general and confident expectation prevails that government will adopt it.

We must not close without briefly adverting to the new experiment about to be tried in the government of Ireland. The signs of the times significantly point to the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood by the State, as the Whig panacea for existing evils: and it would, therefore, be idle to affect incredulity on the point, and mere false delicacy to abstain from the expression of our opinion, because the measure has not yet been formally submitted to parliament. Future events cast their shadows before them, and we must be amongst the blindest of mortals, if we do not see it in the present case. The question of time may be unsettled, the precise form of the measure may not yet be determined, but the thing itself, we doubt not, is substantially resolved on, so soon as time and circumstances permit. Our political leaders have, for some time past, been coming to an agreement on this point. Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, have avowed their adhesion, and rumours are afloat of the conversion of other men, from whom better things were expected. We are not surprised at this, and are far from being discouraged by it. It marks an advanced stage in the great ecclesiastical controversy of the day, and, in our sober judgment, is full of promise. So long as there was a possibility of success, our aristocratic classes defended the monopoly of the Protestant church in Ireland. It was nothing to them that her temples were avoided, that no fire burned on her altars, that in many parishes she possessed no worshipper, and existed only to fleece a half starved people. They appealed to the law of the stronger, and canted about the duty of maintaining *truth*, and of opposing 'the man of sin.' The love of things secular was veiled under a religious garb. They probably deceived themselves, and succeeded, in too many cases in deceiving others. The time, however, for such things is now past. Men have learned to call vices by their right name, and can no longer be persuaded that the lust of power, and a love of the 'loaves and fishes,' are identical with a self-denying and religious zeal. Our church advocates in the legislature are,

therefore, beginning to see that their old tactics will not suffice to meet the requirements of the day; that they must modify their policy; must abandon state patronage altogether, or be content to share it with their papal opponents. They love Protestantism somewhat, but they love State pay more, and are, consequently, brought to the degraded position of being willing to share it with the Catholic priesthood. Their past professions are forgotten, their vows are scattered to the wind, and they now wait at the Treasury door, to heed the bidding of their master. The aristocratic classes have too large an interest in the State-church to consent willingly to its overthrow. So long as its revenues could be restricted to the professors of their hereditary faith, such restriction was vehemently enforced, as the only course which consistency and truthfulness permitted. But now that this can be done no longer, they are willing to admit others to share the spoil, so they may but retain a large portion for themselves.

Many liberal senators aid their scheme though with somewhat different views. They have long protested against the monopoly of the Irish Protestants, and deem it, therefore, a step in advance, that this monopoly should be relinquished, by other religionists being allowed to participate in the patronage of the State. Now there is much plausibility in this. It wears an aspect of impartiality and fair dealing, and if it be once admitted that the support of religious instruction and ordinances is within the province of Government, we know not how it can be successfully opposed. The men of whom we speak care little for religion as such. Their indifference is proclaimed in the infinite diversities of religious creeds to which they would extend the favour of the State. They view religion simply as an element of social order, regardless alike of its spiritual nature and everlasting issues. We protest, however, against the assumption on which they reason, and maintain that there is another and more excellent way, by which the grievous oppression of the English Church in Ireland may be rectified, without violating the spirit, or doing wrong to the interests of Christianity. Let that church be abolished—as sooner or later it must be—due regard being had to the life interest of all incumbents, and let religion be left free to pursue her own benign and heavenly mission. Nothing short of this will meet the requirements of the case. Other things may be tried, but they will miserably fail. Various expedients will be resorted to by a short-sighted and selfish policy, until, at length, the law of necessity will compel the legislature to disengage itself from an alliance into which it ought never to have entered, and which cannot be continued without constant perplexity and disaster.

In the meantime, much depends, as to the measure before us, on the position assumed, and the steps which may be taken by the Protestant Dissenters of the empire. In the Anti-Maynooth agitation, a capital error was committed. We protested against it at the time; and, though then deemed rigid and ultra, have now the satisfaction to know that there is little ground to apprehend its repetition. A meeting has recently been held in London, consisting of Churchmen, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and Baptists; and we believe we report the simple truth, in saying, that but one feeling prevailed respecting the impolicy of conjoint action, and the necessity of each taking their own proper ground, in opposing the contemplated measure. This is a great step gained, and it augurs well. Our influence is moral, and it cannot be sustained unless we speak our own language, and give utterance to our whole case. We must approach the legislature as the opponents of all State-endowments of religion, if we would hope to command its confidence, or to influence its decision. The executive committee of the *British Anti-State-Church-Association* have acted wisely, in early recording their views. Alive to the importance of the crisis, the following resolutions were adopted on the 2nd of October, and we are glad to report that they are being followed up by the most energetic measures which the resources of the society permit:—

‘ 1. That it being highly probable that a measure for the Endowment of the Roman Catholic Priesthood of Ireland will be submitted to Parliament during the next Session, this Committee, anxious to prevent any extension of the system of supporting religion from State resources, will hold themselves prepared to offer to any such measure their most earnest and uncompromising hostility.

‘ II. That, in the judgment of this Committee, the support by the State of the ministry of religious instruction and ordinances is manifestly inequitable, unless all her Majesty’s subjects are admitted to an equal participation in the supposed benefit; that the exclusion of Roman Catholics cannot, therefore, be successfully defended; that the development of this principle cannot stop short of the payment by the State of the teachers of all religious creeds, however diverse and conflicting; that such a result would be highly dangerous to civil liberty—would degrade religion into an instrument of state-craft—would cast public contempt on the distinction between truth and error—and would strike at the heart of all religious independence, activity, and enterprise.

‘ III. That there is nothing to justify, even in appearance, the support of this wider application of an unsound and pernicious principle, by men professedly anxious for the real welfare of Ireland; that the measure, far from having been demanded by the Irish people, will, in all probability, be received by them with strong and well-merited suspicion; that it will do nothing to ameliorate their social wretchedness—nothing to develop their national resources—nothing to shield them from the op-

pression of which they justly complain—nothing even permanently to conciliate popular good-will; that its immediate effect, if not the intention of its advocates, will be the preservation, in its integrity, of the Protestant Church Establishment, admitted by all parties to be an unparalleled and grievous anomaly, and the strengthening of powers and privileges inimical to social prosperity; that in place of doing ‘justice to Ireland,’ it will merely throw a veil over glaring wrongs; and, instead of promoting the well-being of the whole people, will prolong the ascendancy of a narrow section, to whose neglect of duty the present miseries of Ireland may be mainly traced.

‘IV. That, as a preparatory step towards inciting and directing an effective opposition to the contemplated measure, so soon as it shall be announced, communications on the subject be forthwith forwarded to the friends of the association throughout the kingdom, and that the co-operation of others, agreeing in the general principles already set forth, be also respectfully invited.’

A meeting of various dissenting ministers and other gentlemen, was also held at the King’s Head, Poultry, London, on the 13th of October, Samuel Morley, Esq., in the chair; when resolutions were adopted, affirming it to be ‘the solemn duty of all classes of Protestant Dissenters to make preparations for meeting such a measure with their most determined, united, and persevering opposition, whenever, and by whomsoever, it may be submitted.’ We are especially gratified to observe, that the third resolution adopted at this meeting, while advertising to the general grounds on which such a measure may be opposed by all enlightened politicians, distinctly affirms that, ‘consistency requires that the opposition presented to it by Protestant Dissenters should be based, not on the errors of popery, however grave, or however deeply deplored, *but on the principle of antagonism to all State endowments of religion.*’ We are glad also to find, just as we are going to press, that a resolution was unanimously adopted at the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union at Leicester, recommending all Independent Congregations to petition against the measure ‘in accordance with their well known principles.’ This is as it should be. Let the coming struggle be conducted on this basis, and whatever be its immediate issue, its ultimate result will be largely beneficial. Truth may require a long period, before it clears away all the mists of prejudice and error, but let it speak in clear, defined, yet charitable terms, and it will certainly make its way to the confidence of the nation.

Brief Notices.

Beauchamp ; or, the Error. By G. P. R. James, Esq. In 3 vols.
London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is the best book which Mr. James's prolific pen has produced, for some time past, and it makes us the more regret that he will not give his genius fair play, by allowing it due time for repose. The mind, like the body, needs rest, and the effect of its not being granted is speedily visible. Nothing is more exhausting than continued composition, and few men could bear the process as well as Mr. James. Even he, however, is vastly injured by it, and the term of his fame as an author will be greatly diminished. But a truce to these reflections. We must take him as he is, and leave it to his sounder judgment to settle the account with himself. There is a vividness and grace, a strength of outline, and distinctness of figure, in this tale, exceeding his recent performances. Several of the characters are well drawn, their parts are skilfully delineated, and the progress of the narrative holds the reader in a due state of suspense. *Beauchamp* and Captain *Hayward*, the former, reserved, somewhat haughty in his bearing, suffering from an early error, the more humane and generous elements of his nature striving to work themselves free from the gloom that enwraps him,—the latter, concealing beneath apparent thoughtlessness, a quick-sightedness and resolution, genuine nobility of feeling, and a self-sacrificing friendship,—are introduced as joint actors, in the rescue of Mrs. *Clifford* and her daughter from the assault of *Henry Whittingham*, the son of a country magistrate, who has planned the forcible abduction of the latter. The tale starts from this point, and its progress brings out in strong relief, the character of each. *Mary Clifford*, and her cousin *Isabella Slingsby*, are beautiful creations, appropriate to the part assigned them, and worthy of the fate they meet; while *Sir John Slingsby*, the father of the latter, 'honest Jack Slingsby! Roystering Sir John!' as he was familiarly termed, is the personification of a class, now happily becoming rare, whose thoughtlessness, improvidence, and joviality, make them an easy prey to their designing and unscrupulous man of business. *Widow Lamb*, and her son, 'the hump-backed pot-boy' *Billy*, are impersonations of the fidelity, gratitude, and intelligence often met with in the humbler walks of life: while *Stephen Gimlet*, striving successfully to retrace his steps to the paths of honest industry, is one of the novelist's best creations. We need say little respecting *Henry Whittingham*, *Captain Moreton*, and *Charlotte Hay*. Their unredeemed villany acts its befitting part, and may be left to show itself in the progress of the tale.

The interstices of the story—if we may so term them—are filled

up with sentimental trifling, much of which would have been equally appropriate in any other place. The winding up of the tale is also coarse and vulgar, befitting rather the ease than the skill of the author. The horrible deaths of Moreton and Charlotte Hay, disappoint the reader, and do no credit to Mr. James's invention. Their schemes ought to have been counterplotted, and in the hands of a master, would have been. The most serious objection, however, respects the frequent use of profane language, which, however appropriate to the persons using it, is out of place in such a work. It is not necessary to the elucidation of character, and throws no light on the progress of the tale. An author who avows so much respect to the moralities of life, will do well to keep his pages free from such pollutions.

Epitome of Alison's History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.

London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

MR. ALISON'S History of Europe is amongst the few works of the present day which will go down to posterity. It is written with great ability, displays considerable research, and evinces an earnest and confiding spirit. As such, though differing greatly from the author on many important points, we strongly recommend it to the attentive perusal of all advanced readers. Those who have time to compare the versions of different authors, will defraud themselves, if they do not examine so masterly a work. The case, however, is different with the volume before us. It is intended for the use of schools and young persons, and we feel great difficulty in recommending it. The light in which many events and characters are exhibited by Mr. Alison, differs materially from what we deem correct, and we therefore hesitate to make his work a text-book for our schools. Our youths have been greatly injured by this process already, and we shrink from extending the evil. We are accustomed to talk much about the susceptibility of the young mind, and then, with strange fatuity, we subject it to the false impressions made by a class of works which, however attractive in style, or affluent in research, lend themselves to the propagation of one-sided and erroneous views.

Memoirs of the Rev. John Smith, Missionary to Demerara. By Edwin Angel Wallbridge. With a Preface. By the Rev. W. G. Barrett. 8vo. London: Charles Gilpin.

WE had intended to present our readers with a somewhat extended account of this interesting volume, but circumstances beyond our control, prevent our doing so this month. We must, therefore, for the present, content ourselves with barely announcing its publication, and shall endeavour in our December number to do it justice. In the mean time, it has our most hearty good wishes.

Hours of Recreation ; a Collection of Poems, written to the Age of Twenty-one. By Charles S. Middleton. London : John R. Smith. 1848.

WE confess to not being impartial judges of this little volume, for the manly modest preface has disarmed criticism. The author tells us, in no complaining tone, nor in arrest of judgment, that he is young, engaged in a laborious occupation, with failing health,—and that this collection is published ‘in the hope of raising himself something above his present position, before sickness becomes too deeply rooted to be removed.’ There are, then, anxious hopes clinging to its reception. We trust they may be more than realized. The author has written much graceful, pleasing verse, and there is, throughout, a purity of thought, and a gentle tenderness of disposition, which, combined with much quiet love for the beautiful, will make many of his pieces very suitable for moments of weariness, when loftier lines are felt to be too great for our mood, and we seek songs which—

‘ Have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care.’

The Closing Scene ; or, Christianity and Infidelity Contrasted in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Author of ‘The Bishop’s Daughter,’ etc. London : Longman and Co. 1848.

THIS is a very striking and useful volume. It presents a great variety of death-bed histories, tending to show that opinions which it may be convenient to live by, are wretched supports in death. The idea is good ; the selection of examples is judicious ; and the treatment of the solemn subject is more calm and reverential than books of the kind usually exhibit.

A Dream of Reform. By Henry J. Forrester. London : John Chapman. 1848.

THE author following (to quote his own somewhat curious arrangement) Plato, Bacon, Sir Thomas More, and Douglas Jerrold, has here embodied, in the sketch of an imaginary country, his ideas of a model state of society. On many points he has discovered great sympathy with the victims of our crying social evils, and is evidently a man of kindly dispositions ; but he is more at home in pointing out the rotten places lying patent to every one’s observation in things as they are, than in suggesting remedies. Government is to do everything. No man is to be allowed to possess more than a certain amount of property, and ignorance and sin are to be counteracted by an education on phrenological principles, and a religion which is diluted Deism.

The History of Barbados: comprising a Geographical and Statistical Account of the Island; a Sketch of the Historical Events since the Settlement, and an Account of the Geology and Natural Productions.
By Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Ph. D. London: Longman and Co.

WE quote the entire title of this bulky volume, as it exhibits fully its valuable contents. So far as we have examined the book, we can give it the highest commendation, as a perfect encyclopædia *de omni scibili* about Barbados. The author has done his work with true German industry, and has produced a volume of local history, which, in the qualities of laborious research, and abundance of information, has never been surpassed.

On Dreams, in their Mental and Moral Aspects, etc. Two Essays. By John Sheppard. London: Jackson and Walford.

THE purpose of these Essays is to show that the phenomena of dreams afford arguments for the existence of spirit, for a separate state, and for a particular providence. The tone of the volume is admirable; probabilities are never tortured into certainties, and there is no appearance of the dogmatism which is the besetting sin of the advocates of views, known to be unusual, and suspected to be unpopular. The abundant citations of cases—the fair, moderate conclusions established from them, and the marks of a ripe and cultivated mind on every page, make this a valuable contribution to the literature of a difficult subject.

Halyburton's Memoirs. With a Sketch of His Times.

Sketches of Church History, embracing the Period from the Reformation to the Revolution. By the Rev. Thomas M'Crie. 2 vols.

The Revivals of the Eighteenth Century, with Sermons by Whitefield.
By Rev. D. M'Farlan, D.D. London and Edinburgh: John Johnston.

THESE four volumes are perfect marvels of cheapness. They are well got up, run to about 300 pages each, and are published in cloth. The Free Church Publication Committee deserve success in such an undertaking. The works are all pervaded by a certain family likeness, although the subjects are very different. Halyburton is a piece of rich autobiography. M'Crie's Sketches are graphic, lively specimens of popular history. The Revivals of the Eighteenth Century furnish an interesting account of a very remarkable time.

Though especially calculated for Scotland, their devotion to Presbyterianism does not unfit them for England, while the manly, bracing tone of religion which pervades them, might be copied with benefit by some of our authors, who seem to imagine that the meaning of piety is its strictly etymological one—*softness*.

The Young Man's Home, or the Penitent Returned. A Narrative of the Present Day. By the Rev. Richard Cobbold. London: Saunders and Otley. 1848.

WE do not know how much of this volume is fact, and how much fiction. Considered simply as a narrative of a wasted life and its repentant close, intended to teach that the end of profligate mirth is heaviness, we give it our commendation; but if it is to be tried as a literary creation, we must confess it is not a successful effort. With perfect freedom from tricks of style or incident—a mercy in these days—there is yet a prevailing feebleness. It never takes hold of us. One could lay it down at any time without feeling the least anxiety to get back to it again. Nor is this want of power compensated by any remarkable play of fancy or delicacy of observation, by any power of sketching character, or grasp of thought. Simple and touching sometimes, the simplicity is not always separated from childishness, nor the pathos from sentimentalism. The reverend author appears in gown, and preaches rather too undisguisedly. We are sorry to see another trace of the clergyman, where a grievous step in the young hero's downward progress is his learning to like 'dissent and dissension'—'his licentious disposition to join any fools who were but untrammelled *Freethinkers, Independents*, and enemies to the Church of England.' We were not aware that dissenters gained many adherents amongst fox-hunting squires and gay Oxford men, such as the hero of this volume is.

Vital Christianity: Essays and Discourses on the Religions of Man and the Religion of God. By Alexander Vinet, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne. Translated, with an Introduction, by Robert Turnbull, Pastor of the Harvard Street Church, Boston. pp. 316. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton & Co.

PROFESSOR VINET (whom Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has described as the *Chalmers of Switzerland*) is very favourably known in this country through his admirable work on 'The profession of personal conviction, in connexion with church-establishments.' He has done good and great service in France and Switzerland, both as a defender of evangelical religion, and as an opponent of the union of church and state. The present work, as the translator observes, is 'addressed particularly to that large class of cultivated minds who have some prepossessions in favour of Christianity, but who, from the influence of latent scepticism, do not yield their hearts to its direct and all-controlling influence. This circumstance stamps upon it a peculiar character. It has rendered it at once profound and practical.' The author discusses a great number of most important topics, with acuteness and power, and in a style of vivacious eloquence that interests and warms while it instructs. We sincerely hope that this antidote to scepticism and formality will find its way into the circles where they are exerting so powerfully benumbing and enervating an influence.

The History of Rome ; from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Empire.
London : Religious Tract Society.

IT must be a very difficult thing to write good historical school books. If, on the one hand, the young reader's taste is consulted by a sufficiently large admixture of 'stories,' the history becomes nothing but a collection of episodes. If, on the other, the *perspective* of events is attended to, and prominence is given to the important ones, without consideration of their being interesting, history is declared 'dry.' Then the necessity for compression brings crowds of names in such quick succession, that the pupil has no time to attach any *idea* to each, and consequently forgets them all. The author of this volume has very successfully combated these difficulties. His book displays research, judgment, consideration of the kind of readers he may expect, considerable power of graphic narration, and, above all, Christian principle. We wish it all success.

Letters in Vindication of Dissent, by Mr. Towgood, being Replies to Three Letters and Two Defences of those Letters. By the Rev. Mr. White. pp. 180. Oldham : John Hurst.

'TOWGOOD'S Letters' are well known. They were very celebrated in their day, and have not, by any means, lost their worth. His objections to the established church chiefly respect it *as a church*—and although the question of establishments has, to a great extent, pushed these into the background, they are of a kind and a strength to demand attention. We should advise the extensive circulation of 'Towgood's Letters,' along with publications dealing with the more general subject of the union of church and state.

The Lads of the Factory ; with Friendly Hints on their Duties and Dangers. London : Religious Tract Society.

THE design of this little work is to teach and enforce moral and religious lessons by example. The class whose welfare is contemplated is a very important and very exposed one. The instruction here communicated, in the form of 'scenes and characters from real life,' possesses general adaptation to their circumstances and wants.

A Brief Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians. By the Rev. Alexander S. Patterson. pp. 126. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. London : Hamilton and Co.

WE see no particular reason for the publication of this work. It is just such an one as any evangelical minister or layman might write. The sentiments are sound, the style simple, the tendency to promote piety ; but these, we imagine, are not sufficient qualifications for theological works in the present day, and least of all for commentaries.

Peter Jones. An Autobiography. Stage the First. London: John Chapman. 1848.

THE object of this volume is to show how an inquiring man was led from 'traditional Christianity' to a vague spiritualism. In this first stage he has reached the point of emancipating himself from the authority of Scripture as a historical record, and from many of the notions which we denominate Christian. He has arrived at the belief in the existence of an extinct primitive human race, of which all our civilisation is the legacy. Such books as this demand attention. They are the new phase of opposition to Scripture truth which we have now to study, and when men of the talents and acquirements of the author of this volume address themselves thus to the assault, it is high time for some other people to get ready for the defence. 'Peter Jones' may not cause storms, but it portends them.

Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Dyer, sixteen years missionary to the Chinese. By Evan Davies, author of 'China and her Spiritual Claims.' pp. 303. London: John Snow.

THE publication of wisely-written accounts of missionary lives and labours is calculated to sustain and direct the missionary spirit in our churches. Mr. Dyer deserved this honour, and the description here given of his course is as instructive and interesting as that of any we have seen. We trust this record of his worth will meet with the acceptance which it richly merits from the Christian public.

A Brief Historical Relation of the Life of Mr. John Livingstone, Minister of the Gospel; with an Historical Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Thomas Houston. A New Edition. Edinburgh: Johnstone.

JOHN LIVINGSTONE was one of the purest and gentlest of the Covenanters, and though not a man of great energy, but, as he himself says, 'wofully lazy and of a soft disposition,' yet took a considerable share in the proceedings of that stormy time. His Autobiography and Characteristics of Eminent Ministers, are well known to all students of ecclesiastical history in the seventeenth century, as having all the fidelity of an eye-witness; but they have still higher merit, they breathe the simplicity of a child, the piety of a saint, the firmness of a martyr.

The present edition is complete and convenient. The historical introduction is accurately written.

Historical Charades. By the Author of 'Letters from Madras.'

AN admirable child's book; spirited, good humoured, bustling, it will fascinate young people. We have submitted it to a jury of children of the age for which it is intended, and can heartily concur in their sentence, that it is 'very nice.'

The Way of Faith ; or, The Abridged Bible : containing Selections from all the Books of Holy Writ. By Dr. M. Büdinger. Translated from the German by David Asher. London : Bagster. 1848.

THE reason assigned for the publication of this volume, which appears under the sanction of the Chief Rabbi, is, a wish to supply the want felt among the Jewish community, of 'a version of their own of the Sacred Scriptures, to put into the hands of children and females.' But we confess to a suspicion, that the object is not to gratify a felt want, by giving to these classes as much as they can receive, but rather to avoid the danger of their seeking, among Christians, what is denied them by their own leaders, and to give them as little as will satisfy. Whether this be so or not, the volume marks a great progress in the Jewish people. Here is an acknowledgment of a craving for a knowledge of Scripture—and here, whatever may be the motive, is, at least, a partial response to that craving. It augurs well ; it leads to the hope, that the mutilated, rather than abridged Bible, here presented, will soon be found insufficient for the class for whom it is intended. As to the execution of the design, we need only say, that the greater part of the volume is occupied with extracts from the historical books, in which our authorized version is principally followed ; and that the selections from the other parts of Scripture are seemingly made on the principle of excluding anything that may awaken the consciousness of sin, and yet more obviously, anything that may point to Him in whom that consciousness finds its relief. Israel and its glories, morality and ceremonies, form the staple of the volume. If it be an introduction merely, it is good ; if it be, as is most probable, a permanent substitute for the whole Scripture of the Old Testament, it is lamentably deficient.

Sermons on Practical Subjects. By the Rev. S. Warren, LL.D., Incumbent of All Souls, Manchester. A New Edition. London and Edinburgh : Blackwood. 1848.

WE have found no thoughts and only one figure in this volume which have not old familiar faces, the author's object being, as all sermon publishers tell us, 'practical utility rather than novelty or research.' For such a purpose these discourses are well fitted ; they are correct but not tame, calm but not cold, earnest but not extravagant.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, for 1849. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, with contributions by R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P., Hon. Edmund Phipps, and others.

Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. Illustrated by Thomas Allom and others. With Historical, Classical, and Picturesque Descriptions. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., and L. F. A. Buckingham, Esq.

Fireside Tales for the Young. By Mrs. Ellis.

The Juvenile Scrap Book, a gage d'amour for the Young. By Miss Jane Strickland. 1849.

Poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with a Steel Portrait of the Author.

The History of the Jews of Spain and Portugal, from the Earliest Times to their Final Expulsion from those Kingdoms, and their subsequent Dispersion. With complete Translations of all the Laws made respecting them, during their long establishment in the Iberian Peninsula. By E. H. Lindo.

The Church and the Education Question : a Letter to the Lord Bishop of Ripon. By Henry Parr Hamilton, M.A.

A Bishop's Charge to the Laity, in Answer to a Bishop's Charge to the Clergy ; being Two Discourses on Church Authority and Sacramental Efficacy. By Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A.

Beauchamp ; or, the Error. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols.

The Bible of every Land ; or, a History Critical and Philological of all the Versions of the Sacred Scriptures, in every Language and Dialect into which Translations have been made, with Specimen Portions in their own Characters, and Ethnographical Maps.

Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy. Part VI.

The Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland, Sketches of their Character, and Specimens of their Eloquence. By Rev. Robert Turnbull.

The Church of Christ, Her Duty and Auxiliaries, with a triple Dedication to the Bishops and the Members of the Church on Earth. By a Plain Man.

Ruins of Many Lands. With Illustrations. Part I.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Part XXXVIII.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. No. IV. Edited by John Kitto, D.D. F.S.A.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XXI.

The Quarterly Journal of Prophecy. No. 1.

Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Edited by Wm. Smith, L.L.D.

History of the French Revolutions, from 1789 to the Present Time. Part III.

A Voice from the Dumb. A Memoir of Jno. Wm. Lashford. By Wm. Sleight.

Commentary on the Psalms. By E. W. Hengstenberg. Vol. 3.

A Tour in the United States. By Archibald Prentice.

Fifty Days on Board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May, 1843. By Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, Chaplain of H.M.S. Cleopatra.

Composition and Punctuation Familiarly Explained. By Justin Brenan.

Co-operation with the Committee of Council on Education, Vindicated and Recommended. By Francis Close, A.M.

The Wesleyan Almanack for 1849.

On the Antidotal Treatment of the Epidemic Cholera. By John Parkin, M.D.

The Pearl of Days ; or, the Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes. By a Labourer's Daughter.

The Fairy Knoll. By Mrs. Sherwood.

The Harmony of History with Prophecy. An Exposition of the Apocalypse. By Josiah Conder.

Narrative of a Campaign against the Kaballes of Algeria ; with the Mission of M. Suchet to the Emir Abd-El-Kader. By Dawson Borrer, F.R.G.S.

Letters of William III. and Louis XIV., and of their Ministers ; illustrative of the Domestic and Foreign Politics of England, from the Peace of Ryswick to the Accession of Philip V. of Spain. Edited by Paul Grimblot. 2 vols.

Proofs of the Authenticity of the Portrait of Prince Charles, painted at Madrid in 1623, by Velasquez.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR DECEMBER, 1848.

- ART. I.—1. *Criminal Tables, for England and Wales.* 1805—1847.
London: Hansard.
2. *Statistics of Crime.* By R. W. Rawson, Esq., Hon. Secretary,
Statistical Society of London. *Statistical Journal*, Vol. II. pp. 317
—344. 1839.
3. *Statistics of Crime in England and Wales, for the Years 1842—*
1844. By F. G. P. Neison, Esq., F.L.S., F.S.S. *Statistical*
Journal, Vol. IX. pp. 223—275. 1846.
4. *Thirteenth Report on Prisons.* London: Hansard. 1848.
5. *Ninth Annual Report of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* London:
Hansard. 1848.

THE extent, progress, and causes of crime in this country, have occupied, as they well deserve, a large share of public attention, and have been laboriously investigated by many able men. The criminal records of the nation have also been improved in their arrangement, and made to embrace information, other than the bare enumeration of offences, in classes and in counties, so as to throw light upon those social and educational conditions, which respectively conduce to, or repress, crime. For the last few years, two principal objects have been aimed at by those who have subjected the records of crime to searching analysis: First,—To ascertain the influence of education in counteracting crime; and Second,—To determine the influence of relaxed severity of punishment, on the ratio of the more serious offences against the laws. It is not our intention to allude further to the latter subject; but in the course of our

remarks, we shall have occasion, again and again, to refer to the conclusions which have been aimed at by several investigators, as to the former. The leading object of this class of inquirers, has been to determine what influence education has in the repression of crime. As a body, they have, for many years, advocated a national system of education, and laboriously sought to establish the proof of its necessity, by a demonstration of the co-extensiveness of crime and ignorance, in the several counties of England. The ratios of crime in particular districts are, of course, determinate and palpable things; but not so the ratios of ignorance. Various tests have been used to determine the latter. The signing of the marriage register, by marks, has been taken as a criterion of the degree of education, and although allowance has been made for disturbing elements, in cases where the marriage-mark test was at par, and the ratio of crime greatly discrepant, *on the whole*, considerable reliance has been placed on it; and, as we shall endeavour to show, far more reliance than can justly be so placed. Again, the degree of instruction amongst the criminals themselves, has been investigated for a similar purpose; and the conclusion drawn, that ignorance and crime are,—mathematically considered—equal quantities;—morally considered—cause and effect.

Now we are not about to enter into the question—of the connexion betwixt ignorance and crime, nor into the still more important question,—what is *that education* which will really counteract crime? It must suffice to say, that our judgment is clear and decided against the sufficiency of mere scholastic knowledge, as distinct from education, or to speak more definitely, moral training, to counteract the natural tendency of man's nature to certain indulgencies of the baser passions, and to furnish a defence against the thousand temptations to crime, which, more especially in great cities, assail the great mass, and most vehemently, the young. And apart from this conviction, we cannot but perceive, that gravely to take the very low qualifications of reading and writing, no matter in what ratios, as tests of the moral condition of particular sections of the population, is, apparently at least, to favour the idea that mere reading and writing have a moralizing influence. The ratios of crime and of ignorance, as to reading and writing, might be shown to be coincident; but that would still leave the problem unsolved,—what are the causes of crime?—because the ratios of reading and writing might only be, as we believe them to be, the accompaniment, or indication, of a certain moral condition of the people, and not the cause of that condition. Nor are we insensible that a conclusion may be established from a comparison

of the ratios of crime and of ignorance, (the ignorance of reading and writing,) most fatal to the conclusions of those who adopt the test.—

In 1805, 1811, 1821, and 1847, the ratios of crime to the population were, respectively, 1 in 1843, 1779, 877, and 610. But no sane man disputes that far fewer persons are ignorant of reading and writing now, than at any one of the other periods named. It is palpable that some other solution of the increased ratio of crime must be found, unless we are to adopt the *primâ facie* conclusion which the facts warrant,—*that knowledge and crime progress in equal ratios*. In short, we cannot but think that far too much attention has been paid to this branch of the inquiry, to the neglect of others, from which more important results are attainable; and though we willingly admit the great talent and patience with which the inquiry has been conducted, we must still express our dissatisfaction with its results, as explanations, either in whole, or in any principal degree, of the phenomena presented in the criminal tables of England. It will be our object in this article, to indicate, with somewhat more exactness than has already been done, the facts of the case, and to point out, not the causes so much, as the conditions or circumstances, under which crime is more or less developed in England. Before, however, we do this, we must correct some gross mistakes as to the progress of crime, which have long been current in the public mind, and have been sanctioned by men, from whom more accuracy of information might fairly have been expected. Thus, we have not unfrequently seen the statement, in print, that crime has increased six hundred per cent. since 1805; and nothing is so common, in the mouths of public men, when any question of public morals is the theme, as the lamentation over the alarming and frightful increase of crime. We will endeavour to give the true ratio of increase.—For this purpose, we have thrown the English counties into six groups, as follows:—five manufacturing, viz.—Chester, Lancaster, Stafford, Warwick, and York; three mining, viz.—Cornwall, Durham, and Monmouth; three metropolitan, viz.—Middlesex, Hertford, and Surrey; sixteen agricultural, viz.—Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cumberland, Dorset, Essex, Hereford, Hunts, Kent, Lincoln, Northampton, Rutland, Suffolk, Sussex, Westmoreland, and Wilts; two collegiate, viz.—Cambridge and Oxford; and eleven mixed agricultural and manufacturing, viz.—Derby, Devon, Gloucester, Norfolk, Northumberland, Leicester, Notts, Salop, Somerset, Hants, and Worcester. We consider this grouping to be, on the whole, as fair as any other we have seen, but we shall have occasion to show, in the sequel, that it presents great anomalies; and that, in

fact, any grouping of counties, merely as manufacturing, or agricultural, or as both combined, with a view to arrive at any definite results, as to the mere influence of manufacturing or agricultural employments on the prevalence of crime, will only lead to false conclusions, unless other elements be largely allowed for. The following table shows the amount of crime in each of the groups mentioned, and in all England, and the ratio to population, at nine distinct periods. The actual population is taken for the years 1821, 1831, and 1841; the population for the other periods, is calculated according to the ratio of increase, for each group, in the preceding ten years, as shown by the census returns. Our object in dividing the six years, since 1841, into four distinct periods, will be explained afterwards.

TABLE I.

ENGLAND.	Average. 1820 to 1822		Average. 1825 to 1827.		Average. 1829 to 1833.		Average. 1835 to 1837.		Average. 1840 to 1842.	
Counties.	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation
		1 in		1 in		1 in		1 in		1 in
5 Manufacturing.	3783	823	4748	722	5561	681	5967	695	9312	490
3 Mining	207	2594	324	2015	425	1535	535	1348	842	950
3 Metropolitan...	3234	517	4084	446	4631	429	4634	463	5048	438
16 Agricultural ...	2482	1111	3152	919	3916	780	4633	724	5571	602
2 Collegiate	231	1120	306	903	388	763	512	605	572	570
11 Mixed	2901	1007	3337	929	4207	785	5080	680	6757	553
All England	12,839	877	15,952	759	19,130	684	21,363	654	28,104	533

ENGLAND.	1843.		1845.		1844 to 1846.		1847.	
Counties.	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation.	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation.	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation.	Total Crime.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation.
		1 in		1 in		1 in		1 in
5 Manufacturing .	9219	515	6443	764	6877	718	8147	625
3 Mining	862	968	671	1297	780	1115	902	990
3 Metropolitan ...	5392	444	5626	437	5569	443	6781	374
16 Agricultural ...	5655	605	4696	745	4957	704	5400	655
2 Collegiate	585	568	548	612	548	622	554	621
11 Mixed.....	7038	525	5624	669	5898	639	6271	610
All England	28,751	536	23,608	671	24,630	644	28,055	574

The increase of crime for all England, betwixt the first and last periods, is about fifty-three per cent. If the first period, and 1844—6, be compared, it is thirty-eight per cent.; but if the first period and 1845, be compared, it is only thirty-one per cent.

The per-centage shows, in each case, an actual increase in the ratio of crime, distinct from, and above, the ratio of increase in the population. But if 1829—1833, and 1845, be compared, the increase is not more than six per cent. The cycle, 1829—1833, comprehended a period, in which no disturbing element was at work, to increase, what we may be allowed to term, the *natural* tendency to crime; and the year 1845 was a similar period. But this comparison may be objected to, as too favourable. No objection, however, can lie against the average of 1844—6, the latter year being marked by considerable distress amongst the operative population. We exclude 1847, because it was, nearly throughout, a year of distress and privation.—For the same reason, we exclude 1840—2, a period of extraordinary suffering amongst the working classes; the closing year, in fact, being the last of a cycle of five years of almost uninterrupted bad harvests, and dear food; two circumstances, the influence of which on crime, we shall afterwards advert to. We shall not, however, confine the comparison to the periods betwixt 1821 and 1845. We shall carry it back to 1805. In that year, the ratio of crime to population for the several sections of counties, and for all England, was as follows—

5 Manufacturing Counties		1 in 2292.
3 Mining	„	 1 in 4294.
3 Metropolitan	„	 1 in 812.
16 Agricultural	„	 1 in 2192.
2 Collegiate	„	 1 in 2550.
11 Mixed	„	 1 in 2299.
All England		1 in 1843.
Wales		1 in 3941.

The following table will exhibit the increase of the population, and of crime, respectively, betwixt 1805 and 1821, and betwixt 1821 and 1845, with the excess or deficiency of crime, in each period, as compared with the population.—

Counties.	Increase of Population. 1801 to 1821.	Increase of Crime 1805 to 1821.	Excess of Crime 1805 to 1821.	Increase of Population. 1821 to 1831.	Increase of Crime 1821 to 1831.	Excess of Crime	Increase of Population. 1831 to 1845.	Increase of Crime 1831 to 1845.	Increase of Crime	decrease of Crime
5 Manufacturing	43·5	300	256·5	21·6	47	25·4	28·6	23·6		5.
3 Mining	36·2	102·5	66·3	21·5	100·5	79	30·8	80·5	49·7	
3 Metropolitan.	41·2	121·5	80·3	19	43	24	23	21·7		1·3
16 Agricultural.	29·7	152·4	122·7	10·9	58	47·1	13·7	25·6	11·9	
2 Collegiate ..	30	200	170	14·8	74	59·2	14	42·9	28·9	
11 Mixed	29·5	195	165·5	13·1	45	31·9	13·7	40·3	26·6	
All England..	35·2	183	147·8	16	49	33	20·8	28·7	8·4	

Here, then, we have the exact measure of the increase of crime—that is,—

Manufacturing Counties, 1805 to 1845	..	276·9.
Mining	..	195.
Metropolitan	..	103.
Agricultural	..	181·7.
Collegiate	..	258·1.
Mixed	..	224.
All England	..	189·2.

It is foreign to our purpose to inquire into the cause or causes of this *still* enormous increase of crime, betwixt 1805 and 1821, and also betwixt 1821 and 1831. The more rapid increase of crime than population, by 147·8 per cent. in the one period, and of thirty-three per cent. in the other, suggests grave questions, *if* the increase be the consequence of a more depraved condition of the national morals. We are free to express our entire doubt that the phenomena are referable to that cause. We suspect the increase is more nominal than real, and is, in a great measure, attributable to an improved police, and the consequent more frequent detection of offences; conjoined with several other circumstances, which we may not stay to describe minutely. Of this we are quite certain, that the universal judgment of men who have lived through the period, 1805 to 1845, is unmistakeably against the conclusion, which, taken by themselves, the criminal returns would establish; that is, a rapid and large deterioration of the national character. On the contrary, we never met with a man on whose judgment and observation we could rely, who did not testify to the striking improvement in the whole deportment and conduct of the mass of the population, betwixt the two periods. Be this, however, as it may, there is no gainsaying the fact, that the rate of progress in crime has undergone a wonderful *retardation*, since 1831. 8·4 per

cent. in fifteen years, contrasts marvellously with thirty-three per cent. in the ten years, 1821 to 1831; and 147·8 per cent., in the sixteen years from 1805 to 1821. At this rate, 1851 will show a positive decrease in the ratio, as compared with 1831, *on all England*; as 1845 already does, for the manufacturing and metropolitan districts.

We will now show the relative proportion of crime in the forty counties of England, and from this statement, shall endeavour to evolve the circumstances, or conditions of each, which determine those ratios.

For reasons already stated, we consider the year 1845, as offering the most accurate portraiture of the *natural* intensity of crime in each county. The following table exhibits the ratio of crime to population in each, and we append to it, for purposes to be explained, the per centage of population to one hundred statute acres in 1841, the proportion of the agricultural classes to the total population, and the proportion of males married, on the average of 1839 to 1845, who signed the marriage register with marks.—

TABLE II.

No.	County.	Ratio of Crime to Pop- ulation, 1845. 1 in	Proportion to 100 Statute Acres. 1841.	Population of Agricultural Classes to Total Popula- tion, 1841.	Males signing Marriage Registers with Marks. Average, 1839 to 1843.
1	Durham - - -	1766	46.2	4.4	25
2	Derby - - -	1563	41.4	7.1	30
3	Cumberland - -	1538	18.3	8.8	16
4	Northumberland -	1387	20.9	6.9	19
5	Cornwall - - -	1319	39.8	7.9	36
6	Westmoreland -	1240	11.6	11.6	20
7	York - - -	1197	57	6.4	34
8	Lincoln - - -	990	21.7	15.9	32
9	Nottingham - -	978	46.7	8.2	34
10	Dorset - - -	835	27.2	10.9	34
11	Salop - - -	794	27.8	11.7	42
12	Rutland - - -	791	22.3	15.6	31
13	Suffolk - - -	791	32.5	13.9	46
14	Monmouth - -	780	42.3	6.5	51
15	Stafford - - -	773	67.4	5.7	43
16	Devon - - -	763	32.2	10.2	28
17	Sussex - - -	760	31.9	11.9	30
18	Bedford - - -	731	36.4	13.8	51
19	Cambridge - -	725	28.1	13.9	46
20	Wilts - - -	703	29.6	14.1	44
21	Kent - - -	702	55	8.7	29
22	Hunts - - -	690	24.6	14.5	45
23	Northampton -	687	30.6	12.9	38
24	Leicester - -	686	41.9	7.9	33
25	Hertford - - -	667	39	12.8	51
26	Surrey - - -	665	120	4.4	36
27	Norfolk - - -	655	31.9	12.2	44
28	Berks - - -	644	33.5	13.2	41
29	Essex - - -	643	35.2	14.8	47
30	Lancaster - -	637	147.5	6.7	39
31	Chester - - -	615	58.8	6.7	36
32	Bucks - - -	580	33	14	43
33	Warwick - - -	561	70	6	32
34	Oxford - - -	534	33.4	12.9	35
35	Somerset - - -	514	41.4	10.2	37
36	Hereford - -	509	20.6	14.6	38
37	Southampton -	502	34.1	10	31
38	Gloucester - -	482	53.6	7.2	29
39	Worcester - -	431	50.4	10.1	45
40	Middlesex - -	376	873.6	1.1	12
	All England - -	671	43	7.7	33

This table appears to us perfectly decisive, as respects the educational test of the marriage register mark, and the alleged superiority, as to moral condition, of the agricultural counties. Middlesex, with 12 marriage marks, presents a ratio of 1 criminal to 376 persons; whilst Durham, with 25 marks, has a ratio of only 1 in 1766! Derby, with 30 marks, has a ratio of 1 in 1563; and Cornwall, with 36 marks, has 1 in 1319! The irrelevance of this test is indeed quite demonstrable, independent of the proofs now offered. It is undeniable, that it is the poorer classes who furnish the criminal calendar with its melancholy numbers. It is obvious, then, that the marriage test can only be of value, as it shows the relative amount of education in that particular section of the population of each county. But if a particular county has a larger number of the propertied and educated classes, in proportion to the poorer and uneducated classes, than another county, the former will show fewer *marks*; though it may be quite true, that, class for class, the education of the latter is equal to it. No one doubts that Middlesex has a far larger proportion of educated and wealthy persons in its population, than Durham, and yet Middlesex shows 1 criminal to 376 of its population, against 1 in 1766 in Durham. Take another instance. Gloucester has a more educated population than Lincoln; but Gloucester has 1 criminal for 482 of its population, and Lincoln only 1 for 990!

The supposed moral tendency of agricultural, over manufacturing employment, is equally disproved by the table. Worcester has a proportion of 10·1 agriculturalists, and Nottingham only 8·2; but the ratio of crime in the former is 431, and in the latter, 978. Nay, worse. Hereford, with 14·6 proportion of agriculture, has a criminal ratio of 509; whilst Kent, with 8·7, has only 1 in 702. The table furnishes many other proofs of our position in these two points. It will be asked, and we do not shrink from the question, ‘how then do you account for the vast discrepancies in crime, betwixt counties agreeing in the ratio of marriage marks, and of agricultural population? or for the fact that counties, differing in these particulars, agree in the ratio of crime?’ We think the table suggests the explanation; not an exact one, we freely acknowledge, but harmonizing more anomalies than any we have yet seen.

We are inclined, then, to give the first place, in the order of circumstances or conditions of society, *tending to crime*, to the density of a town or city population. Let us see how this condition or circumstance is borne out by the table. Setting aside Yorkshire, which is a case *per se*, as we shall show in the sequel,—the first county in the list, which has a large city population, is Surrey, and that stands No. 26, with a ratio of

crime within 6 of the average of England. Then come the following:—

Lancaster,—Crime.	637.....	No. 30
Warwick	“ 561.....	“ 33
Somerset	“ 514.....	“ 35
Southampton	“ 502.....	“ 37
Gloucester	“ 482.....	“ 38
Middlesex	“ 376.....	“ 40

The City population of these counties, *pro rata* to the rest of the population, is greater than that of any other counties in England. The influence of a city population on the ratio of crime is easily shown in the case of Gloucestershire. That county includes the sea-port of Bristol, and it so happens, that up to 1831, the criminal returns for that city are given separately from the rest of the county. Now, the average of the county for 1821 and 1831, respectively, was—713 and 574; but the average of Bristol city was—550 and 507! Our position may be illustrated by contrast. Leaving out York, the first 14 counties on the list, having the smallest ratio of crime, have either a scattered population, or an isolated position. They have no great cities, if we except Northumberland (and Newcastle is neutralized by a low ratio of inhabitants to the acre throughout the county), and they have a very limited intercourse with the rest of England. The exceptions from the rule, Hertford, Essex, and Kent, with small city populations, are vitiated by their proximity to the Metropolis; and not only is the total ratio of crime high in these counties, but the ratio of the more serious offences is high also. For a similar reason, Sussex, Cambridge, and Oxford, show a high ratio of crime. They each contain rich, voluptuous, and we fear, somewhat profligate cities.

It surely needs no formal proof, that education and morals being alike, there will be the most offences where the greatest wealth and luxury are in juxtaposition with the greatest density of population. The invitations to crime, their number, power, and seductiveness, to say nothing of the greater opportunity for its concealment, are in the direct ratio of the density and wealth of the population. Nay, more. Great cities invite all the scum and off-scourings of society to nestle within them. These find hiding-places there, and there they find their prey. The collisions of angry passions are more frequent, too, of very necessity; and the man, who in Cumberland or Durham, may pass from one week or month to another, without an occasion to ruffle his temper, or arouse the ‘lurking devil’ within, may find opportunities of quarrel every day, if he be not on his guard, in the bustling intercourse of city life. We need not

argue so plain a matter. The increased ratio of crime, so much of it as is not due to an improved police, is unquestionably the price we have to pay for our growth in wealth and luxury, and in the splendour and magnitude of the imperial metropolis, and its satellites—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Portsmouth, and Brighton.

Our position will be strengthened by reference to the county of York. We have said it is a case *per se*. But we must be understood. We do not mean that its position in the scale of crime is anomalous, or irreconcilable with our theory. On the contrary, it proves our case, on one admission, that Yorkshire is one of the most intelligent and moral counties of England. The proportion of the population engaged in trade, is only second to Lancashire, which is the highest in England. That would lead us to expect a high ratio of crime. Nor does it affect this fact much, that it contains the East and North Ridings, which are mainly agricultural. The average of agriculturists is still only 6.4—*lower than Chester*, or Lancashire. But then Yorkshire has no seaport at all corresponding in magnitude to Liverpool, or Bristol, or Portsmouth, and we well know how much the dissoluteness of seaports adds to the proportion of crime. Neither has Yorkshire any overgrown towns. It has many large towns, but no vast cities, and it has been established, on indisputable proof, that the West Riding has greater appliances, religious and educational, than almost *any other* county in the kingdom. As to its intelligence and public virtue, we need only name the fact, that Yorkshire has ever *spoken first*, on every great question, save one—The Slave Trade, Slavery itself, Catholic Disabilities, Parliamentary Corruption, received from it the first and heaviest blow; and if Protection was first denounced from Lancashire, Yorkshire answered with the shout of a giant, to the war-cry of the rival rose—Free Trade!

Another fruitful source of crime, we firmly believe, is the immigration of the miserable people of the sister island. Far be it from us to cast a stone in malice at that unhappy race; but it is too consistent with all we know of their physical and moral condition, to judge *a priori*, that just as they preponderate in any given locality, crime will be proportionately increased. Facts, stubborn facts, confirm the *a priori* conclusion. The 13th report of the Inspectors of Prisons, gives most convincing evidence on this point. The Governor of Liverpool Prison, states, p. 15, that ‘In the three months ending Nov. 30, 1846, the number of Irish committed to prison was 818, or 35 per cent. of the whole, and in the three months just ended (Nov. 30, 1847) 1129, or 42 per cent.’

Further he says—

‘If, to the number of those coming direct from Ireland, be added those born in England, of Irish parents, three-fourths of our prisoners are generally Irish. The proportion of Irish prisoners has been rapidly increasing for the last three years. Three years ago, the number of prisoners in the year, who were born in Ireland, was 1439, out of 4932, or less than thirty per cent.; but last year it was 2680, out of 6769, or forty per cent. Thus, out of a total increase of 1837 prisoners in three years, 1241 were Irish. The portion which the Irish form of the whole population of Liverpool, is less than *half their share* of the criminality of the town, in petty and in serious offences alike. During the last three years, the number of felonies committed in Liverpool, *by Lancashire people, was actually diminished, notwithstanding the increase of the population*; but the felonies committed by the Irish have more than doubled, having increased from 108, in the year 1843—4, to 222 in the year 1846—7”

The table of county or country of birth, appended to the Report of Kirkdale Prison, gives 364 Irish, against 628 born in Lancashire, and against a total of 1197. Captain Willis, Superintendent of Police at Manchester, states, that one fourth of the offenders in that borough are Irish. In round numbers, the Irish-born inhabitants of Manchester, are as 30,000 to 208,000, little more than one seventh. Captain Willis also states, that ‘some of the worst part of the population, and that which contributes most to the class of reputed thieves and prostitutes, are of Irish parentage.’ We may only mention another fact. A barrister, connected with the northern circuit, ascertained that out of 126 prisoners at one assizes in York, twenty-seven were Irish, or twenty-five per cent.; and that out of twenty-nine serious offences, nineteen, or 66 per cent., were committed by Irishmen. Of the serious offences, eight were murder, and six of these, or seventy-five per cent., were committed by Irishmen.

Coupling these statements with the fact that Lancashire, Middlesex, and Cheshire, have by far the largest proportion of native Irish in their population, besides a large proportion descended from Irish parents, we are satisfied that in addition to the cause already named—the preponderance of a city population—these counties stand where they do, high in the scale of crime, very much because of this vitiating element, of a large Irish population.

All explanation of the increase of crime would, however, be imperfect, if reference be not made to the *character* of crimes, as well as their number, and the influence of violent and extreme fluctuations in the price of food and the employment of the people.

That the more serious offences are far less prevalent than during the last century and the early part of the present, is an unquestioned fact. The number of executions, apart from any

reference to the mitigation of punishment in general, are decisive on that point. But we have few data on which reliance can be placed, for the purpose of an *exact* comparison, except since 1834, in which year a new classification of offences was adopted in the criminal returns, as follows :—

Class 1.—Offences against the person ; such as murder, shooting at, with intent to maim, manslaughter, rape, and assault.

Class 2.—Offences against property, committed *with violence* ; such as burglary, housebreaking, and robberies.

Class 3.—Offences against property, committed *without violence* ; such as cattle and horse stealing, larceny, &c., &c.

Class 4.—Malicious offences against property ; such as setting fire to houses or crops, riot, and destruction of machinery, killing and maiming cattle, &c.

Class 5.—Forgery and offences against the country ; high treason, game offences, prison breaking, riot, &c., &c.

Class 6.—Other offences.

The following table exhibits the number or proportion of each of these six classes of offences, to the population for the time being, in the sections of counties, as per table on page 658, and for five periods since 1834.

TABLE III.

Counties.	CLASS I.					CLASS 2.				
	Average 1834 to 1836.	Average 1840 to 1842.	1843.	Average 1844 to 1846.	1847.	Average 1834 to 1836.	Average 1840 to 1842.	1843.	Average 1844 to 1846.	1847.
	1 in					1 in				
5 Manufacturing...	10·021	8 242	6·781	8·726	9·257	13 786	6·016	4·777	10·293	8·186
3 Mining	11·453	10·255	6·095	9 670	9·607	30·064	17·755	14·154	22·926	17·519
3 Metropolitan.....	4·406	5·450	5·401	4·098	4·727	10·676	9·899	8·928	11·276	10 609
16 Agricultural	8·481	8·477	7·963	9·163	9·668	8·200	8·413	6·264	10·119	11·098
2 Collegiate	5·741	9·881	6·396	7·707	13·233	8 379	7·883	5·734	9·689	11·099
11 Mixed	7·861	7·514	6·404	9·027	9·920	9·323	8·029	6·645	9·265	9·247
40										
— All England ...	7·318	7·588	6·594	7·522	8·242	10·552	7·701	6·216	10·416	9·674
Wales	15·259	12·661	10·392	14·313	18·455	29·467	19·395	19·485	16·254	17·160

TABLE III—CONTINUED.

Counties.	CLASS 3.					CLASS 4.				
	Average	Average		Average		Average	Average		Average	
	1834 to 1836.	1840 to 1842.	1843.	1844 to 1846.	1847.	1834 to 1835.	1840 to 1842.	1843.	1844 to 1846.	1847.
	1 in					1 in				
5 Manufacturing...	896	652	712	910	777	165 990	89 537	84 886	190 032	124 254
3 Mining	1 812	1 238	1 401	1 529	1 302	80 171	199 979	278 370	87 030	149 505
3 Metropolitan.....	597	570	555	562	449	157 338	230 971	478 592	164 627	253 604
16 Agricultural	912	747	792	881	738	68 044	88 343	53 226	40 130	57 400
2 Collegiate	805	716	742	809	733	62 005	81 525	55 437	22 609	28 773
11 Mixed	884	677	678	785	799	86 471	95 503	55 249	58 973	84 300
40										
All England ...	844	690	706	814	706	98 464	104 861	77 537	73 442	91 200
Wales	3 073	1 947	1 964	1 985	1 632	213 638	227 900	11 691	63 933	122 000
	CLASS 5.					CLASS 6.				
5 Manufacturing...	55 230	24 160	49 806	41 870	32 651	10 949	6 032	8 901	19 150	24 400
3 Mining	60 128	66 659	41 755	66 946	64 458	25 768	14 284	17 768	15 005	17 100
3 Metropolitan.....	13 247	15 443	12 661	14 357	12 876	12 124	13 390	13 294	14 440	16 470
16 Agricultural	57 108	41 444	41 255	50 598	51 050	14 026	20 722	16 000	20 065	18 000
2 Collegiate	77 506	32 610	41 578	56 524	57 349	11 924	12 077	25 586	13 044	34 400
11 Mixed	45 511	45 364	31 911	51 004	52 083	14 533	11 821	14 075	32 333	29 000
40										
All England ...	36 129	29 062	23 521	31 944	31 469	12 687	10 131	13 334	19 276	21 770
Wales	122 078	60 773	77 942	106 556	108 683	22 488	20 718	6 972	17 759	19 000

Considering 1847 to be an exceptional year, on account of the prevailing distress, we may place in juxtaposition the ratio of each class of offences in 1834-6, and in 1844-6 respectively, for all England.

1834-6.	1844-6.
Class 1.—1 in 7,218.	1 in 7,522.
„ 2.—1 in 10,552.	1 in 10,416.
„ 3.—1 in 844.	1 in 814.
„ 4.—1 in 98,464.	1 in 72,442.
„ 5.—1 in 36,129.	1 in 34,944.
„ 6.—1 in 12,687.	1 in 19,276.

The first, which is the most important class, shows a small, and the last a large *decrease*. The other four shows an *increase*; class 3 alone exhibiting a high ratio. This class, it will be observed, is that of 'offences against property, committed without violence,' and the increase in this class, betwixt 1834-6, and

1844-6, consists entirely in the specific item of 'simple larcenies,' the number being 7,756 for all England in the former period, and 8,465 in the latter. Now, as the first table shows that the ratios of all offences to the total population at these periods, were respectively, 1 in 654, and 1 in 644, or about one and a half per cent. increase, it is clear that we must look for the source of that increase in class 3, and that, in fact, classes 1 and 6 will show a lower per centage to the total of crimes, and classes 2, 4, and 5, a slight increase in that ratio. We give the proportions each year, from 1836 to 1847.—Class 1 shows a proportion of 9·2 in 1836, and only an average of 8 in 1844-6.

TABLE IV.

Relative Proportions of the Six Classes of Crime, in Centesimal Parts, in the following Years.

Years	Class I. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Class 2. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Class 3. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Class 4. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Class 5. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Class 6. No. of Offences.	Ratio to Totals of Crime	Total Offences for all England	100
1836	1956	9·2	1310	6·2	16167	77·4	168	·8	359	1·6	1024	4·8	20984	100
1837	1719	7·2	1400	6·9	1884	80·1	114	·5	456	1·9	1039	4·4	22612	100
1838	1859	8·0	1538	6·7	18278	79·1	89	·4	503	2·2	827	3·6	23094	100
1839	2009	8·2	1432	5·9	19243	78·7	105	·4	436	1·8	1218	5	24443	100
1840	1881	6·9	1934	7·1	21484	79·1	145	5	541	2·0	1202	4·4	27187	100
1841	2140	7·7	1873	6·8	22017	79·3	94	·3	437	1·6	1199	4·3	27760	100
1842	2127	6·8	2178	6·9	23995	76·7	201	·6	634	2·1	2174	6·9	31309	100
1843	2431	8·2	2530	8·6	22298	75·5	279	·9	668	2·2	1385	4·6	29591	100
1844	2306	7·7	1759	6·6	20425	78	347	1·3	548	2	1157	4·4	26542	100
1845	1966	8·1	1471	6	19506	80·3	149	·6	438	1·8	773	3·2	24303	100
1846	2249	9·0	1507	6	20075	79·8	209	·8	406	1·6	701	2·8	25107	100
1847	2023	7·2	1732	6	23571	81·7	186	·7	525	1·7	796	2·7	28833	100

Class 6 shows an average of 4·8 in the former, against 3·5 in the latter periods, whilst class 3 shows an increase from 77·4, to 79·4.

A more distinct idea of the proportion of the principal classes of crime, will be conveyed by the following table, in which the actual number of each, for four periods, is given.

TABLE V.

Numbers of the Principal Crimes, under Classes 1, 2, and 3, in the under-mentioned Years in England.

	1834—6. Average.	1843.	1844—6. Average.	1847.
CLASS I.				
Murder, and Attempts at Murder attended with grievous bodily harm - -	79	97	89	72
Attempts at Murder, unattended with grievous bodily harm - - -		23	14	23
Shooting at, Stabbing, etc.	137	219	182	221
Manslaughter - - -	206	258	191	234
Foul Offences - - -	104	144	133	165
Rape, and Attempts at Rape, etc. - - -	187	292	275	233
Assaults - - - -	832	742	790	672
Ditto on Police - - -	508	464	346	314
—				
CLASS 2.				
Burglary - - - -	262	839	427	457
Housebreaking - - -	512	769	557	671
Office ditto - - -	159	315	195	232
Other Robberies - - -	426	580	372	402
—				
CLASS 3.				
Cattle and Horse Stealing -	444	644	404	291
Larceny in Dwelling House -	174	204	186	134
Ditto from the Person -	1592	1676	1754	1142
Ditto by Servants - -	890	1434	1367	1272
Ditto Simple - - -	11·511	15·977	14·238	16·524
Other Offences against Property - - - -	1471	2363	1938	1498

Taken either together or separately, the last two tables establish the gratifying fact of an actual diminution of the more serious offences, during the last ten years pro rata to population, and that four fifths of all the crimes belong to the class of 'offences against property, without violence.' The latter fact, whilst it greatly narrows the scope of our public reformatory appliances, is suggestive of the appropriate remedies and preventives.

We may not go minutely into the analysis of the six great classes of crime, in order to show the ratio of their prevalence in particular counties. Our third table, gives the ratios of these in the respective groups of counties. We may point out a few of the more marked and important features of that table.

In the class of offences against the person, the manufacturing and mining counties show an increased, but fluctuating ratio throughout. The metropolitan and agricultural counties, a diminished ratio, with one exception. The collegiate, a largely diminished ratio throughout, and the mixed counties a considerable diminution on the whole, with the exception of 1843. In every instance but one (that one the metropolitan), 1843 exhibits the highest ratio of this class of offences, and the same remark applies to the next class of offences. This class forms the connecting link betwixt the more atrocious, and the merely venial offences. It embraces the burglar, the house-breaker, and the highwayman, and combines in the character of too many of the offenders, dishonesty, brutality, and a reckless disregard of life. The table shows this class to be an increasing one on the whole, and largely in the two first groups of districts. Class 3—'Offences against Property, without Violence,' shows a larger increase than class 2, and a very marked and rapid increase in the ratio, comparing 1834-6 with the two next periods, and 1844-6 with 1847. The solution of this increase will be offered when we come to notice the effects of bad harvests, on the general ratio of crime. The other classes may be dismissed with the remark, that malicious offences are the most rife in the agricultural sections of the kingdom, and are happily least prevalent where the consequences of such crimes would be most disastrous. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, that crimes of this class are rare in the great seats of manufactures and commerce; partly, we believe, because there is a more intelligent perception of the ultimate consequences of such crimes to themselves, in the bulk of the manufacturing operatives; and even more, because of a higher moral restraint, combined with a kindly feeling, *on the whole*, betwixt the employers and the employed.

It would compel us to enter into great minuteness of detail, were we to place the several groups of counties in comparison with each other, as to the prevalence of *particular crimes* in each of the six great divisions or classes of offences. Such an analysis would shew, as might be expected, that some crimes are almost peculiar to particular localities, just because the locality

affords an opportunity for their commission. For instance, the firing of crops and barns, and game offences, form a large item in the list of crimes committed in agricultural counties, and a comparatively insignificant one in the metropolitan and manufacturing counties. In any comparison, crimes only must be taken, to the commission of which there are equal inducements and facilities in the counties compared. We are aware this is a narrow class, and that in fact, it is difficult to institute such a comparison at all, betwixt a manufacturing and an agricultural county, because of the greater frequency and intensity of the incentives to crime, in the former class of counties. Probably, however, the comparison is as fair, with respect to the more atrocious offences against the person, as any other, and also with respect to certain classes of larceny. The following abstract exhibits, *in thousandth parts*, the ratio of offences, of the classes named, to every 10,000 persons, in each of the groups of counties.

	5 Manufacturing Counties.			3 Mining Counties.			16 Agricultural Counties.			3 Metropolitan Counties.			11 Mixed Counties.		
	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.
Murder	57	76	44	55	48	26	43	49	54	23	59	56	83	54	61
Shooting at with intent to maim, etc.	74	149	103	55	155	126	84	76	88	112	129	158	113	154	95
Manlaughter ..	171	250	143	110	118	76	112	105	90	121	71	105	138	162	115
Foul Offences ..	30	69	38	41	36	30	66	96	97	200	125	146	53	110	95
Rape	127	176	168	97	236	206	153	172	172	116	142	150	135	222	173
Assaults	339	347	313	264	538	287	418	345	255	1672	1012	1459	450	364	229
Ditto on Police.	272	242	220	264	370	149	446	277	222	299	200	229	261	240	146
Larceny in Dwelling Houses ..	72	90	80	125	46	22	65	58	62	252	280	296	104	97	67
Ditto by Servants.	597	823	785	55	118	127	456	897	854	1637	1841	1806	252	626	761

In all those crimes which are the result of ungovernable passion, malignant dispositions, or brutal appetites, there is unhappily, a general uniformity shewn by the table; though on the whole, these offences are most rife in the metropolitan and mixed counties,—and more especially in the sexual class of crimes. It will be observed, that under the head ‘assaults,’ the manufacturing counties take the first place, and the metropolitan the last; and that assaults on the police are most numerous in the agricultural, and semi-agricultural counties. We are not surprised at the position of the manufacturing counties, in this branch of social morality. The congregating of men in large masses, under the eye of intelligent overlookers and em-

ployers, and in contact with the middle and upper classes of our large towns, has a powerful influence, in softening the manners of the operative classes, and superinducing habits of order and deference to authority; and it is well known that the artizan and factory population of the towns, what with the necessity of kindness and good temper, in the prosecution of work which demands the co-operation of many hands and wills, and what with the closer social intercourse,—the union in clubs, and sick societies, etc., live on terms of good brotherhood, and the interchange of mutual kindnesses. It is a vulgar error to impute to them, as is sometimes done in parliament, rude and boisterous habits, contempt of authority, and mutual distrust, and alienation.

The class of 'Offences against Property, with Violence,' show, as might be expected, a considerable preponderance in 'Office Breaking,' in the manufacturing districts. The comparative infrequency of that form of crime in the metropolis, seems to testify to the excellence of its police. In the other classes, it is remarkable, that in burglaries, house-breaking, and 'other robberies,' the agricultural and semi-agricultural counties occupy a lower position than the manufacturing, as the following table will show.

	5 Manufacturing Counties.			3 Mining Counties.			16 Agricultural Counties.			3 Metropolitan Counties.			11 Mixed Counties.		
	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.
Burglary	95	766	242	41	177	45	259	473	249	271	472	292	190	406	279
House Breaking	212	440	244	165	263	57	400	678	335	350	351	268	485	508	416
Office ditto	156	416	191	14	23	15	112	96	90	70	71	78	86	140	116
Other Robberies	262	437	283	138	227	114	346	342	240	303	225	248	341	429	252

We will only add the details of three other classes of larceny, (two having been already given) as illustrating the intensity of this class of offences in the city population of the nation, where professional and habitual thieves abound, because there they find shelter and concealment, as well as the opportunity to carry on their warfare against society.

	5 Manufacturing Counties.			3 Mining Counties.			16 Agricultural Counties.			3 Metropolitan Counties.			11 Mixed Counties.		
	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.	1836.	1843.	1845.
Larceny from Person	1172	1317	1137	236	450	321	684	625	587	3725	2050	2623	699	710	718
Atto Simple ..	8040	9888	7712	4063	7328	5287	7462	9421	8418	10832	11464	10834	7638	114	
Other Offences against Property	1002	1633	1135	375	886	609	843	1096	954	1711	2121	1967	919		

In all comparisons betwixt county and county, or groups of counties, it is necessary to bear in mind an important principle, developed by Mr. Neison, in the very elaborate and masterly contribution to the 'Statistical Journal,' the title of which appears at the head of this article. It is this: that the tendency to crime is greatest at the period of life from twenty to twenty-five. The ratio of criminals to population, he gives as under, at the ages specified.

Under 15 years	·494
15 to 20 years	·6841
20 25 „	·7702
25 30 „	·5989
30 40 „	·3794
40 50 „	·2504
50 60 „	·1694
60 and upwards	·813

It is obvious, that wherever there is a preponderance of persons of the ages fifteen to thirty, there, all other things being alike, crime will be most rife. The difference in the number of persons at those ages, comparing the manufacturing with the agricultural population, is considerable. Taking Mr. Neison's data, as to the per centage of persons at these ages in the five manufacturing, and the sixteen agricultural counties, we find that if the latter are brought to par, as to relative numbers at the ages fifteen to thirty, the ratio of crime would be increased from 1 in 654, to 1 in 617, that of the manufacturing districts being, 1 in 625. Mr. Neison also shews that the different ratios of females in a given population, materially affects the ratio of crime, and thus another disturbing element has to be allowed for, before any accurate scale of relative intensity of crime can be established betwixt different counties, or groups of counties. Mr. Neison has grouped the counties of England according to the ratios of persons engaged in trade and in agriculture, and of educational attainment,—respectively; and on page 265 'Statistical Journal,' 1846, he has given the counties in alphabetical order, and exhibited the excess or deficiency of *actual crime*, as compared with the average of England. We have arranged the counties in the order of precedence, the county of least crime standing as No. 1., the same as in our table, (page 652). The two tables exhibit some striking agreements as to the position of counties in the order of crime,—but there are also several wide discrepancies. We should give the two in juxtaposition, but it would require more space than we can afford in explanation; and we are compelled to say, that the comparison and

grouping of counties in Mr. Neison's excellent paper, loses much of its value, from the selection of the years 1842-3-4, as the basis of his calculations. The relative ratios of crime were greatly deranged in those years; the ratio of crime in the manufacturing districts being far more affected by the prolonged distress, than that of the agricultural districts. It is only necessary to place in juxtaposition, the respective ratios of crime in those two groups of counties, before, and after the periods selected by Mr. Neison, to perceive that any conclusions as to the relative intensity of crime in each, *under ordinary conditions*, must be incorrect.—

	1829 to 1833.	1840 to 1842.	1843.	1844—6.
Manufacturing Districts, ratio of crime, 1 in	681	490	515	718
Agricultural ditto, 1 in	780	602	605	704

The fact is, that neither Mr. Neison, nor any other of the contributors to the 'Statistical Journal,' have given that weight to the effect of variation in the supply and price of food, which is due to it. The free-traders, in the time of the League agitation, did indeed draw attention to the fact of the coincidence of bad harvests and increased crime; but it is characteristic of persons accustomed to the *exact* demonstration of statistical science, to hesitate in accrediting conclusions drawn from general observation, or based on abstract principles of political economy. Yet we cannot but think, that *the fact* stood out unmistakeably in our entire criminal records, *that dear food and increased crime go hand in hand, and are in fact, though precisely in what mode we will not dogmatically say—cause and effect.* We shall be glad to see Mr. Danson directing his attention to this subject, with the same ability as is shown by him in his contribution to the May number of the 'Statistical Journal.' Mean time, we may be allowed to jot down a few memoranda, bearing on the matter in question.

The mere fact that years of dear food and increased crime are coincident, is established by a reference to the criminal tables from 1805 to 1837. We will give illustrations, by a statement of the price of corn, and the total amount of crime, in years of scarcity, contrasted with the preceding and following years of plenty.

		Crime.	Price of Wheat per quarter.
First period. {	1805 Dear year	4,605	89/9
	1806 Cheap year	4,346	79/1
	1807 Cheap year	4,446	75/4

		Crime.	Price of Wheat per Quarter.
Second Period	1811 Cheap year	5,337	95/3
	1812 Dear year	6,576	126/6
	1813 Dear year	7,164	109/9
	1814 Cheap year	6,390	74/4
Third Period.	1816 Cheap year	9,091	78/6
	1817 Dear year	13,932	96/11
	1818 Cheap year	13,567	86/3

The marriages for the same years attest the pressure on the condition of the mass of the population. They are as under:—

		Marriages.
First Period.	1804 Cheap year	171,476.
	1805 Dear year	159,172.
	1806 Cheap year	161,508.
	1807 Cheap year	167,846.
Second Period	1811 Cheap year	172,778.
	1812 Dear year	164,132.
	1813 Dear year	167,720.
	1814 Cheap year	185,608.
Third Period.	1816 Cheap year	183,892.
	1817 Dear year	176,478.
	1818 Cheap year	185,558.

Here, then, we have dear food, coincident with increased crime and diminished marriages. But we must complete the demonstration of coincidence, before we draw any conclusion from the facts. We now give the same particulars, for that eventful period in the history, alike of the working classes and of the Corn Laws, commencing in 1838, and terminating in 1844.

Years.	Price of Wheat per quarter.	Total of Crime.	Marriages.
1838	57/10	23,094	236,134
1839	71/ 8	24,443	246,332
1840	68/	27,187	245,330
1841	63/ 6	27,760	244,992
1842	63/ 4	31,309	237,650
1843	49/ 4	29,591	247,636
1844	53/ 9	26,542	264,498
1845	46/ 7	24,303	287,486

With a continuance of scarcity and dearness of food, crime rose from 23,094, in 1838, to 31,309, in 1842; whilst the mar-

riages returned in 1842, after a partial rise in 1839, and a stationary condition in 1840 and 1841, to the level of 1838. But with a return of abundance and cheapness, crime fell in 1845 to the level of 1839; whilst marriages rose no less than 50,000! By whatever mode of action on the morals of the masses, the pinching of dear food, and the repression of the ability to marry, produce the results now established, matters little. The result is utterly inexplicable on any other supposition than the one we have advanced; namely, that privation and crime are cause and effect. Let us see if we can give the *rationale* of the *mode*.

The effect of an enhanced price of food is not limited in its operation on the condition of the operative classes, by the simple difference of the sum taken from expenditure on clothing, &c., to make good the difference in the cost of food. The action of a lessened consumption of manufactured goods is to depress prices, and to limit production even beyond the exact measure of lessened ability to consume manufactures. Falling prices act on credit, and falling credit narrows all mercantile and manufacturing operations; and the finale of the process, is a large reduction of employment to the operative, concurrently with dearer food. Diminished employment, which means a smaller daily loaf, scanty fuel, and ragged garments, finds the operative in a state of discontent, suffering, and idleness. Discontent and idleness are fearful things when they meet in the condition of a man who has small mental resources, and comparatively a low moral tone. That such is the condition, at such times, of a large portion of the working classes, there can be no doubt; though we are far from believing it is general. We have, indeed, ample proof to the contrary, in the fortitude with which they have endured the distress of 1846—7, not to speak of 1840—2. We have distinct testimony to the noble bearing of the class, in the 'Thirteenth Report on Prisons' already quoted. But asserting this, and contending for its truth, it cannot be denied, that the continuance of privation amongst those who, unhappily, neglect to make provision for the day of need, in the day of abundance, does lead to crime. Severe want tries the virtue of the class, on questions of *meum* and *teum*; and it destroys the moral tone of the class but too often, as it leads to sensual indulgence and recklessness. Then comes in the demon of faction. In his despair, the operative blames all around him for the evil of his condition; and he is thus prepared for a war of classes, which manifests itself in rick-burnings in Essex, and plug-drawing in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

It is undoubtedly true, that with more of forethought and thrift, and with a more intelligent perception of the nature of

the things which affect his lot, the operative would maintain a better moral position in the hour of trial. But we must deal with him as he is; and we therefore judge of the operation of the causes we have named, by what we know of him, rather than by what might be expected of him, in a better moral condition of his being. We cannot but indulge the hope, that a wiser national economy will lead to greater equableness in the price of food; and that the advancing morals of the working classes will enable them to meet with far less of deterioration, physical and moral, such vicissitudes in their material concerns, as under the wisest polity will be unavoidable.

We must now recal the attention of our readers to the table on page (650), showing the relative progress of population and crime, from 1805 to 1845. There is a moral in that table which we have not developed, but which is far too important to be overlooked.

The table establishes A GREAT FACT. It proves that crime has seen its climax. It proves, to use a railway phrase, that some powerful cause has 'put the break' on its onward and desolating progress, and first bringing its speed into coincidence with the ratio of progress in the population, will ere long leave it far in the rear. If there be any truth in our theory—that the growth of a city population greatly increases the tendency to crime,—then is it evident, that since 1820, the condition of England has been yearly becoming more unfavourable to the national morals. Supposing, then, that no counteracting force was in operation, subsequent to 1821—we ought to see in the ratio of crime an acceleration, comparing 1821 to 1831, with 1805 to 1821. But what says the table? Excess of crime, 1805 to 1821,—147·8. Ditto, Ditto, 1821 to 1831,—33! Nay, more. From 1831 to 1845, the excess is only 8·4 for all England; and there is an actual deficiency in the manufacturing districts of five per cent., and in the metropolitan of 1·3. Whatever vague and dreamy speculations others may entertain, as to the '*causes of crime*,' we have no questionings as to the cause of this extraordinary *retardation* in the rate of its progress. The people are more intelligent, and more moral. Sunday-schools, day-schools, mechanic's institutes, a free press, the juxtaposition of the middle and operative classes in our manufacturing districts especially, and its humanizing influence,—all have had their specific operation, and the result is what the criminal records unfold. It is an answer, most complete, to the thousand and one assertions, in and out of parliament, during the education controversy, that the people were going back to heathenism, and sinking deeper and deeper, year by year, in brutality,

ignorance, and immorality. The mere physical aspect of the people,—their dress, habitations, and deportment, might have answered that calumny, if the spectacle of what their industry and skill has achieved were held inconclusive. But a diminished criminal record strikes the adversary's master-weapon out of his hand, and leaves him disarmed and discomfited.

It is not our intention to enter into the larger question of the *efficient causes of crime*; but thus much we must say:—we are led by the analysis we have made of the *character* of crime in England, to the conclusion, that the vast proportion of it is entirely remediable. A slight advance in the moral tone of the working classes, just so much as would give them the self-respect which keeps the middle classes out of the dock and the prison, would prevent one half the offences which now swell the returns. A large proportion of these do not imply deep moral turpitude. They do not cause a man to lose caste altogether in society. They would do, if committed by one of the middle class. Why should there be difficulty in superinducing the same respect for self, the same standard of propriety, the same conventionalism, so to speak, as to a man's station amongst his fellows, as in the case of the middle classes? Not that having effected this, we would be content. The well-head of the national morals is in its recognition of moral responsibility, and its distinct perception of the laws of that responsibility. It is from this fountain, that the healing streams flow which correct all our ills. It is here we find the source of that reverence for authority, that sacredness of human life, and that respect for property, which render jacqueries and barricades even,—all but impossibilities.

In conclusion, we would lay down seven propositions, which the facts we have analysed and arranged, appear to us completely to establish.

FIRST. That the criminal returns of England establish an excess in the ratio of crime, over and above the increase of the population, of 147·8 per cent., betwixt 1805 and 1821; 33 per cent., betwixt 1821 and 1831; and 8·4 per cent., betwixt 1831 and 1845.

SECOND. That whilst all the other counties of England show a smaller excess of crime in the *third* period, as compared with the first and second, the manufacturing counties show an actual deficiency in the rate of increase in crime, compared with the rate of increase in population, of 5 per cent.; and the metropolitan counties, a similar deficiency of 1·3 per cent.

THIRD. That in simple arithmetical proportion, and in centesimal parts, the rates of annual increase in the population and in crime, respectively, were 2·3 and 11·4, in the first period; 1·6 and 5·0, in the second period; and 1·6 and 1·9, in the third period.

FOURTH. That the excess in the ratio of *increase in crime*, over the annual increase of the population, for all England, was 9·1, in the first period ; 3·4, in the second period ; and 0·3, in the third period ; and that the ratio of the first to the last, was, in round numbers, as 91 to 3.

FIFTH. That this marked *retardation* in the progress of crime, has been concurrent with an expansion of the population, of unprecedented rapidity, and a greatly augmented aggregation of the population in towns and cities.

SIXTH. That the phenomena of crime in England seem to establish the conclusion, almost to demonstration, that the aggregation of the population in towns and cities, powerfully tends to increase the opportunities and incentives to crime.

SEVENTH. That coupling together the facts indicated in the two propositions immediately preceding, it is palpable, THAT SOME POWERFUL PRINCIPLE, COUNTERACTIVE OF CRIME, has been in operation, the force of which has been most strongly developed in the manufacturing and metropolitan counties.

We abstain from putting in the form of an eighth proposition, that as all crime is a violation of the laws which govern man's physical and moral well-being, so the effectual counteractives of crime can be no other than intelligence and morality ; and as a corollary, it is an inevitable conclusion from the facts established in the five first propositions, that these elements of national happiness, order, and true greatness, are increasing in a ratio, constantly and rapidly augmenting. We say, we abstain from putting this conclusion in the shape of a distinct proposition, simply because we have not made the question,—What is crime? our object ; but—What are the circumstances under which it is manifested, in greater or less ratio to the population, and what has been its progress for a given period of years? It would be dogmatic to lay down, *as a proposition*, a conclusion which we have not distinctly elaborated. But we have not the least hesitation in recording it as *our deliberate conviction* ; and as a signal proof, that what has so often been asserted by the friends of voluntary education, is only the truth,—that the progress of the people in knowledge and morality, within the last thirty years, has no parallel in the preceding history of the country.

ART. II.—*Views in the Indian Archipelago, Borneo, Sarawak, Labuan, etc. From Drawings made on the spot by Captain Drinkwater Bethune, R.N., Commander Heath, R.N., and others. The Descriptive Letter-Press by James Augustus St. John, Esq. London : Maclean. 1848.*

It is but a year or two, since a single province on the north-western coast of Borneo emerged from the gloom with which the ignorance of ages had surrounded it, and attracted some degree of attention. For a considerable period, the intelligence which reached this country from the further East, had brought vague and indefinite accounts of Mr. Brooke's arrival and settlement in the Indian Archipelago. People read the name of Sarawak in the journals of the day, but remained in ignorance of its exact situation, its condition, its resources, and the circumstances which led to our countryman's establishment there. Scattered facts, however, were from time to time gathered and circulated. Details, disconnected, misarranged, often clothed in a tissue of extravagance, were laid before the world; but at length, the faint shadows which were at first alone visible assumed shape and tangibility, so that men in general began to feel themselves in possession of many facts, of whose existence they had hitherto remained in total ignorance. The information which first dawned upon Europe was in itself of but little intrinsic value. It awakened, however, a powerful interest in the public mind; it called faithful accounts into circulation, and the results were speedily made apparent. The supply of knowledge, like that of most other things, is regulated by the demand. Whilst there existed no curiosity concerning the vast, and then mysterious, regions of insular Asia, it was not to be looked for that writers should occupy themselves with the subject. From the moment, however, that public interest was awakened, the hidden sources of information were, by slow degrees, revealed; one or two daily journals, and a few periodical publications, presented their readers with speculations on the Indian Archipelago. The question thus acquired a hold on the public mind; and it will depend entirely on the policy pursued with regard to the islands of the eastern seas, whether or not those wealthy regions be again allowed to lapse into obscurity and oblivion.

Rajah Brooke's early career in the Indian Archipelago was guided by peculiarly fortuitous circumstances. He sailed into the China Sea, and was struck by the magnificent spectacle presented by the islands which rose, not with naked shores and rock-bound coasts, but green from the water's edge. Borneo,

with its stupendous mountains, lay before him; Celebes, with its verdant grass-lands and wide forests; and Java, whose hillslopes present the extraordinary appearance of a succession of crops; in one field just sprouting from the earth; in the next giving the best evidence of vigor; in a third, waving in green masses; in a fourth, just tinged with yellow, and so on, until the rich golden crop stretches its flowing surface along the warmer slopes. Thus the various processes of agriculture are continually being carried on, from the sowing of the seed to the reaping and gathering up of the corn into sheaves. Struck by this spectacle, the traveller inquired, visited the scenes he was enraptured with, observed the wild and primitive modes of life prevailing among the Indian islanders, and finally determined on making an attempt which has been glorious in its already greatly-developed success, and even in failure could not have been regarded without admiration.

Further accounts reached England. It was made known that Mr. Brooke, in the face of numerous obstacles, had permanently established himself at Sarawak; that the inexhaustible resources of Borneo, and its companion islands, were no longer matter of doubt; that the soil was fruitful, that the natural productions were various and of great value, and that, in short, nothing was wanting, save the spirit of enterprise, to ensure the creation of an extensive commercial system in the Oriental Archipelago. Gradually, the dense clouds of ignorance began to melt beneath the light cast on them from the West, and by slow but sure degrees the veil has been lifted, revealing to the gaze of Europe a succession of islands, more magnificent and fertile than those that stud the seas in any other quarter of the globe. The numerous works which have appeared upon the subject have performed their share, though much of the knowledge which has been so widely diffused, may be said to have flowed through the broad and deep channel of popular and periodical literature.

The present series of views, copiously illustrated with letterpress, is well calculated to familiarise the mind with the various phases under which nature develops herself in the Indian Archipelago. The first drawing represents Kini Balu, a lofty mountain on the north-west coast of Borneo. Its stupendous heights have never yet been ascended, and the mystery which consequently hangs around its many-peaked head, has given rise to numerous traditional tales, which, related in the earliest periods, have been handed down through successive generations, moulded and modified according to the impress of the time. It is said, that unknown races of men dwell within the circumference of that great ring of clouds which constantly

hangs round the head of Kini Balu, and among the numerous pinnacles of the mountain is situated a valley so abundant, that the inhabitants need no other source from whence to draw subsistence for themselves, and the tribes scattered along the upper slopes. To such accounts, however, little importance is to be attached. Although they do not bear on the face of them the impress even of improbability, for we must remember that the same tradition which tells this story, embodies the history of the colonization of the surrounding provinces by the Chinese, many ages since. Made up of the marvellous and ridiculous, this relation has been handed down for centuries, and is believed at the present day, with as much faith as ever. Of the lands which extend southward from behind Kini Balu, more credible accounts are afforded. A prodigious lake is described as stretching to an immense distance in the interior. Its expanse is so broad, that, standing on one side, you cannot see the opposite shores. Numerous islands, for the most part the retreat only of aquatic birds, dot the surface of the water, while the borders of the lake, verdant and beautiful, are covered with villages and hamlets, and adorned with groves and gardens, not excelled in loveliness by the richest scenes ever described by the traveller in continental India. Beyond the huge mountain, ridges, not barren and naked, but fertile as the plains whence they ascend, and enormous forests, add a boldness to the landscape. Throughout almost the whole Archipelago, the same rich features meet the eye. Stupendous ranges of hills cross and re-cross the level regions, some towering abruptly to an immense height, and thrusting their numerous peaks above the clouds, and others rising by gentle degrees, and covered to their utmost summit with vegetation, as abundant and rich as is to be found in the softest and most fertile valleys. Broad plains, dotted with villages and towns, cultivated with elaborate care, and watered by magnificent rivers, alternate with interminable sweeps of jungle, so dense and rank, that the navigator, while observing at a distance the shores of the various islands, has often been betrayed into the belief that he was gazing on extensive meadow-lands, while in reality, the deceptive appearance was occasioned by the manner in which the jungles grow; the plants rising in so close companionship, that they form, for many miles, a sea, as it were, of foliage of every species and kind, impervious to the rays of the hottest sun.

The various descriptions and views with which we are here presented of Sarawak and its vicinity, afford a correct idea of the numerous fine displays of nature there spread out before the view. The limits of drawing, however, can seldom realise all the features of an eastern landscape, where the richness and

variety of the colours which alternately prevail form conspicuous and important elements in the scenery. Gorgeous views, and rare combinations of the grand and the lovely, the stupendous and the gently picturesque, are not all that we are to look for in Sarawak. Its fertile soil is adapted to the growth of rice, sago, camphor, the cocoa palm, the mangusteen, the date palm, the aloes tree, with the nutmeg, the clove, and the cinnamon, with an infinite variety of other productions, which might easily form the materials of a great and lucrative commerce in the eastern seas. Minerals of different kinds—gold, copper, and antimony abound, while diamond-mines are to be sought for between the spurs of nearly all the mountains, and on the banks of many rivers and streams. At Santah, where Mr. Brooke has a plantation of nutmegs, an establishment has been formed for the purpose of working a very productive mine. When the resources of the province are amply developed, we may hope to see manufactories spring into existence, and behold the progress of our industry, now restricted within the limits of necessity.

The races which inhabit the valuable territory of Sarawak are of various names and character. The Orang Idan are somewhat more inclined to peaceful pursuits than their bolder neighbours, though crafty and superstitious to the last degree. The Malays are not over honest, but enterprising, and industrious in whatever calling they betake themselves to, whether piracy or trade. To them succeed the Chinese, the very scum and dregs of the Celestial Empire, thieves and vagabonds, almost without exception, yet laborious and persevering. Mr. Brooke finds it more difficult to manage these men, than any other class over whom his sway extends. They work well and earn sufficient livelihoods, yet cheat at every opportunity. The plan succeeded before our countryman became rajah; but his keen-sighted and determined policy immediately showed them under whose rule they were; and finding knavery not so practicable now as of yore, the number of old settlers is diminishing, though an influx of new emigrants is continually taking place. The Cochinese form another division of the population of Sarawak. Of the others, we can only here pause to mention the indigenous Dyak, rude and simple mannered, ignorant, wild in his habits, and accustomed to savage and bloody practices; possessed, notwithstanding, of a willing and amiable disposition, often perverted, it is true, by the barbarity amid which he was born and nurtured, yet offering fair promise of success to the missionary of the Christian faith, and the emissaries of civilization.

The artist now transports us to Labuan, where the ceremony

of hoisting the British flag took place on the 24th of December, 1846. Regarding the future success of our new settlement little doubt can be entertained. The wealth and resources of the surrounding islands are well known, though there are not wanting those who consider the trifling expense we have been at, in laying the foundation of future power in the Archipelago, to have been entirely thrown away. 'The island of Labuan,' says Mr. St. John, 'probably destined to rival Singapore in importance, is about twenty-five miles in circumference, and occupies a commanding position at the mouth of the Borneo river. It rises in places to the height of seventy feet above the level of the sea, and is almost entirely covered with a dense forest. Of the different species of trees it possesses, little is known, except that some of them attain to a great magnitude, and that on several points of the shore, the species of laurel which produces camphor is found. The island is traversed by numerous streams, of which some are of considerable dimensions, though two only appear to flow at all seasons of the year. The rest are torrents, which become dry in the depths of the hot season. Water, however, is found everywhere, by digging, in great abundance and of excellent quality. In several places the streams are found running over beds of coal, and in a ravine, or small valley, towards the north, there exists a fine waterfall. On this part of the coast the woods stretch down to the very edge of the sea, whose waves roll inward, and break against the shore beneath their outstretched boughs. The rattans, from which the natives make cordage for their boats, are very numerous and valuable. The sea in the vicinity of the island abounds with fish of a superior quality, and between two and three hundred men, who subsist entirely by fishing, constituted, before our arrival, its only population. Their numbers are increasing rapidly, and when the coal mines begin to be worked, the island will swarm with inhabitants.'

In addition to the impulse which the establishment of a British settlement in the immediate track of commerce, must give to the trade of the Indian Archipelago, the check which that settlement, properly organised, and efficiently defended, must give to the piratical system of the eastern seas, should also be taken into consideration. For many years the formidable pirate fleets which annually range along every shore, and thread every group of islands, have committed incalculable ravages, desolating the coast towns, carrying away the inhabitants, intercepting the trading craft, and plundering every vessel not fortunate enough to escape, either murdering the crews, or conducting them into slavery. There is no estimating the prodigious extent to which this system has been carried.

Every island in the Archipelago has annually sent forth its pirates. The Sulu group is under the dominion of a freebooting sovereign, who encourages his subjects in the perpetration of every species of atrocity. The great Bay of Illanun, on the northern coast of Magindanao, is the abode of a race of men wholly given to piracy. Their system is not that of petty sea-robbers, who plunder each man for his own benefit; on the contrary, they have laws and preserve them rigorously, sharing their spoil by rule. Gilolo, Luconia, Celebes, and all the other less known islands, send forth their buccaneers; while in Borneo, every river, gulf, bay, creek, inlet, and promontory, afforded, until lately, a retreat for pirates, whose depredations were carried on to an extraordinary extent. The more powerful chiefs, besides preying upon the surrounding tribes, and exacting unjust tribute in slaves and money from those over whom they possessed no right, save that of superior strength, equipped and despatched to sea large fleets to swell the number of the pirate vessels which constantly scour the Archipelago, crossing and recrossing the great highways of commerce, plundering the defenceless traders, and carrying the crews to bondage.

Nor only to native vessels were these depredations confined. A gentleman, resident on an island in the Sulu group, mentions, in a list he furnishes of the prizes brought in within the six months, several Spanish and Dutch square-rigged ships, with innumerable smaller craft under European command; and one or two triumphs over the British flag are also enumerated. The number of native boats stated as having been seized would, at first sight, appear incredible, did we not know the formidable extent to which the buccaneering system has been carried. Every year brought new additions to its strength, and had it not been for the timely check given within the last year or two, by the appearance of the British flag in these seas, there is no imagining how far the power of the pirate kings of the Indian Archipelago would have extended. Severe, however, as was the punishment inflicted on the freebooters of Borneo, by Keppel, Cochrane, and Mundy, little permanent good could have been hoped for, had not the decisive and spirited policy of the British government led to our taking possession of Labuan, and hoisting the English flag in the very centre, as it were, of the great pirate nest. Formerly, it was the practice of the buccaneers to congregate in considerable force at this island, which lying, as it does, in the direct track of the trading fleets, in which the peaceful communities constantly stake their whole wealth, afforded them good opportunity for putting out to sea, just at the moment when the unarmed vessels were gliding slowly along the waves which roll on the north western shores of

Borneo, to crowd all sail, cut off all retreat, and drive the defenceless craft into the very arms of destruction. A great change will necessarily be effected when Labuan shall become invested with the *prestige* of power. The trading fleets will not alter theirs, but the pirate vessels will be compelled to steer another way. This can only be the result, however, of a steady and unremitting series of efforts in the cause of commerce and civilization. The English flag should not appear in the eastern seas like an evanescent meteor, outshining all else while its brilliancy lasts, but quickly fading away in distance, and leaving behind it deeper darkness than ever. Our power and influence should burn as a beacon of undying lustre on Labuan. The world knows how Singapore has risen from being an insignificant dot on the ocean, to be the flourishing emporium of commerce in the Indian Seas. That settlement cost twenty thousand pounds per annum during the first few years of its existence. Now it pays, and has for a long period paid the whole expense of its civil establishment, and yet we find members of the House of Commons arguing now for the reduction of the proposed estimates of Labuan to a miserably inefficient sum; and now contending that no grant whatever ought to be made. This latter course would be preferable to that proposed by Mr. Hume, whose corporal's guard would certainly not comport with the dignity and power of the British empire.

It was stated in the House of Commons, when the debate on the Labuan estimate took place, that our measures in the Indian Archipelago were only a repetition of the policy which had involved us in hostility, in so many different parts of the world, with the unoffending aboriginal population, the rightful possessors of the soil. In answer to this assertion, much may be said. Have we gone into the Indian Archipelago with conquest before our eyes? Are we not courted by the natives? It is an old story among them, that formerly when the question was asked, 'If you met in the woods a Malay, a tiger, or an European, from whom would you first flee?' an universal shout of execration announced their hatred of the latter name. Now, however, their tone is changed. 'We know,' say they, speaking of the English, 'the Dyak knows, the whole world knows, that the white man is a friend of the Dyak.' And were not the British officers pressingly solicited, in every instance by the *peaceful* aborigines, to return with their vessels as soon as practicable. To the pirates we are, of course, objects of alarm and hatred. That is as it should be. No one surely will argue to the contrary. Why then, should we not establish ourselves in the Indian Archipelago, on an island voluntarily ceded to us, and

which we should not, perhaps, have taken possession of, had it not been for the faithless, treacherous, and unprincely conduct of its former ruler?

Again, reference has been made to 'certain unhappy scenes of bloodshed and massacre of harmless natives, which are not of unfrequent occurrence.' The speaker alluded, doubtless, to the affairs of the Gilolo coast, and near Labuan. In the former, the harmless natives were pirates. Captain Sir Edward Belcher distinctly states it, and his narrative of the events places the matter beyond all doubt. And which was the aggressive party? The natives:—by whom while our countrymen were engaged in perfect peace, taking observations on a point of land, they were suddenly attacked and compelled to shelter themselves in the vessels. When out at sea the English boats were assaulted by several formidable prahus, manned with crews armed to the teeth, and devoid of every appearance of honesty and peace. Captain Belcher's party was at first compelled to make away, and if they visit a heavy retribution upon the pirates when an opportunity was afforded, who shall blame them? In the other case, the *Nemesis* steamer perceived eleven pirate prahus of the largest size, in pursuit of a diminutive boat, whose owner was a poor but honest man, carrying his little store for sale at the neighbouring mart. Chase was given, and a sanguinary engagement took place, in which the English steamer was victorious. We deny *in toto* the assertion that any massacres, of any species or description whatever, were ever perpetrated by British authority in the Indian seas, since Mr. Brooke's establishment there. We deny that any bloody scenes of devastation have been enacted there. Whenever bloodshed has taken place, it has been in open battle, in the face of day, where shot replied to shot, and blow was given for blow. Have we refused quarter to surrendering enemies? Have we attacked them indiscriminately? Was ever a town or village destroyed before its inhabitants and their chief had fair warning, that unless they would promise for ever to abstain from piracy, their homes should be made desolate, and themselves driven into the jungle. It is the duty of all nations to attack, destroy, and utterly root out pirates in every quarter of the world. If our assertions can be disproved, we court the evidence which may be brought against them, convinced that the most searching scrutiny would fail to throw obloquy on the British name, with regard to our late proceedings in the Indian Archipelago.*

Mr. Thompson, carried away by his zeal for economising the resources of the country, asserted that for every pirate killed, we raised up a hundred enemies in those seas. We know

* For a complete and faithful account of the whole system of piracy carried on in the Eastern Archipelago, see the 'Edinburgh Review' for July, 1848.

not what course of reasoning had led him to this conclusion. Certain it is, that the enemies we should raise up would be among the incorrigible pirates, and with them we do not, certainly, wish to exist in friendship. When they abstain from piracy, England will forsake hostility, but until then, it will be her duty to hold them as the worst enemies of commerce, of civilization, and of Christianity. With regard to the peaceful trading communities, every measure we take towards extirpating the atrocious freebooters of the eastern seas, will endear us still further to them. Out of the enormous number of prahus which annually set sail towards the great trading marts of the Archipelago, there is no calculating the sum of those which fall victims to the ruthless pirate fleets. What a check is thus given to trade! With the wealth which we know it to possess, with the resources which could increase that wealth to an indefinite extent, with hardy and industrious populations on its various islands, with the rudiments of traffic which it now sustains, it is difficult to conceive the height to which the prosperity of the Indian Archipelago may not ascend. To whom should the task be entrusted? Spain has not the power, if it had the will; France has no interests to defend, and no commerce to protect there; Holland is unfortunately too busy with measures of aggression and conquest; and withal, seems not strong enough to effect much. Its disgraceful expedition to Bali has met with signal failure, and the attempt it made in April last, to bring the piratical Sultan of Sulu to terms, was repulsed with so great vigour, that the Dutch vessels were compelled, with dishonour, to seek escape in the open sea, from the hot volleys poured upon them from the pirate batteries. It remains, therefore, for England to perform the good work. The Indian islands are at present steeped in barbarism. Commerce would thrive among them, were it not choked by the rank weeds of piracy; civilization would progress, but its advance is retarded by the constant series of assaults and defences, of pillages, and burning of towns, and laying waste of districts, and the desolation of defenceless coasts. Slavery might be suppressed, but the buccaneering system finds its main strength in the traffic in human flesh. Indeed, there can exist no hope for the regeneration of the Indian Archipelago, so long as piracy constitutes the greatest existing power. All exertions, however energetically directed, but which have not this object in view, must prove abortive. We put it to our readers, therefore, whether or not the extirpation of these freebooting hordes, will reflect credit on the country. We unhesitatingly assert that it will.

The length into which we have been betrayed by the present

subject, will preclude us from touching much further on the interesting scenes and descriptions laid before us in Mr. St. John's views in the eastern Archipelago. One extract, however, we must yet make. Our author is speaking of the future prospects of Borneo, and of the relation it is destined to enter into with England :—

' Hereafter, as our influence develops itself in Borneo, the margins of its rivers will have more significance for us, in proportion as the number of families is rapidly multiplied, who have sons and daughters located on them. Already, I learn to look with affection at the jungle, mountains, and streams of that part of the world, as the probable home for years of one of my children. And, what is true in my case, will shortly be so in that of many others. With Mr. Brooke's name, a hundred rivers and headlands, a hundred creeks and bays, are already connected intimately. As we glance along the coast, ' here,' we exclaim, ' did he direct the destruction of the pirate fleet, where his native followers slew the Illanun-panglima; here the buccaneer, Budrudeen, was made prisoner; and there, in the quiet little village of Santah, he spends, after months of fatigue and toil, a few quiet days in retirement. And in this way will the historical geography of Pulo Kalamantan be formed. ' Here,' we shall be able to say, ' is a Chinese Kungsi; there, a gold or diamond mine, and further on, a missionary settlement with church, and school for the instruction of the Dyaks.' Slender white spires will ascend through the forests, and a thousand sacred associations be cherished around them, and then will the banks of the river be beautiful in the eyes of civilization, which will have wrought a good work in reclaiming the savage and his country from the civil curse which now rests upon both.'

We cannot linger over the rest of the present volume. If our readers would render themselves familiar with the various scenes represented, they would do well to consult the views which have suggested our observations. From Mr. Brooke's Bungalow, at Sarawak, we are led on to the Borneo River, where the English war-steamer is sustaining the fire of a powerful battery. Thence we accompany the artist to Brunei, the Venice, as it has been termed, of the Oriental Archipelago; then into the centre of a Singapore jungle; thence, again, into the midst of a picturesque Dyak village, in an interior province of Borneo. With the facility of Asmodeus, Mr. St. John leads us from Labuan to the summit of Santurbong, from the pirate haunts in the Malludu river, to Borneo; from Singhi to Matang; describing each with truth and vigor, and illustrating his delineations with exceedingly picturesque accompaniments. But we must conclude, and trust that the observations we have made, will not be without their effect upon the minds of those who may have been prejudiced by statements, uttered, without doubt, in an honest and praiseworthy spirit, but based on erroneous information.

ART. III.—*The History of the Jews of Spain and Portugal, from the Earliest Times to their Final Expulsion from those Kingdoms, and their subsequent Dispersions; with complete Translations of all the Laws made respecting them during their long establishment in the Iberian Peninsula.* By E. H. Lindo. 8vo. London : Longman and Co.

THE history of the Hebrew nation, from the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, is one of the most melancholy of human records. It is written within and without with lamentation and weeping. Their ancient glory was not merely shaded,—it suffered a total eclipse. Their sun set in blood, and they became a byeword and reproach with all people. The miserable remnant which survived the overthrow of their beautiful city were scattered amongst all lands, and found no resting-place for the soles of their feet. Clinging to the faith of their fathers, distinct in their habits from the people with whom they sojourned, without social affinities beyond the pale of their own tribe, at once recoiling from their neighbours and shunned contemptuously by them, they were exposed to an accumulation of sufferings which no other free people have experienced. The history of the world furnishes no parallel to their case, and the intelligent student will vainly seek to resolve its phenomena without assistance from the Divine record. Their debasement has been proportioned to their former elevation. The miracles wrought on their behalf, the illustrious individuals reared in their midst and commissioned for their guidance, the unique character of their government, and the marvellous communications which, from time to time, they received from the Deity, stand out in visible and striking contrast to all the more recent facts of their history. Objects, at once, of popular outrage and of regal oppression, they have tasted, nay, drunk to the very dregs, the cup of human sorrow.

Social wrongs have been endured by other people, and the religious element, corrupted by superstition and infuriated by bigotry, has for a season embittered their lot. But what was accidental and temporary in other cases, has been uniform and permanent in that of the Jews. The religion of Christendom degenerated into a drivelling superstition, denounced them as the vilest malefactors, and commanded its votaries, as an act of piety to heaven, to heap on them all possible human misery. Interpreting the Divine mind by its own bad passions, it arrogated the terrible attributes of omnipotence, and claimed the right of punishing the infidelity which had rejected the claims

of Christ. An ignorant and brutal superstition prepared the European people to be the ready instruments of a wily and intolerant priesthood; while the wealth of the Israelites tempted feudal barons, and needy sovereigns, to the same truculent and base policy. It is fearful to contemplate the crimes and miseries which resulted from a combination of these influences. A worse than Egyptian oppression was practised throughout Europe. We have never known, we never shall know, the miseries inflicted on the Hebrew people. The marvel is that they have survived, and the fact of their having done so, is living proof of the truth of those records to which the common faith of Jews and of Christians turns.

These facts give great interest to the history of the Hebrews, of which the volume before us forms an important link. An impartial account of the Jews of Spain and Portugal has long been a desideratum. They were known to have settled in these countries in large numbers, and during many centuries to have conducted most of their monetary transactions, and to have earned for themselves high reputation in oriental scholarship, and a knowledge of the arts and sciences. Mr. Lindo has derived his information from original authorities, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew; and has elucidated his narrative by references to the general history of the Peninsula. The volume is too documentary to be extensively popular, but its value, as a permanent record, is thereby increased. Some distraction is induced by the numerous kingdoms into which the Iberian Peninsula was formerly broken up, but the want of unity to which this leads is amply compensated by the more exact and multifarious information supplied. On the whole, Mr. Lindo's volume must take its place amongst works of sterling merit, whose permanent value will be attested by the references all future historians of Spain and Portugal must make to its pages.

The first settlement of the Jews in these countries is lost in the obscurity of ages; but while the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and semi-barbarism, Jewish rabbins occupied the highest chairs, and by their attainments shed lustre over the celebrated Moorish schools, of Cordova and Toledo. They made known the philosophy of the ancients to the mixed race which resulted from the irruption of barbarous tribes into the Roman empire. 'Europe,' as Mr. Lindo justly remarks, 'has scarcely acknowledged, much less repaid, the debt she owes to the illustrious Hebrew schools of Spain.' The services they rendered did not however exempt them from bitter persecution. Sizebut, who was raised to the Gothic throne of Spain in 612, in order to conciliate the Greek emperor, Heraclius, impri-

sioned several of their most wealthy men, and sanctioned the murder of large numbers who would not embrace Christianity. Many, in consequence, emigrated to that part of Gaul which was occupied by the Franks, and others passed over to Africa. It is asserted by a Spanish historian, that ninety thousand received baptism in order to escape the horrors of this persecution, many of whom, however, returned to Judaism on the death of the monarch. A slight respite was subsequently afforded them, but even those Councils which were most lenient in their measures, throw a melancholy light over the condition of the Hebrews. Thus, the fourth Council of Toledo, in 633, enacted the following amongst various canons, than which it is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more absurdly inconsistent :—

‘ In respect to Jews, this holy synod has resolved, that in future no one shall be compelled to receive our faith ; for God hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth ; as such persons are not saved unwillingly, but by consent, that the attribute of justice be preserved entire. For as man perished by his own free will in submitting to the serpent, so when the grace of God calleth, every man is saved by believing, by the conversion of his own mind. Therefore they are not to be constrained, but persuaded into conversion, by the free agency of the will. As to those already forced into Christianity, as was done in the time of the most devout prince Sizebut, since it is evident they have partaken of the holy sacrament, have received the grace of baptism, have been anointed with the chrism, and received the body and blood of our Lord ; it is right they should be obliged to retain the faith they have undertaken, although under compulsion and necessity, lest the name of God be blasphemed, and the faith they have assumed be considered worthless and despicable.’—p. 14.

The children of Jews were to be separated from their parents, and to be placed in monasteries, or under so-called Christian men and women, ‘ that by their society they may learn the worship of the true faith, that, being thus better instructed, they may improve in morals and belief.’ When such unnatural and barbarous decrees were deemed merciful, it is needless to say what must have been the general condition of the people. The rigour of the laws was increased from time to time, yet they failed to effect either the conversion or the extermination of the Jews. The ignorance of legal and clerical functionaries, who in general could neither read nor write, prevented a strict enforcement of the decrees adopted ; while the numerous revolutions that occurred, and the instability of the royal authority, coupled with the great wealth of the Jews, enabled them to weather many of the storms raised for their destruction. On Witiza becoming sole sovereign of

Spain, in 701, brighter prospects opened on the country. He sought to heal its distractions, and to diminish its burdens; recalled those whom his father had banished, and restored the property which had been wrongfully seized. 'That no remembrance of the accusations against them might remain, he ordered the proceedings to be burnt; and permitted the Jews who had forcibly been baptized, to return to the religion they had involuntarily abjured. Thousands returned to their abandoned homes, and a country endeared to them by long residence, so that when, a few years after, Granada was taken by the Moors, they found it a Jewish town.' His peaceful and reforming measures raised him many enemies, and he was ultimately deprived of sight, and died in confinement at Cordova. Such is the reward too frequently experienced by those who are before their age. They perish in the struggle against great evils, and their reputation is blackened by mendacious and interested historians. Their labours, however, survive, and we who inherit the fruit of their sufferings, ought to be jealous of their good name. The least we can do, is to throw from us the foul aspersions by which chroniclers have sought to justify the atrocities of their victorious masters.

The Saracens invaded Spain in the commencement of the eighth century, and their success could not be otherwise than hailed by the Jews. 'The injuries they had suffered under their persecutors must have induced them inwardly to pray for the success of the invaders, and to hail them as their deliverers from worse than Egyptian bondage.' The lenient policy of the Saracens contrasts most honourably with that of the Visigothic Christians. On the capitulation of Toledo:—

'All who wished to quit were at liberty to do so in perfect safety, with their property; those who preferred to remain, were to have the free exercise of their religion. Seven churches were appropriated to the Christians; the remainder were converted into mosques. No new churches were to be erected. Taxation to continue the same as under the Gothic sovereigns. Christians and Jews were to have justice administered by their own magistrates, according to their own laws.

'At Cordova and Seville, they had been equally tolerant, and the Jew in his synagogue, the Christian in his church, and the Moslem in his mosque, might be seen at the same time worshipping the Creator of all. Can it be supposed, if the Jews had acted as traitorously as Archbishop Rodrigo asserts, that the Christian governors would have provided for them in the capitulation? What a contrast between the conduct of Mahometans and Christians towards nonconformists to their faith.

'As soon as the Moors were settled in their conquests, the conformity of manners, opinions, sentiment, and even similarity of language, brought numbers of Jews to the Peninsula to partake of their prosperity and science; they were freely allowed to practise that worship,

their Christian rulers had imputed to them as a crime. Attached to their new governors, their only rivalry was in learning; both united in the dissemination of knowledge. Foreigners flocked from all parts to receive instruction at the renowned Hebrew and Arabian schools of Cordova; for both flourished greatly under the protection of the Moors.'—p. 39.

Numerous dissensions ultimately broke the Saracen power in Spain. Many of the cities became independent, and separate sovereignties were formed, out of which have grown the more modern forms of Spanish society. It is not our purpose to trace the political history of the Peninsula, however full it may be of romance, and we, therefore, pass over the protracted struggle which ensued between the crescent and the cross. The Jews took no part in this struggle. Their habits were peaceful, and their talents and industry were acknowledged by all. They had no sympathy with the chivalry which sought display on the battle-field, but were the money-changers of the age, and the students of neglected and despised science.

The overthrow of Mahomedan supremacy was fatal to the Jews. During its continuance, they enjoyed rest; but no sooner was the Christian power in the ascendant, than they began to taste the bitter fruits of clerical intolerance. In many towns they were massacred by an infuriated populace, and in others they suffered from the more concealed, but scarcely less destructive, policy of the authorities. Fifteen thousand innocent victims are said to have been immolated at Toledo, in 1349, and a few years afterwards a similar tragedy was enacted at Seville, under the special direction of the archdeacon. On the 6th of June, 1391, the residence of the Jews in that city was attacked by a brutal and superstitious mob. 'The exterminating steel spared neither age nor sex; those that implored mercy, or that sought to escape, were alike murdered; four thousand Israelites perished in that dreadful slaughter. Amidst the yells of the savage mob and the groans of the dying, was heard the voice of the archdeacon, encouraging them in those horrible scenes of carnage and extermination.' These outbreaks were as disastrous to Spain as they were ruinous to the Jews. They drove from the Peninsula the most industrious and thriving portion of its inhabitants, and thus served to impoverish the country, and greatly to increase the burdens of such as remained. Many of the Hebrews emigrated to Africa, and carried with them the looms which had afforded occupation to the poorer inhabitants of Toledo and Seville. The rich markets which they had formed were deserted, and the productions of the east and west, the silks of Persia, the skins of Morocco, and the jewellery of Arabia, sought and

enriched other people. Thus it has ever been in the history of persecution, whether its victims be found amongst the Jews of Spain, the Albigenses of Piedmont, the Huguenots of France or the Puritans of England. It is one of the eternal laws which the Creator has established, and few more striking illustrations of it can be found, than this history supplies.

The condition of such as remained was greatly embittered by the introduction of the Inquisition, in 1481. On the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, this terrible scourge was inflicted on the dominions of the latter, in opposition to the views of all classes in Castile:—

‘The plea for its introduction, was the pretended necessity for punishing the apostacy of the newly converted Spanish Jews; but Judaism was only the pretext for the establishment of the Inquisition by Ferdinand v. The real motive of this extraordinary measure, was to put in force a system of confiscation against the Jews, that would make all their wealth fall into the hands of government; while Sextus iv. had no other design, than to realise the project so cherished by the Roman See, of extending its authority.

‘The blood-thirsty Torquemada and his successors rendered it a terror to all Spain. No one was safe from its baneful influence; for not only Jews, Moors, and converts from the Mosaic and Mahomedan creeds fell under its colossal power, but even their descendants were declared base and infamous.’—p. 250.

In the hands of such monsters as Torquemada, the Inquisition became a terrible scourge to the Hebrews. Its province was enlarged from time to time, though, even so early as 1486, only five years after its establishment, the rabbins of Toledo were compelled to furnish a list of the converts who had returned to Judaism. Seven hundred and fifty were condemned to walk barefoot, in their shirts, carrying a lighted taper, one thousand seven hundred were sentenced to other penalties, and twenty-seven were burned alive. Some, however, were for a season exempted. Their wealth and high connexions protected them, until the bigotry of the monarch, siding with the intolerance of the clergy, and the gross ignorance of the people, prompted the wholesale banishment of the Hebrews, in 1492. Much has been written in praise of Ferdinand. He had successfully struggled against the last Moorish State in Spain, and had veiled, according to the fashion of his times, a crafty and selfish ambition under a religious guise. He is, therefore, known to history—sad misnomer, truly—as a Christian hero, and the success of his arms is represented as the triumph of Christianity over the faith of the Moslem. A minute investigation of his career leads to a different conclusion. He had, unquestionably, great qualities as a soldier and civilian; but

the dark and baser passions of our nature prompted much of his policy. Elated with the conquest of Granada, which was completed in January, 1492, he yielded to the instigations of the inquisitors, and resolved that the soil of Spain should no longer be polluted by the tread of the Israelites. It was in vain that they pleaded their services to the State, their attachment to the homes of their fathers, their talents and learning, their peaceful lives and thrifty habits. Under the specious mask of religion, Ferdinand sought to possess himself of their wealth. He had already, through the medium of the Inquisition, extracted from them large sums, and the diabolical tribunal he wielded, was now employed in a more sweeping confiscation. An edict was issued under date of March 30th, 1492, ordering 'all Jews and Jewesses, of whatever age they may be,' to quit the kingdom by the end of the following July, under 'penalty of death, and confiscation of all their property.' It is needless to dwell on the atrocity of such a measure. It fell like a thunderbolt on the Israelites, and is now condemned by the universal judgment of mankind:—

'The tempting offer of 600,000 crowns made by Abarbanel, caused the cold-hearted, calculating Ferdinand to hesitate about revoking the cruel decree, when Torquemada rushed into the royal presence, with a crucifix in his hand. Casting it on the table, the proud Dominican said, 'Behold him whom Judas sold for thirty pieces of silver; do you sell him for more?'—The churchman succeeded;—the decree was not repealed. This unmerciful persecutor of the Hebrew people rendered their fate worse, by forbidding Christians to supply them with food, or the necessaries of life; or to receive, or even to hold communication with them after the month of April; thus usurping and superseding the royal authority, which had guaranteed them security from the date of the edict until the end of July. Yet the Catholic sovereigns winked at the daring insolence of the monk in assuming an authority over the regal power; but Torquemada was the creature of Ferdinand. In Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia, (where they were exceedingly wealthy), the inquisitor ordered that the property of the Jewries and individuals should be sequestered, to pay any mortgages the king, the church, and monasteries might hold, and that twice the amount of the principal should be retained to defray expenses; and that a further sum should be taken to indemnify the land-proprietors and monasteries, for the loss they would sustain by their involuntary departure.'—p. 281.

'Wherever the evil decree was proclaimed, or the report of it had spread,' says one of the emigrants, 'our nation bewailed their condition with great lamentations; for there had not been such a banishment since Judah had been driven from his land. * * * In one day, on foot, and unarmed, three hundred thousand collected from every province, young and old, aged

and infirm, women and children, all ready to go anywhere. Among the number was I, and, with God for our leader, we set out.' Another contemporary and eye-witness gives the following harrowing account:—

'Within the term fixed by the edict, the Jews sold and disposed of their property for a mere nothing; they went about begging Christians to buy, but found no purchasers; fine houses and estates were sold for trifles; a house was exchanged for an ass; and a vineyard given for a little cloth or linen. Although prohibited carrying away gold and silver, they secretly took large quantities in their saddles, and in the halters and harness of their loaded beasts. Some swallowed as many as thirty ducats to avoid the rigorous search made at the frontier towns and sea-ports, by the officers appointed for the purpose. The rich Jews defrayed the expenses of the departure of the poor, practising towards each other the greatest charity, so that except very few of the most necessitous, they would not become converts. In the first week of July they took the route for quitting their native land, great and small, old and young; on foot, on horses, asses, and in carts; each continuing his journey to his destined port. They experienced great trouble and suffered indescribable misfortunes on the roads and country they travelled; some falling, others rising; some dying, others coming into the world; some fainting, others being attacked with illness; that there was not a Christian but what felt for them, and persuaded them to be baptised. Some from misery were converted; but they were very few. The rabbins encouraged them, and made the young people and women sing, and play on pipes and tabors to enliven them, and keep up their spirits.'—p. 285.

It is impossible to imagine the sufferings which were involved in this forcible expatriation. Vast numbers were fortunate enough to enter Portugal, where for a time, they found shelter, but the majority were scattered far and wide over the continents of Europe and Africa. 'Some sold their children to procure bread, others expired in the midst of theirs, who were also dying from hunger; some few, in despair, returned to Spain, and were baptised.'

'On board one vessel full of emigrants,' says our author, 'a pestilential disease broke out; the captain landed all on a desert island, where they wandered about in quest of assistance. A mother carrying two infants, walking with her husband, expired on the road; the father, overcome with fatigue, fell fainting near his two children; on awakening he found them dead from hunger. He covered them with sand: 'My God,' exclaimed he, 'my misfortunes seem to induce me to abandon thy law; but I am a Jew, and will ever remain so.'

'Another captain deprived them of their clothes, and landed them naked on a barren coast, where they found a spring of water. At night, climbing some rocks in search of human habitations, a number were devoured by wild beasts. After being there for five days, the captain of

a passing ship perceived naked people on the shore ; he took them on board, clothed them with old sails, gave them food, and conveyed them to Genoa. Seeing their miserable condition, the inhabitants inquired if he had slaves for sale ? He nobly answered, 'No !' and delivered them to their brethren in the city, on payment of reasonable expenses. They gladly made him an additional present, and loaded him with their blessings. One wretch is said to have violated a Jewish maiden in her parents' presence : after quitting her, he returned and cut her throat, for fear, as he said, she should have conceived, and should bring forth a Jew.

'The miseries suffered by those who went to Morocco are equally appalling. The Moors plundered them of almost everything they had. Hearing that many men and women had swallowed gold to bring away, they murdered a number, and then ripped them open to search for it.

'At Sallee, the crew of a large vessel enticed a number of children on board, with promises of giving them bread, and then set sail, while their frantic mothers implored them from the beach to restore them their only treasure.

'Nine crowded vessels, infected with disease, arising from the hardships and privations of the voyage, arrived at Naples. The pestilence was communicated to the city, and 20,000 of its inhabitants fell victims to it.

'Others repaired to Genoa, where a famine prevailed. They were permitted to land, but were met by priests carrying a crucifix in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other : thus intimating, that by receiving baptism they should have food.

'This is but a brief account of the horrors and atrocities suffered by the unfortunate descendants of Judah on quitting, by the cruel mandate of Ferdinand and Isabella, a country to which, notwithstanding the persecutions they had occasionally experienced from the populace instigated by fanatic monks, they were sincerely and devotedly attached.'—pp. 289—291.

The Italians received them hospitably, and strange to say, the Pope, Alexander VI., afforded them an asylum in his dominions, and wrote to all the Italian States 'to grant the exiles from Spain and Portugal the same privileges as resident Jews enjoyed.'

The edict of Ferdinand was suicidal, like all the measures which a brutal and besotted superstition prompts. It gave an appearance of unity to the religious faith of Spain, but it was an appearance only, and that was dearly purchased by the exhaustion of the nation, and the premature development of its political and social decay. The present condition of the Peninsula is an instructive warning against the policy its rulers have pursued. Let our own country shun the example, and hasten to complete the work of tardy justice to an ill-used and calumniated people.

We need not follow the subsequent history of Mr. Lindo. Its general outline is known, and those who desire more minute information, will find what they require by consulting his pages.

ART. IV.—*Our Scottish Clergy ; Fifty-two Sketches, Biographical, Theological and Critical, including Clergymen of all Denominations.*
 Edited by John Smith, A M. Edinburgh : Oliver and Boyd. 1848.

THERE is always a keen appetite for sketches of the remarkable of any kind—and books which have professed to gratify it, have been eagerly read, even though they laid claim to no higher merit than being random recollections. We fear that we must come to the mortifying conclusion, that it was the very fact of their being mere random jottings, that made such volumes popular. The craving to which they are addressed, is usually a love of gossip. People want to know, not the man,—but, as they say, with more truth than they perceive, something *about* him, and if a writer will only describe little personal peculiarities of dress and appearance, he may always rely on finding readers. No doubt such descriptions help us in completing our idea of men, but when they are made the chief points in a sketch, we instinctively feel that an audience of tailors would be the only fitting one, for a writer whose talk is of garments. We are glad to know that Goldsmith rejoiced in a peach blossomed coat, and thank a Pepys or a Boswell, for their preservation of such particulars, but we cannot be expected to extend our gratitude to gentlemen, whose entire volumes are mere records of mien and manners.

We took up this volume with some fear that it was another of this trashy kind—but we have been most agreeably disappointed. The writers—for it is the work of more than one author—have ‘souls above buttons,’ and while they do not omit the personal appearance of the subjects of their sketches, they keep it in its right place, and devote their attention to the mental peculiarities. The variety of authorship is plainly enough seen in the unequal merit of different articles, but in all there is an attempt—and usually a very successful one—at a fair discriminating estimate of character. Indeed, in this particular, it is an advantage that there is more than one mind at work, for we should scarcely expect from a single individual, the extensive

sympathy with mental excellence of all casts, requisite for the hearty genial appreciation of the merits of fifty or sixty different preachers. The plan adopted, has secured this, that whatever is worthy of praise is noted, but it has also entailed the evil that the various critics sometimes come into collision with each other—from their different ideals of pulpit excellence. Thus we find, more than once, a gentleman praised on one page for the very peculiarity which, on the next, forms the subject of an indirect censure. There is no one standard to which all are referred, the effect is, a fluctuation in the decisions of the book as a whole. With this slight abatement, however, the idea of the work is a good one, and well carried out. The general plan of each sketch, is to give a brief picture of the actual ministrations of the clergyman selected, on a certain Sabbath-day, and then to furnish an estimate of the man, and a condensed biography. The former part of each sketch embraces, of course, minute details of the whole service, even down to the number of verses that were sung, and the number of minutes spent in prayer, as well as an abstract of the sermon; the latter part is usually done with care, candour, and acuteness.

There is some difficulty in finding extracts that will convey a fair idea of the volume, from the diversity of authorship which we have noticed, as well as from the fact that a majority of the names in the Index are unknown on this side of the Tweed. There are, however, several of 'Our Scottish Clergy' who are loved and honoured beyond the bounds of their own land. At the head of these, *facile princeps*, the acknowledged leader of Scottish dissent, we place Ralph Wardlaw, from the sketch of whose character we make our first selection.

'Among the causes of his pre-eminence, we may notice what we may designate the *completeness* and *elegance* of his mind. . . . There are men that possess some one faculty in a higher degree, but few possess the whole in such harmony. Symmetry, not strength; health, not robustness; beauty, not sublimity, characterize his mind. Modesty and shrinking sensitiveness govern his proceedings. He makes no adventurous voyages, no Alpine journeys in quest of materials for thought. The dangers of the distant, the gloom of the profound, and the risk of the daring, he never ventures upon; and he has never raised the *εὐρηκα*—*I have found*—for he never went in quest of the marvellous. His mind is not creative, but *assimilative*. Send it in quest of materials, and its very fastidiousness would send it back empty a thousand times; but give it those that have occupied the attention of men of note, and its experiments are most successful. . . . His mind cannot move, unless it can move with certainty. He is no smatterer, and no pretender,—what he knows, he knows thoroughly. This peculiarity runs through the extent of his knowledge. He never guesses at the meaning of a word in his own, or in any other language; before he uses it, he must know

it. Nor is he satisfied with ascertaining its meaning—he must be sure of its pronunciation. He can never speak of what he has seen *somewhere*, he must be able to tell the exact place. He seldom speaks of what one says *in substance*, he must be able to give his exact words and meaning. . . . His gentlemanly bearing and numerous accomplishments augment his reputation. . . . In the discharge of his public work there is a modest dignity, slightly tinged, perhaps, with a conscious superiority : a severely-strict propriety in all his gestures, and actions, and sayings, and a watchful avoidance of what would offend the greatest stickler for etiquette. In private, there is suavity rather than sweetness, a dignity that forbids undue familiarity, while his cheerfulness and pleasantry dissipate the anxiety of the most timid.’—p. 60—64.

Did we not know how true this sketch is in its ascription to Dr. Wardlaw, of a shrinking sensitiveness to any violation of the most delicate propriety, we could not avoid the temptation of adding our humble tribute to the man who, for forty-five years, has ministered in his native town, with constantly increasing honour and reverence, and who now stands first of all the living clergy of Scotland. Long may he continue to exhibit the beautiful union of unbending integrity, and unruffled gentleness, of greatness and goodness, which has made him beloved by all who know him, and admired by many who never heard his voice. He never concealed an opinion to gain a friend, or made an enemy by the avowal of his convictions.

These sketches embrace, as the title-page says, ministers of all denominations—of course those of the Free Church are not excluded. Here is an outline of the Coryphaeus of that body, to whose restless activity, and administrative talent, it owes no small portion of its powerful organisation.

‘As soon as the neighbouring bells had ceased, a person under the middle size, wrapped in a huge pulpit gown, issued from the vestry, and, with hurried steps, ascended the pulpit stairs, and having flung himself into the corner of the pulpit, hastily snatched up the psalm book, and turned its leaves. Having passed his fingers through his dishevelled hair, and made a number of hasty movements, he rose, and in a harsh guttural voice, gave out the 20th Psalm. . . . Singing being over, the preacher precipitately arose, and leaning forward, poured forth a prayer, remarkable for its simplicity, seriousness, and energy. . . . The preacher again suddenly rose after singing, and opened the Bible near the commencement. He turned over the leaves *in quantities, pressing them down with force*, till he reached his text.’—p. 114—115.

Many of our readers will recognize in this a very graphic likeness of Dr. Candlish, a man of activity, if ever there lived one. He is minister of one of the largest and most intelligent congregations in Edinburgh ; is a fertile author ; chairman of committees without end ; the foremost in church courts, and all

sorts of societies connected with the Free Church. Perpetual motion seems the first necessity of his being.

'Rest seems to be out of his province; activity, excitement, is his very element, and his feeble frame cannot long endure under such labour. He seems to work as if his days were short.'

It is a natural accompaniment of such a temperament that 'he seems to have no patience for a searching analysis,—for the slow process of an extensive induction. He seizes a thought at once, and becomes so enraptured with it, that he has neither time nor taste to question its accuracy. He assumes *that* at once, and proceeds to use it, with as much confidence as though he had acquired it with herculean labour, and examined it with microscopic minuteness.'

We take this to be a very fair estimate of Dr. Candlish. If we add that his highly excitable temperament is under the guidance of one over-mastering thought—'the Free Church of Scotland,—the witness for Christ, as prophet, priest, and king,' we have a pretty accurate idea of the man who stands foremost in her ranks; and who has, by his energy, the earnest contagious enthusiasm of his pulpit appeals, and his indomitable perseverance, founded on a faith like that of an old covenanter, done more than any other man to place her in her present position, both as regards the intense sympathy of her friends, and the respectful hostility of her opponents.

Scotland has not for many years been a favourable soil for the production of a learned ministry. While the average attainments of her preachers have been, perhaps, above the level of England, she has nourished none to cope with the giants of the south. There have been no rich endowments to make men scholars for the hope of gaining them, and sluggards, for the sake of enjoying them when gained, as has been the case in England. Her scholars have been preachers in the constant discharge of the duties of their office; and if this peculiarity has, to some extent, circumscribed their attainments, it has had the healthy effect of ensuring a practical adaptation in the direction of their studies, and an extensive communication of their results.

The name of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, is known to all biblical scholars, as the worthy descendant of a family, in which exegetical talent seems hereditary. His high reputation has been recently increased by his exposition of Peter,*—the reprint, we believe, of some of his ordinary pulpit addresses. We find the following sketch of this gentleman.

'In these days of superficial theological thinking, and of a wild and unbridled imagination, Dr. Brown stands at the top of his profession,

* See Eclectic Review—September, 1848.

as a patient and persevering investigator, as a calm and profound philologist, and as a correct and severe logician. He brings from his texts, not what he would wish them to teach, nor what they might be supposed to imply, but what they most naturally and unexceptionably contain. Like all profound scholars, he gives the results, not the details of his research. The pulpit pedant is astonished that the Bible is so miserably translated, and quotes as his own the speculations of some flimsy bibliographer (?). He can trace the simplest word back through half-a-dozen languages, to its Hebrew, Greek, or Gaelic root, and, after giving a hundred and fifty meanings which it might, could, should, or would have had, during the lapse of linguistic ages, he fixes on one meaning, because it is the right meaning. To rebuke all this pedantry, Dr. Brown conceals the process, and unostentatiously states the finding.'—pp. 276, 277.

We do not much admire the style of this extract, but we do most ardently wish that its spirit might penetrate to the pulpits of those who are preachers and not critics, who make texts playthings, and treat their Bibles as if they were puzzle-maps, whose great beauty consisted in a capacity of being taken to pieces; and of that smaller class, who are critics and not preachers, disguising pages from lexicons as sermons. Another feature of Dr. Brown's preaching might be very advantageously imitated.

'He is careful to show that the scriptures are not only consistent with themselves, but that their teachings are also in unison with right reason. The great mass of scripture expounders of the present day, seem to consider it necessary to shut their eyes against their own existence, and against the external universe, that they may look on the scriptures only.'

'These be truths,' we fear. What wonder, that from a hundred churches we hear the cry, 'Ichabod—the glory is departed'?

A striking sketch of the manner of this eminent man appears worthy of transference to these pages.

'Though he makes no approach to the fury of a Chalmers, there is often much in his manner to recall the extraordinary appearances of that mightiest of preachers. There is the same uncouth, unmodulated and earnest voice, the same hastening, pauselessly, onward, and the same breathless attention commanded. Brown is Chalmers chained. He labours as intensely, but he wants the fancy and the fury which fascinated and overwhelmed. The wings of his imagination have been shorn by the instruments he employs in his critical and analytical operations.

We are very much inclined to question the philosophy of the last sentence, but let this pass. We are more concerned with the violence done to our feelings by such sketches. There is a species of indelicacy in thus characterising living men. We

turn from these, therefore, to a brief extract from the sketch of one who has just departed, the late (alas, that we should have to say late!) Dr. Russell, of Dundee. There were many things about him that make the task of painting easy. A man, who, for forty years, was never absent from his pulpit a single Sabbath from bad health, and who during all that time, kept up an uninterrupted course of expository preaching with as few signs of flagging at the end, as at the beginning, must have been a strong man, physically and mentally. We know of few men who conveyed so thoroughly the idea of real solid thinking. Grace was out of the question. It never entered the speaker's mind, that there was such a thing as a flight of fancy, or a burst of eloquence, or a sparkle of imagination. In this he shared with many other preachers, but then it never entered the hearer's thoughts, that such things would be an improvement, and there unfortunately Dr. Russell had fewer companions. John Foster speaks of the lamentable scarcity of conclusive preaching. Dr. Russell was a conclusive speaker, and his almost only action, an emphatic, if not very elegant, motion of the head at the close of each point that was discussed—seemed to say 'that's settled.' But we are assuming the place of our sketcher.

'As a consecutive and profound thinker, Dr. Russell has probably no clerical rivals. He not only forms a distinct idea of the outline of his subject, but the entire filling-up is done mentally, without writing, or any of the usual helps to composition. His discourses bear innumerable indications of severe thought. In England, as well as in Scotland, he is known as the minister with the long texts, and this is particularly illustrative of his mental character. Instead of allowing his fancy to run riot on some insulated passage, he thinks according to the analogy of Scripture.—p. 333.

'As his thinking is his own, so also is the order of his discourses. In their exordium, while many preachers keep a respectful distance from their subject, to avoid anticipation, Dr. Russell, in his very first sentence, plunges into the heart of his subject. To all fears of anticipating himself, or prematurely exhausting his ideas, he seems an utter stranger.'

Thus, labouring with all the earnestness of his nature, he lived. On the last Sabbath of his life, he preached, as usual, three times, went home and died, leaving behind him many more brilliant, many more nimble, but few more thoughtful, substantial scriptural teachers. 'Help Lord! for the godly man ceaseth.'

From these extracts, our readers will see that the volume before us is more than a mere collection of loose disjointed talk. It does not abound with anecdote; perhaps there is too little of

that which is usually the staple of books of the same class, but it contains many correct likenesses, and what is better, a great deal of sound discussion of the principles of pulpit teaching. Our readers will agree with us, that such sketches, in each case, as we have seen, accompanied with one, and sometimes with two outlines of a sermon, appearing weekly in a provincial newspaper,* not professedly a religious periodical, present a somewhat noticeable phenomenon, and are an inlet into the religious state of the country, where they are popular. They indicate a church-going population, one that has an interest in the machinery of religious movements, to an extent beyond what is common in other parts of the empire, but people who go to church, and like to talk about theology, are not necessarily a religious people. Where they are not, they are, of all men, the hardest to reach. Their hearts are encrusted with a thick coat of dry divinity, and every appeal to conscience is first of all deprived of vital power, that they may dissect it, and decide whether it be sound doctrine or not. Such, however, is the characteristic of a great mass of our Scottish countrymen. It comes to be an important question, what share in this state of things have our Scottish Clergy? Are they as a whole, fit to cope with it? Are they altering it? This volume has an interest, as affording material for answering such questions, which have importance, not only for the north, but for the south. Taking, then, the fifty names here mentioned as on the whole above the average of the occupants of Scottish pulpits, which we are clearly warranted to do, we find, on glancing over the published sketches of their pulpit discourses, many signs of intellectual power, of sound judgment, of extensive scriptural knowledge; but we miss what we should like to have seen, traces of their being men, who had loved, and wept, and suffered, and lived—men of like passions with their auditors. There is less than we could wish of an attempt to make preaching what it ought to be, the vehicle of communicating impulse to all the sympathies of the heart, as well as food for the brain. And after all that has been said about an earnest ministry, and an educated ministry, we think that here will be found the great want of our churches of the present day. We need men who shall find in their Bibles something more than theology, who shall see in their congregations something more than so many reservoirs, to be filled with doctrinal teaching; men who will trust to their own hearts, at least as much as to their knowledge

* The Glasgow Examiner, a paper of considerable ability and popular politics.

of systematic divinity; men who will carry to the pulpit, the common speech of every day life, refined and elevated, and utter the divine message, not as a thing to be anatomised, but to be lived by. We often hear good men praying that their minister would preach as dying unto dying men. We wish, that while that is remembered, they would more often preach as *living* men unto living men. We are not pleading for a secularizing of pulpit teaching, nor for a vulgarizing of the mode of address; but we do think it of no small importance, that both matter and mode should be less moulded in the forms of two centuries ago.

It is a fact that deserves notice, that the men who have been most useful preachers, who are wielding the greatest influence on the present generation, and have especially laid hold of the young men of the day, are those who, differing widely in every thing else, have agreed in this, to let the old traditional stereotypes of firstly, secondly, thirdly, and the still more wearisome stereotypes of thought, of which these forms were but the outward sign, go to the wall,—and have spoken as men who believed that christianity should be carried into all the corners of daily life, and believing that, were not afraid to reverse the process, and bring all the incidents of daily life to the pulpit. We find in this volume the following sketch of Mr. Guthrie, a minister of the Free Church.

‘He never almost treats his hearers to weary syllogisms, to dry argumentative expositions of particular doctrines, over which your eyes get dull, and your faculties numb. These he disposes of, when they come in his way, very shortly, as important, but as secondary matters. His preaching resembles more a conversation addressed to each individual hearer than a sermon: each feels as if the pastor were speaking to him alone. Were we to describe it in other words, we might make use of a Scottish phrase, and say it has a strong resemblance to a homely crack.’
—p. 344.

This description will remind many of a minister in this metropolis, one of the finest illustrations we know of the possibility of adopting such a tone of preaching, as shall neither freeze into cold abstraction, nor evaporate into mere sound and fury; a gentleman whose sermons may be taken as showing that familiar preaching need not be either poor in thought or bald in language, but may glow with heart and be instinct with intellect. No one who has been in the Weigh House Chapel, and looked at its minister, and the manly intelligent heads he has in his pews, will doubt what is the kind of preaching that the present day requires.

Now we find little of this in these published sermons of

the Scotch ministry. The '*genius loci*' has been too strong for them. They naturally yield to the current, and supply their hearers with sound truth undoubtedly, with most unexceptionable divinity, full measure, pressed down, and running over; but does it *live*? We wish to be understood as speaking generally. There are brilliant exceptions, but these are not the rule.

We believe that many of these gentlemen follow the course they have adopted systematically, from an estimate of the intention of preaching, which we cannot but think a mistaken one. We have no space to enter into the discussion here, but we should gladly know that some abler pen had undertaken to settle, 'What is the true idea of the aim of pulpit addresses?' We think we can see what it is not. It is not surely the case, as Mr. Martineau maintains, that preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul; but that is nearer the truth than the popular notion, that the aim of preaching should be *didactic*. This is a very common notion. It is the one most usually acted on, whether consciously or unconsciously, both by preachers in their preparations, and by hearers in their criticisms. Even if it had been true once, the peculiar features of the present day should modify that. It was natural that, when the pulpit was the only means of intellectual impression, its occupant should have been a popular lecturer, and a teacher, and a politician, and an instructor in theology. But now-a-days, every one of these functions is better discharged by the press. What then is left for the pulpit to do? We would that its occupants would weigh the question, and come to some definite conclusion, as to what should be the answer. There is a large part of it in Göethe's saying, 'Give them not loaves of bread, but seed-corn.'

We believe that, until this question be answered by each minister for himself, we shall continue to hear the complaints that have been so common lately. These Jeremiads have, however, we think, been too universally prevalent. There is no doubt that the pulpit does not possess the influence it might be expected to have. We quite admit that; but when we are told that it does not even possess what it once had, we altogether dissent. What period shall we find where it had more weight? Shall we choose the Catholic times, when there were no sermons but on holy days? Shall we choose the Reformation period? It had influence then; but that was owing to extraneous causes. A pulpit whose occupant could compel attention, by arguments drawn from Smithfield and Tower Hill, was not likely to stand without hearers about it. Shall we take Charles's time? Were there not at work, then, causes, political and such like, which gave it factitious importance? and do

we not fall into the error of fancying that, because we have left on record the influence which one or two giant minds had, all the ministers were Howes, and all the congregations like those that listened to him. Shall we take the age of the Restoration—that blessed time? Was the reign of James marked by a general influence exercised by the pulpit of England on the people? Did the last century—frigid at the beginning, furious at the close, irreligious throughout—bear any deep traces of pulpit influence? We think that there is little sign of the former times having been better than now, and would not, therefore, speak of deterioration. We rather would indulge the hope, that all the noise recently made about failure and languor, will end in each man who stands in the position of a preacher of the gospel examining whether he has had the right idea of the extent of his work, of the nature of his instruments, of the character of his materials. If there be errors in these points, or a want of adaptation of the one to the other, what can we expect but inefficiency?

We look on such volumes as the present, as very useful auxiliaries to urging the importance of such inquiries on ministers. There can be no doubt, that its comparative immunity from critical notice has injured the pulpit. Sacred subjects have been thought to shelter the man who touched them from all criticism, excepting the irrational likes and dislikes of hearers, who proportioned their praise to the length and the orthodoxy of the discourse. Thus, secure from all remark but that of friends, or of enemies, who could only say, 'I did not think much of that,' a carelessness has been engendered, which has grown still more common from the notion, that to preach without study was a mark of genius, or a token of spiritual-mindedness.

We are glad to see any signs of breaking up this notion, by the application of criticism to the pulpit. The process, no doubt, has been painful to some of the gentlemen who hastily strung together a few crudities, with the notion, 'That will do,' little dreaming, that in this hastily tacked together *dis-habile*, they were to appear in 'Our Scottish Clergy.' But we hope that their mortification may lead to contrite forsaking of the fatal notion, that preaching is a thing independent of study. It is high time that this idea should cease to be operative on ministers, that baldness and insipidity should be deferentially received, because they are uttered on a Sabbath day, in a place of worship. We have mind in the pews; we must have mind from the pulpit. We have men of active life in the pews; give us no sluggard in the pulpit. We have men in the pews with hearts, who have a daily struggle; let the man in the pulpit show them that he, too, has struggled, and has lived.

ART. V.—*What has Religion to do with Politics? The Question considered in Letters to his Son.* By David R. Morier, Esq., late Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in Switzerland. London: John Parker.

IN our September number we showed, in reviewing Mr. Mill's treatise, why political economy cannot help society; and we now propose briefly to examine the claims of religion and government to accomplish the same object. Discarding all theories, we set out from the admitted fact, that vast masses of poverty and suffering exist in society, which, it is the general, the almost universal opinion, ought not to exist, and ought to be, and can be lessened or removed. To that end, and no other, do men propose political reforms, or dare to commence revolutions. The conviction deeply felt, whether right or wrong, that social misery can be, and ought to be diminished, if not wholly got rid of, by proper regulations on the part of government, is a goad to almost innumerable exertions, in the good and the wise, and the parent of even more schemes than exertions in the imaginative, to effect social improvement. We need scarcely remind our readers of the efforts made of late by the opulent classes, to promote education, to improve the public health, to provide better dwellings, baths and washhouses, for the poor; nor of the larger schemes of national education and of comprehensive emigration, that are continually forced on public attention; nor of the manner in which our literature, vividly reflecting public feelings and public wants, has become suffused with an eloquent advocacy of the interests of the masses. Both moral and pecuniary motives, both aspirations after good for its own sake, and an aversion to the cost of increasing poverty and increasing crime, testify to the enormity of the evils of society, and the general desire to remedy them by new contrivances. In other countries, the demand for social improvement, practically but mistakingly carried into effect, has given rise to violent revolutions, has paralyzed credit, suspended the enterprise, and deranged the industry which feed and sustain society. Our own country has, as yet, escaped with fierce threats and unripe attempts, but is not at ease, nor confident of safety. The point, therefore, to which we propose to confine ourselves,—taking no notice of the influence which religion exercises on the hearts and understandings of individuals, and which may ultimately lead to the establishment of perfect social institutions, is 'what are the *direct* maxims or instructions religion supplies for the guidance of society in its corporate capacity?'

We want to bring distinctly under consideration the important question, how far, using Mr. Morier's language, the Christian law suggests or indicates 'positive laws of human institution,' and not rules of private conduct, that are capable of promoting the common good. Blackstone, as well as Mr. Morier, tells us, that 'human laws derive all their force and authority' 'from the law of nature,' of which 'revealed religion is a part;' but he also assures us, that 'it is still necessary' in each case of the application of the law of nature 'to have recourse to reason,' in order to ascertain what institutions or laws nature prescribes. Nothing, in truth, seems further from the object of revelation, than to prescribe political institutions. It is adapted to human nature in all ages and countries; and that adaptation would have been lost, had it been in any way limited to, or connected with, the forms of government, the relations of property, or any of the positive human institutions that regulate any one society. At present, all the communities of Europe are involved in confusion, civilization seems breaking up into anarchy, mankind is threatened with a chaos; there is everywhere a loud and piercing cry for help; men want happiness or salvation on earth; they are conjured, by all the paid priesthoods of the world, and by all statesmen who endow churches, to rely mainly on them and their teaching, and we want men to inquire what hope have they of finding aid in their doctrines and precepts?

Taking no notice, therefore, of its influence over the conduct of individuals in private life, believing with Montesquieu, as quoted by Mr. Morier, that, '*La religion Chretienne qui ne semble avoir d'objet que la félicité de l'autre vie fait encore notre bonheur dans celle-ci,*' is perfectly true, we must at the same time assert, that the utmost happiness of individuals, and the utmost purity of heart in them, leave them ignorant of the means by which the sovereign power of a state, whether a single despot or a democracy, can promote the welfare of the community. Revelation teaches individuals how they may be good and happy, but there has been no revelation of the means by which politicians can frame constitutions and beneficially govern society. Mr. Morier justly and properly asks:—

'Where is the guide able to lead us through the mighty maze? Does human wisdom pretend to furnish the clue to unravel all its intricacies? Consult the oracles of her high priests, the pagan sophist, or the modern sceptic. The self-styled systems of both are equally contradictory and incoherent, like the productions of a sickly fancy—'*Cujus velut ægri somnia, vanæ finguntur species.*' Again, he says, '*The affairs of the world seem arrived at that pass, in which, as was observed of the Roman Commonwealth, mankind can no longer bear*

either their vices or the remedies for them. There have not, indeed, been wanting doctors of all degrees (from Robespierre to the Pere Enfantin) to prescribe remedies in abundance ; but the *increasing prevalence of the disorder* has furnished ample proof of their utter inefficiency, so that to each of them in their turn may be applied, in a certain sense, the ironical encomium of Tacitus on the Emperor Galba, 'Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset.'

But it will scarcely be denied, particularly here in England, where a state-church is maintained at great trouble and great expense, or in Ireland, where there is a similar church, and, to boot, one or two catholic priests in every parish, that what the state-priesthood call religion, has had for many years much more influence throughout Europe, over the regulations of society, than the 'pagan sophist or the modern sceptic;' and that those who have taught state-Christianity have, on the whole, been much more followed than either Robespierre or Enfantin. Nobody was ever wild enough to dream, that the patched-up, conquest-born, congress-made, time-collected jumbles of different races and people, under separate governments, called States, the sorry contrivances of man's wit and man's ambition, are to have an existence hereafter, like man himself, the work of the Almighty. For the conduct of states, then, Christianity lays down no rules, except those which it prescribes for the moral government of individuals. One or two leading examples will at once suggest the inadequacy of those rules to guide politicians, or help society in the present emergency.

Religion, for example, commands us to respect property, 'Thou shalt not steal,' but it does not define and describe property. That important duty is left to instinct or reason, and the wisdom of the civil magistrate. The command takes for granted, that the knowledge of what constitutes property is already in existence, that every one knows what belongs to himself and others. The right of property being the great basis of all social relations, as well as of the whole political structure, it will be at once seen that, by leaving it undefined, religion leaves us without any light whatever, to form, as instinct and reason direct us, or as custom dictates, the whole of our social and political relations.

Property in land, called real property, to distinguish it from subordinate property, the most important of all such rights, so far as concerns the political structure and the welfare of society, is settled by the sovereign authority. The crown claims the whole soil of the empire, and unless a right derived directly, or remotely, from it, be exhibited, no portion of the soil can be legally owned or used. At the present moment

there is a question of the ownership of the whole soil of Ireland, and that, it is well known, was on two or three occasions parcelled out amongst the followers of our Henrys or Edwards, or the successful soldiers of Cromwell. All existing rights to the land there, are generally derived from those appropriations. Ail over Europe the right to the soil rests on similar violent appropriations that have been, and are, sanctioned by custom. At the present time, the sovereign authority, acting through the Colonial Office, is settling the appropriation of large districts of land, future kingdoms, perhaps, in South Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. It is disposing of vast continents, and is about to confer, as a *bonne bouche*, the whole of Vancouver's Island on the Hudson's Bay Company.

On these momentous appropriations, the basis of property in future, the sources of weal and woe through centuries, religion gives no opinion; she does not inform us, pregnant as they are with the happiness or misery of nations, whether they be right or wrong. The Colonial Office assumes them to be right, and has assumed each one of the numerous changes it has made in the mode of appropriating waste land in the colonies to have been also right, while each of the modes it has adopted has, one after the other, been loudly condemned both in the colonies and at home. Neither there nor here was religion in any way appealed to as justifying or condemning the appropriation, or as capable of deciding the important dispute. Certainly, the former, somewhat similar appropriations of land in Ireland, now stand condemned by their consequences; but religion, like reason, only condemns them, because their consequences are evil, and her voice was silent, when the appropriations were made. Nay, she rather urged the first conquest of Ireland, and in her name was the soil subsequently confiscated, and appropriated to protestants. On the all-important point of the appropriation of the soil, involving in one state, primogeniture, and a feudal aristocracy, and in another, the growth of a poor, passionate, and uninformed democracy, with all their different consequences,—the very pivot on which turn all political arrangements, religion supplies us with no rules; and, accordingly, men in making the appropriation, have been, and are, guided by their wants, their passions, and the ignorant devices of their own hearts.

Whatever knowledge may now be extant in the government of the United States and the government of England, and whatever provision may now be made by them as to the lands under their control, for a dense population in future, it is quite certain that no foreknowledge of the present condition of Europe presided over the appropriation of the soil at

any former period. No provision was then made for the population as it now exists. No man thought of that, or could think of it. The appropriation was made to suit the purposes of the conquerors then. Even if not vicious in its origin, it is vicious in relation to the present condition of the population of Europe. Far from having been made with a view to the present condition of Europe, or allowed to conform to it, one great object of European legislation has always been, to maintain the old aristocratic appropriation of the soil in spite of the necessities of an increasing population; and thus to subordinate the living principle of society to an old rule of violence. All the interests and wants of the population have been made by the State, so far as it could make them subservient to aristocratic grandeur. For that, even the number of the population has been limited, by a law to forbid commerce, and especially the importation of food. The old appropriation of the soil has been treated by the State as if it were a sacred principle, and all attempts to change it as equivalent to a violation of the command 'Thou shalt not steal.' That has been the corner-stone of its policy, and to that every other interest has been moulded and fitted. Political society then is built on a principle which is probably erroneous; and though religion, looking at the consequences of this aristocratic appropriation, informs us, as our reason informs us, that it, and the legislation consequent on it, are wrong, yet, *a priori*, religion supplies no means of detecting the error, nor does she inform us, what appropriation would be correct and proper.

Even if the appropriation of the soil were not the offspring of rapacity rather than wisdom, we should find it hard to believe, that a rule established in the fifth or tenth century, when population was not a sixth of its present amount, when there was little or no division of labour, no trade, no banking, no credit, can be now suitable to society. Were such an appropriation of the soil now proposed for the first time it would be instantly and universally scouted. Can any man conceive, if England, Ireland, and Scotland, were held in common, the hubbub, the resistance, the war which would ensue, were it seriously proposed to divide the whole as at present amongst a comparatively few dukes, marquises, lords, and squires? So opposed is such a scheme to reason and the course of nature, that legislation, continually directed to maintain the whole soil in the hands of a few, though it have been obeyed, has been inadequate to that end. Subsequent to the Norman conquest, when whole counties were appropriated by the conqueror's chief followers, England has been gradually divided, in comparatively smaller portions, amongst a greater number of persons. The most rigid entails have been

unable to prevent it. Invariably the great proprietors have, at some time or other, dissipated and dispersed their original possessions, or the accumulated possessions that have fallen to the heir of several families. The Buckingham property is not the only one that has been distributed under the hammer of the auctioneer. Nature abhors aristocratic appropriation, and sets it aside. To allow some freedom of action, and give effect to that natural course by which great estates are broken up, was the object of a much praised act of the last session of parliament. After a stubborn resistance on the part of a few landlords, and many doleful prognostics of the Irish lawyers interested in maintaining abuses, the Encumbered Estates Ireland Bill was carried through both Houses, and will enable and compel the nominal lords of numerous acres to share them with others, who are already the real owners of their value.

In all that concerns the appropriation of land, and the conditions which determine a right of property, though of fundamental importance to the good government and welfare of society, we have no other guide than instinct, experience, and reason. It is our decided purpose to abstain at present from saying anything against the existing right of property; we urge nothing at this moment against the appropriation of land as it now prevails; we confine ourselves to the fact, that neither the right of property, nor the appropriation of the soil, is defined, settled, or regulated by religion, or morality; and that, in judging of them, we can only appeal to reason, expediency, and experience. To propose new rules for the distribution of property, as is the case in France, is not necessarily, therefore, in opposition to religion, or the violation of a moral law. But the existing right of property, and the existing appropriation of the soil, are precisely the questions at issue between the few and the many,—the aristocracy and the democracy in the greater part of Europe, between the masses and those who claim to be their masters, chiefly on account of their ability to settle rights, and prescribe duties not otherwise provided for; and, precisely, on these interesting and absorbing questions, religion, apart from experience, utters no voice and sheds no light.

On other social questions of great importance we are equally left to the exclusive guidance of our senses. Population is said to be redundant in places, and the evils of society are attributed to that, but religion is silent, too, on this subject. She supplies no rules for adjusting population to territory. The lawgiver and the people are alike uninstructed on this point, the foundation of all society. That is a great secret we must learn by observation, as we learn the flow and ebb of the tide, and the distance of the planets. It may even be broadly said,

that many of the rules which religion prescribes for the conduct of individuals would be regarded as ruinous by many statesmen. She prescribes forbearance, charity, and love between man and man; she impresses on us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; but for statesmen to practise forbearance, is to give impunity to crime, or a premium on injustice; for them to be guided by charity and love, and attempt to supply the wants of the people is to encourage idleness, to increase beggary, to augment a dependent and pauperised population, and increase all the social evils therewith connected. Wages are now miserably low owing to the excess of people in relation to capital seeking employment. Twopence halfpenny is paid for making a shirt, and from fourpence to eightpence for a day's labour in Ireland. Religion teaches us to give the labourer his hire, but leaves the amount of that to be settled by the higgling of the market. She prescribes freedom, equality, justice, but is satisfied with twopence halfpenny a day for making a shirt, if that be the result of a free and fair competition. She may whisper to a man to be kind and generous, but if he pay beyond the market price, the chances are that he will be ruined himself. These are merely specimens of most important social relations, which are at this moment the subject of continual, and sometimes of fierce and bloody controversy, and which we are imperatively required to settle and arrange by reason, judging by expediency, for religion gives us neither help nor guidance.

Religion enjoins us also to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but as to what things properly belong to Cæsar, the point now in dispute, it leaves us in the dark. What power should a government possess, what taxes should it levy? We require less now to know who should be Cæsar, than what things should be his. So we are commanded to obey those in authority, but the unenfranchised, the Chartists, contend that the existing authority is illegitimate. Men do not dispute about the propriety of obedience so much, as about what should be commanded. The crime of the Irish, according to Lord John Russell's speech, on July 22, was an attempt to overthrow the government they were bound to obey. They declared they were not bound to obey it, that its laws were bad; and they were compelled to submit. From custom the aristocracy claim the power of governing; the democracy, from a perception that the aristocracy have acted unjustly, and used the power entrusted to them for the common good, to promote their own selfish purposes, deny the justice of their claim, and demand political power, as they possess physical and moral power, for themselves. Between the two, there is no umpire but reason. Prin-

ciples of natural justice and logical conclusions drawn from the fundamental principles of the social union, whatever theory may be adopted of its origin, may suggest what is due to the people; and the principles of religion enforcing on us the love of justice and of charity may enlighten our logic; but, generally speaking, religion takes for granted the existence of a governing power, or a Cæsar, of a settlement and agreement amongst men as to what things belong to him, and throws no light on what ought to be his, and what authority he should exercise. These, however, are the subjects that now chafe society into angry commotion.

If ever political topics fell within the domain of religion, as under the Jewish dispensation, which prescribed a complete code of civil ordinances, those which now agitate the world have passed beyond it. It is characteristic of them, that they concern the fundamental principles of political (not industrial) society: for we have only to do with political society, or states; and they seem to lie, except as they are indirectly impinged on, wholly beyond the bounds and scope of Christianity. There is no other broader, deeper, and more searching code, to which they can be subject, except the code that we all combine to frame, and that every generation helps to complete, of the laws of nature. In that code, in which alone we can find directions, a new book appears to have recently been opened. The evils complained of are the proofs that nature condemns some of our proceedings; they are her admonitions, her voice warning us against the cause of them; but though she warn us against the evils, she too leaves society to the tentative projects of expediency to find out the good. There is but one right road, while the ways of error are innumerable, and we must, perhaps, tread all the latter before we reach the right. The true path has not yet been discovered. This generation may, perchance, avoid the errors of its predecessors, but, with the best intentions and the greatest knowledge extant, it will be sure, in avoiding former errors, to rush into errors of its own. Unfortunately, that is now generally the case, to a very great degree, and the exasperation felt at the long continuance of aristocratic misrule, has given birth, in most of the capitals of Europe, to democratic excesses that we all deplore.

We are accustomed, however, to look for help much more to government than religion. It is constituted theoretically for the purpose of providing for the welfare of society, and all men now demand from it, and from the means at its command, guidance and succour. The task is flattering to human ambition, and it is readily undertaken. Those who administer government, though they see no further than the most ordinary mor-

tals pretend, if mankind will only obey them, that they can accomplish all that the human heart desires. They do not assume to possess any knowledge of the science of government, if such a science exist, though they have practised the art empirically time out of mind, and have made it their greatest boast to act on the limited rules and circumscribed knowledge of their predecessors. They have merely been conservative of old error and old abuse, and have always resisted the innovations of time, as at variance with the rules of their predecessors. They have run in old tracks, and have never hesitated to sacrifice the people that they might keep in the old constitutional or despotic road they had once entered. They have always tried, though in vain, to model the future of every society, however rapidly it might be growing and changing on the limited and undeveloped past; and we can only be justified in now relying on them to help society, if they have already served and saved mankind.

To answer the important question, what can government do for the salvation of society, we must inquire what it has done; and what can be done by its means in whatever hands its powers may be placed. Within a short period we have seen a multitude of reputations, that seemed freighted with rich stores of improvement and happiness to society shipwrecked. Every hope has been lost, by following the old course, and essaying, by the old instruments, the old arts, and the old means of government, to effect a social regeneration. That is the secret of the failure in France, as yet, and the confusion in Germany. Those who have upset the old systems have supposed that they could, by means of them, effect more good than those who previously administered them; and they have made themselves despised or hated by their error. A brief examination will probably satisfy the reader, though governments have ever been active, and have always appeared to direct society, that all the enduring improvements which we call civilization, have been effected without their help, and very often in spite of their regulations.

The press, for example, is in nowise indebted to them. Government has only tried to corrupt those who take up that portion of social labour, and has either terrified or bribed them to support an untrue system. Its patronage has been more pestiferous, than its avowed opposition and hatred. The latter excited resistance and could be subdued, the former insinuated into the system an intoxicating poison which corrupted the whole. By providing for literary men, it has given a bounty on their business, and it has degraded the class and the calling, by promoting excessive competition. It has made the press subserve the cause of existing government, as if that were eternal truth, in opposition to the cause of the people. Though the

mechanical contrivances of England are the glory of humanity, they owe nothing to government. They are the spontaneous product of intellect, which it has done as little to develop by circumscribing it with old university and church forms, as it has done to develop the national wealth by taxation, monopolies, and restrictions. On every new branch of society, when it has first come into existence, government has looked with distrust, and has sought rather to stifle or kill, than allow it to expand and grow.

The great improvements in the political relations of society made in modern times, such as the emancipation of the catholics, the abolition of the test acts, the reform of the House of Commons, were forced on the dominant aristocracy by the growth of knowledge, and the enlightened demands of the people. The aristocracy in possession of the government, resisted those demands as long as they could, and as long as they dared; and in the end acquiesced in them only to poison the boon. Famine and the League put an end to the corn-laws; as societies for the amelioration of the criminal code, and the abolition of slavery, are the authors of all the humanity introduced as yet into the statute-book, and the emancipation of the Negroes in our colonies. These instances are fresh in every body's recollection; but there is a leading fact in the history of all Europe, about which all modern civilization gathers itself, and from which it nearly all goes forth, not always present to the mind, that illustrates the inefficiency of government in promoting the progress and real greatness of society.

No government has provided for the growth and increase of the middle classes. There is hardly a government of Europe that did not try to prevent their increase and impede their power. For a long period they were exposed to obloquy, plunder, and oppression, from the governing, fighting, monopolizing aristocracy, but they outgrew all these, and subverted the dominion of their aristocratic masters. The increase of trade, the multiplicity of enterprise in modern Europe, the extension of division of labour, greater ingenuity and enlarged knowledge, are all the consequences of the continual growth of the town population, consisting mainly of the middle classes. They are the originators of all new industrial undertakings. To the same circumstance is due, though this is very generally overlooked or denied, the improvement of agriculture. We have been dunned continually with boastings of the patronage of kings and of great land-owning nobles, who have met and twaddled about improvement, and offered bounties on the fattest pig, and the most frugal peasant; but at present, and for several hundred years, the bulk of the produce of agriculture has been

raised to sell. The purchaser, therefore, has been the true and best patron of the agriculturist. There is no encouragement like a rising market, no discouragement like a falling one. The real demand or means of payment for agricultural produce, is the continued increase of the produce of some other industry. The town population, and their continued increase in industry, skill, and wealth, have constituted a continually rising market for the farmers' produce, the continued stimulus to agricultural industry, and been the great source of agricultural improvement. With the improvement of agriculture and the increase of trade, all civilization is closely connected; and thus the civilization of Europe dependent on the growth of the middle classes, far from having been caused by the government, has taken place in hostility to the governing aristocracies of Europe.

Wholly mistaking the origin of the improvement of England, the government and many public writers have ascribed it to the peculiar manner in which land is appropriated, and to the peculiarities of the relation between landlords, tenants, and labourers in England. To the first of these classes they have ascribed all the merit of England's improved agriculture, and they hope for the improvement of Ireland, by introducing the customs of English landlords there. So far as the law is concerned, the appropriation of the land, and the relations between landlords, tenants, and labourers, are, in all essential particulars, the same in both countries. The well known difference in the condition of the two, is the consequence of the growth of a town population of the middle classes in England, of whom there are few or none in Ireland. The opulence and independence acquired by the citizens here, have spread themselves over the rural districts, have fostered the independence of the tenantry, and have bridled, and partly subdued to reason the English landed aristocracy. The influence of the industrious middle classes, not the laws, have caused the improvement in England, for which the idle, or merely law-making aristocracy have taken credit. The government may be justly accused of having caused by confiscation, by religious and political restrictions, and by numerous economical regulations, the present condition of Ireland, of having ruined its trade, and arrested its progress; but it neither foresaw, nor willed, nor promoted the improvement of England. To many portions of that, as they successively arose, the government was hostile; and almost all of them have been cramped and impeded by excise, customs, and other restrictive laws. From leading facts, such as these, we infer that our government has contributed nothing in past times, to promote civilization, and that it can now and in future do little or nothing to save or serve society.

Our government has, we admit, been skilfully conducted in relation to the late commotions in Europe and in Ireland, and has been, for *the ends of government*, eminently successful. Its most determined enemies cannot deny it the merit of having quietly, easily, and effectively, without any loss, and perhaps without incurring much unnecessary expense, put down all that there was of rebellion in Ireland. The work was done with a master hand. The rebellion has become a mockery, it has resolved itself into the old agrarian outrages, and the government has gained in reputation. It has increased its strength, but what can it do to remedy the social evils of Ireland? It can do no more hereafter than it has done heretofore. It has been master before, and it is only master now. It is the instrument of the landlords, and will exclusively serve their purposes. It may bribe the catholic priests to take sides with it; though, what good that can effect, as these men have ever used their influence to keep the people in ignorance of knowledge necessary for earthly salvation, we are not aware; it may, in addition to making them a moral police to serve its purposes, increase, as it is doing, the ordinary police of the country; it may enlist all ranks, all classes in support of its authority, and when it has done all this, it will not have taken one step towards making the people intelligent and skilful, moral, industrious, and wise. It may encourage a few farmers from England or Scotland, to fix themselves in Ireland; there may possibly be a consolidation of farms, and a diminution, as appears to be the case, of small holdings. By such an admixture of people, better habits may, in time, be formed; but the annual drain of food, the foundation of all capital, from Ireland, proves that capital is not required there, and reducing the number of holdings will only throw people on the workhouses, or doom them to starvation.

The change in Ireland, to be accomplished by the united agencies of the government, the landlords, and the catholic priesthood, can only be the continued debasement, ending in the annihilation of a large portion of the population. The augmentation of the police will not increase the supply of food. The payment of the Roman catholic priests will give the labourers neither worldly knowledge, skill, nor industry. They know nothing of the arts of life, and cannot teach them. The influence of the Romish church, combined with the power of the government, has brought the country into its present condition; and the wonderful panacea now proposed, is to strengthen the causes of the misery. The utmost that the government can do, is to enforce justice betwixt man and man; but its mode of appropriating the land, and upholding the rights of the landlords, of administering the laws made for the benefit of a class

by the hands of that class, of taxing the people to provide the double guard of a religious and a civil police, is a violation of justice, and can only, by its example, teach that violation to others.

The triumphs of the government in Ireland, prove distinctly that it cannot help the people out of their social difficulties. It can kill them by the slow agencies of hunger and regulations, restrictions and taxation; probably it will kill them, but judges, armies, police, and priests, are impotent to feed and to save. All these are perfect under the Czar, they were perfect under Louis Philippe, they are perfect under the Sultan; and under all those rulers, degradation leading to commotion, and ending in revolution and death, have prevailed. The imperfections of these governments spring from themselves; there is not or was not any popular resistance to impede their action; but, just in proportion as that element is wanting, in proportion as governments are not kept in check by wholesome fear of the people, they become mischievous and ruinous. To the much-admired condition of unopposed, unmitigated, unbridled power, is the military government of England now raised in Ireland, by the success of its police and its armies; and for the promotion of social reform—for the salvation of society there, government will henceforth be quite as efficacious, and no more, than the Czar or the Sultan in his own dominions.

Mr. D'Israeli lately made a long speech, to show that parliament was falling into contempt; and all the journals in the empire have, for months back, echoed the same opinion. The fact is undoubted, though the cause lies deeper than parliamentary orators and journalists suspect. The re-establishing of party warfare, or placing the whole authority of parliament in the hands of ministers, as Mr. D'Israeli and others propose, will only make its proceedings more offensive, or more puerile and worthless, than at present, and hasten the fate to which, in common with other forms of government, it is doomed. The stern despotism of Russia, the mock fraternity of Prussia, the avowed selfishness of the Metternich bureaucracy, the careful bourgeoisie of Louis Philippe, are all condemned; the new constitutional systems, founded on their ruins, are already in decay, and our own system, like the rest, is obeying the same general law. There seems to remain for mankind, as yet untried, only the government of M. Caussidiere, or Mr. Feargus O'Connor, or the government of the mere mob; and from that nobody expects greater benefits, than from the government of Prince Metternich or Louis Philippe.

The continual disappointment suffered from government, does not put an end to hope. Every autumn the parliament is

prorogued amidst general satisfaction, at the termination of its worthless labours. Every spring, however, its re-assembling is hailed with renewed expectations. Men tell each other what great things are to be done by their representatives. Each journalist gets possession of some secret, and intimates some great work its friends are to perform. Ireland is to be at once regenerated or healed, railway accidents are for ever to be put a stop to, no public nuisance of any kind is any longer to be suffered, commerce and banking are to be made as certain and safe as the return of day and night, and social perfection is to be the result of the labours of the legislature. Parliament rises a true phoenix from its ashes, glowing with a many-coloured plumage, redolent of life and vigour, and exciting the joy of the beholders.

The old lingering disease of prurient talk, the cold, clammy, autumnal death, the stifling of all useful work and personal honour are forgotten, and salvation is expected from parliament, as if it had not, year after year, been tried, and failed. The public is cheated by its own fancies. The youth of journalism, when hope is unchecked by experience, seems to revive with every spring. Four or six months' abstinence suffice to produce complete oblivion, and the loudly-expressed contempt of August becomes something like sneaking reverence in January or February. Perhaps the dull sale of the journals about Christmas, and the quicker circulation caused by the assembling of parliament, has some influence over this psychological phenomenon. The greater the disappointment in the fall of the year, the more room there is for hope in the spring; and journalism, annually deluded by its own interest, helps to delude the public. By their own unfounded fancies both are tricked, year after year, into a renewed reverence for the multifarious talk they have ascertained to be worthless. Between the sabbath-day sermons of the ministers of the established church, which are said, numerous though they be, not to yield twenty sentences worth remembering, and the gabble of parliament, there is not much to choose; but the difference is, that people have long ceased to expect anything except habitual humdrum from the former, while from the latter they yet hope for earthly salvation.

If religion can do nothing for society, and government can do nothing, must we say that there is no hope, that all the aspirations of men after great social improvement, when so much has already taken place, are without foundation, and that society is doomed to oscillate between commercial bankruptcy and a plethora of extravagance; between riotous, licentious abundance, and inactive, shrivelling, dying, penury; between

wild, devastating revolutions and submission to tyranny, that dries up all the sources of life and strength? No, emphatically no; that is a false conclusion. Those aspirations are the instinctive voice of nature guiding individuals to good. They will not be, and they rarely are, when entertained within reasonable limits, disappointed. Individuals achieve much of what they aspire after as individuals—fortune, fame, power—but the aspirations of each one can never be the aspirations of any other, and can never become the rule for the whole. The past improvements of society have been the result of the improvements of individuals. As society gets rich by their separate labour, not by the regulations of government, so it grows in knowledge and civilization by the same means. The exertions of each leads to the social progress of all, and the full developement of each is social perfection. Social greatness, and social happiness, can only be reached by removing restraints on individuals. We may hope much from observation, and from the due application of intellect to the investigation of the social phenomena,—much from a confidence in nature, and from a distrust of individual wisdom, to regulate and govern that society of which it knows not the beginning nor the end, and only knows darkly and imperfectly a little of the present; but we can hope nothing from the action of government. ‘Hope springs eternal,’ and the most enlarged and accurate knowledge, can only change its direction.

Our remarks tend, in this respect, to be negatively, not positively, beneficial. We have attempted to remove two errors that prop up a false system, we have added nothing to the one broad basis on which alone a true system can be founded. It has been said sneeringly, that the French have gained nothing by their revolution, substituting General Cavaignac and a dictatorship for Louis Philippe and his sordid tyranny. In a merely positive sense that is true. But France, with all Europe, has been taught by the failure, the nothingness of political and constitutional systems. Men are beginning to be convinced, that safety is not to be sought, nor found, in republican, any more than in monarchical forms of government. Society cannot be saved by blustering demagogues, or theoretical professors, any more than by rapacious monarchs. New principles must be learned, and systems, not merely names, must be changed. Something like that which the great French revolution has practically done for Europe, we may hope, though in an infinitely less degree, to have done for political science. We have, perhaps, removed an error, and have cleared the ground for others to establish the truth.

In pursuing our own train of thought we have lost sight of

Mr. Morier. His work has similar defects to those of the political economists. He assumes some existing evils, or customs, to be ultimate laws. For him, the basis of all authority is public opinion in its favour. Practically, and in fact, he is right; opinion must, on the whole, at all times have been in favour of every existing government, and opinion, therefore, has been frequently or even generally erroneous. Government, as we have already said, employs means to bias the opinions of the press. Church establishments, with large revenues to be enjoyed only by those who profess a particular creed, are standing bribes to embrace and propound certain opinions which are recommended to acceptance, not by their truth, but by the worldly advantages they bring. Still larger revenues, appropriated to support an opinion favourable to monarchy, tend more forcibly to the same end. No person, as the rule, is admitted to serve the State, or share its revenues, who entertains republican or still more extreme opinions; while the ministers, and those who fill high places, are bound by an oath, as well as their salaries, to preserve the monarchy. All these parties act on a foregone conclusion, and for ever bend their minds to conceive and grasp a prescribed opinion.

The proper basis for opinions, is the impressions which the material world makes on the senses, and those which are pleasurable are readily cherished. As the last resort, all men appeal to facts as the test of all truth. Political opinions are tried by the same test. But when opinion is made a pleasure by enormous bribes, men strive to take a particular view of facts. Interest and passion are enlisted on the side of the large revenue. Thus, even the government that rests on opinion in the freest country of Europe, may not rest on facts, and may be in danger, as we believe it is, from resting only on a bought and bribed opinion which facts are every day contradicting. The great error, and the great fault consequently, of Mr. Morier's book, is, that all its doctrines rest on such an opinion; and beyond that, and beyond the system that buys and bribes, his work affords us no clue to social improvement. The sum of it may be stated to be, 'rest contented with the form of government which opinion approves of,'—'obey and honour the institutions which opinion sanctions;' but the present condition of society indicates the erroneousness of prevalent opinions, and the faultiness of existing institutions. We are now required to look beyond opinion, and examine its origin,—to look into the book of nature, and the laws of the material world, of which society is a part, in order to find the means of reconciling the conflicting claims of different classes, and of rescuing society from the chaos with which it is threatened.

The connection which Mr. Morier traces between religion and politics is, the connection between 'Thou shalt not steal,' and the right of property now and heretofore sanctioned by opinion; he assumes the opinion to be right, but supplies no proofs of its goodness and justice. Not going beyond the opinion of the governing classes, his work throws no light on the social problems of the day. He enforces the eighth commandment, he is eloquent in favour of charity and love, he justly advocates a spiritual religion, and inculcates with fervour the best principles of Christianity, which improve, refine, and exalt individuals, without explaining how either statesmanship, or religion, can now frame, with any chance of success, the policy of governments towards their subjects, or their policy towards one another.

ART. VI.—*The Autobiography of a Working Man.* By 'One who has Whistled at the Plough.' London: Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without. 1848.

THE 'working man who has whistled at the plough' is Alexander Somerville, the soldier in the Scots Greys, who was flogged during the Reform Bill struggle, for writing a political letter in the 'Weekly Dispatch.' One of the impressions which his first manifestations to the public made, was, that he was a man whom it would be worth while to know thoroughly. But, except the one bold fact that he was a private, who had made it known that he would not fight for the boroughmongers, nothing came out clearly and distinctly characteristic of him, at a time when a paragraph about him was worth gold to the newspapers. Seventeen years elapse, and here he is in a good, thick volume, telling us himself the story of his life, and a very interesting story it is, and very ably and graphically told. If his unique position among the private soldiers of the British army excited a general desire to know more of him, this volume gratifies the desire partly, and yet leaves the reader, as the event did, desirous to know more. There are, indeed, such materials of interest in this man and in his life, that we feel sure his volume is one of the few books of the season, of which it will not be convenient for intelligent persons for many a day to say, 'they have not read it.' Moreover, the book is admirably adapted to the time, being full of the subjects universally interesting just now,—

chartism, free-trade, parliamentary reform, conspiracy, agitation, and, in short, the conflict between the people and the oligarchy.

We beg to thank Mr. Somerville for the picture he has drawn of the fireside of his father. The worth and beauty of the domestic life of the dissenting and evangelical peasantry of Scotland, is a theme capable of the most artistic treatment. Burns has placed one scene of this life—'The Cotter's Saturday Night'—upon an immortal canvass. Professor John Wilson has portrayed a few features of it, with great delicacy and loveliness. There is a homely truthfulness about the delineations of Mr. Somerville, which make them well worthy of the study of those who would understand the scenes from which old Scotia's greatness rose.

The Somervilles occupied a small farm among the Ochill hills, in the middle of Scotland, called Nether-aichlin-sky. When a young man, the father of Mr. Somerville was a carter, in Alloa, on the Firth of Forth. But his horse Dick dying, the carter became a labourer at a lime work, along with his brother William. An accident made him change this employment to that of a farm labourer. William was so strong, that he could carry three bolls of barley, each boll filling a large sack—one boll by a rope round the sack, in each hand, and another in his teeth. On account of his strength, William was selected to trim the lime in the holds of the vessels, and the dust and the fumes killed him.

Near the village of Ayton, in Berwickshire, a pretty village, the farm labourer became in love with a maid-servant in a farm-house, a young, blooming woman. Her name was Orkney, and she had a female ancestor reputed as a witch. People, to this day, in Ayton, justify unusual sayings and doings, by alleging her authority—'as old Eppy Orkney said,'—'as old Eppy Orkney did.' Mr. Somerville confesses to some veneration for this ancestress, justly deeming the imputation of witchcraft a proof of ill-appreciated superiority of intellect and energy. Fame is fame, though only of witchcraft, just, as Byron has observed, 'a book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.'

The scion of the house of Somerville, and the daughter of the house of Orkney, began housekeeping with a good stock of furniture. But the condition of the hovels provided for their class at this period, in the south of Scotland, may be inferred from the circumstance, that none of them had windows. The frugal pair had a small window consisting of one pane of glass, which they carried with them from hovel to hovel. One of these hovels was at Billy Mill, near a witch-haunted bog

memorable for having nearly swallowed up David Hume the historian, who was a native of Ninewells, in the neighbourhood. Hume missed his footing in the mire, and sticking fast, called for assistance, and was at last heard by some people, who ran to give help. Seeing, however, that it was Hume 'the unbeliever,' they turned back from the amiable philosopher, remarking, 'Na, na, the deil has him, let the deil keep him.' Mr. Somerville mentions, that Hume got out of the bog, and wrote his history afterwards, but does not relate the means by which the philosopher and historian escaped an absorption of his body, analogous of the absorption his mind had undergone in metaphysical mire. The 'deil' would have had him both ways, the story goes, but for a compassionate milkmaid, who helped him out, after compelling him to say the Lord's prayer, as a proof that he was a true Christian.

The father and mother of Mr. Somerville were what were called anti-burghers, otherwise 'Auld Light Seceders,' the strictest and sternest of Scottish sects, adhering rigidly to the confession of faith, 'the standards' and the traditions and customs of the Covenanters. In the spring of 1811, Alexander, the eleventh and last child of this couple, was born, when a great dearth made the price of corn six pounds five shillings per quarter. His father earned fifteen shillings a week, as a mason's labourer or barrowman, and had in the following year to pay the miller twenty pounds for barley and beans to make bread. This was a memorable circumstance in the history of a mason's labourer, with a family consisting of a wife and eleven children, and an income of fifteen shillings a week. The barrowman, when rain came on, and others went to the public-house, always found something to do at the works. He boasted that 'he had not spent forty shillings on drink for forty years.' He indulged himself with a smoke once a week, every Sunday, while one of the family read a sermon, and he chewed a little tobacco, saying, 'It cheers my old heart, and helps me to get through the hard labour.' Work never prevented family worship, morning or evening. The coldest storm that ever blew did not keep him from the meeting house on a sabbath, though five or ten miles off. At 'winter suppers,' at 'kirnes,' he was a merry man, anecdotal, jocular, and vocal, telling droll stories, and singing lively songs. Saturday night being often the time occupied with these merry-makings, no consideration, no hilarious sympathy, no submission to persuasion, nor trick of putting back the clock, could induce the pious anti-burgher to keep up the festivity by himself or his family, after ten o'clock. He must have family worship over, and all in bed, by twelve o'clock. Such was this Scottish barrowman in Ber-

wickshire, in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The account of his wife—the mother—is a suitable companion picture.

The mother added to the income of the family what she could by outfield labour. She did all she could to keep whole, or mended, the clothes of a large family, where all the earnings might have gone for food without their having too much. The rent of their cottage was paid in work. A shearer for the harvest, a stack carrier whenever the thrashing mill was going, a bondager summer and winter, she worked for the farmer, and by her work paid the rent. The mother carried the stacks besides shearing in the harvest time.

‘Should you ever be in Scotland and see Springfield, you will find a row of shabby looking tiled sheds, such they continued to be when I was there last, the centre one of which is about twelve feet by fourteen, and not so high in the walls as will allow a man to get in without stooping. That place without ceiling, or anything beneath the bare tiles of the roof; without a floor save the common clay; without a cupboard or recess of any kind; with no grate but the iron bars which the tenants carried to it, built up and took away when they left it; with no partition of any kind save what the beds made; with no window save four small panes on one side,—it was this house, still a hind’s house at Springfield, for which, to obtain leave to live in, my mother sheared the harvest and carried the stacks.

‘How eight children and father and mother were huddled in that place is not easily told. The worst of it was, that food was so very dear, clothes were so very dear, as to us not to be obtainable, and national glory was so very dear—that glory which Europe was mad about at that time, and for which we, like others, had to pay, that even those bare walls, for which so much of my mother’s labour had to be paid in rent, were less comfortable than they might have been.’—p. 10.

We must not dwell on the portraits of the brothers and sisters. Margaret was always helpful, and after becoming the mother of five children, caught her death while assisting an afflicted family. She made her brother William’s old corduroys into clothes for Alexander. William, when he came home at night, mended the shoes of all the children. Brother James seemed to have most talent of all the family, and his father used to lay his hand on his head and say, ‘Ah! if I had siller I wad make my Jamie a minister.’ It was the lot of James, however, to become a cooper, and thereby Mr. Somerville tells us the world has lost a writer and a philosopher.

There are many thousands of families like this one in Scotland. But the present political system gives the fathers of these families no political status. Instead of the franchise being lodged in the virtuous hands of these men, lawyers, and their

clerks from the large towns, possess it, without residing in the county, and without having any property in it. They are enfranchised merely by a readiness to swear falsely, that they have the property they have not, and the qualification they never had. Morally viewed, instead of the extension of the franchise to every man being a lowering of the franchise, it would be a raising it from the degradation of dependant and bribe-taking electors to the more elevated level of—

‘A virtuous peasantry, their country’s pride.’

We follow the fortunes of Mr. Somerville with interest. At school the farmer’s sons played with the labourer’s sons, in mimicry of what was then, in 1819, publicly going on in Scotland, taking themselves the part of the soldiers, and giving the poorer boys the part of the ‘ragged radicals.’ One day of this rough play sufficed to send our young radical home in a condition so tattered, that his mother exclaimed, ‘What shall I do with those rags?’ The good mother worked nearly the night through at them. Next day ‘soldiers and radicals’ was again the play. The boy who assumed to be king of the school seized the ‘ragged radical,’ and ordered him to be carried off to be hanged and beheaded. But this was beyond patience, and, says the narrative—‘I amazed the king of the school by giving him a blow in the face, which laid him flat upon his back.’ Those who took his part shared his fate. Some one ran to the school-master to tell him that the ‘ragged radical’ was thrashing ‘Master’ Somebody. Soon a court was held, and complainants with bloody noses, stated their charges against the bloody-nosed defendant. Alexander Somerville was denounced as the party who began the fight, and immediately received six cuts or ‘skults,’ with the ‘taws,’ on each hand and then as many on the places made bare by rents as could be laid in until he reached the coal-hole, where he was confined in the bitter cold until evening. Though he read his lesson from the top of the coals that day, most correctly of all his class, he was told his place was at the bottom of it. ‘The soldiers’ he had defeated resorted to the usual weapon of the worsted, and calumniously told their parents that the ragged radical was as dirty as he was quarrelsome. Unless he was separated from them, they would be taken from the school. For six weeks he sat on a form by himself, on the middle of the floor. But this form had moveable legs, and to take these out became the sport of the son of the rich farmer, who was the proprietor of the school-house. He did this thrice in one day, and then, when the school was out, snatched Somerville’s bonnet off his head and threw it into a pool. Pride in a suit of new clothes made the boy thus mis-

chievous. He thought Somerville would follow his bonnet into the puddle, instead of which Somerville pitched him into it after the bonnet, new clothes and all. This affair brought his sufferings to an end. Certain weavers took his part, and stated his case, and, says the autobiographer, 'this dismal period of my life passed over.'

While we are writing, the newspaper brings news that titles of nobility have been abolished, and equality established in Vienna. Class distinctions are always felt by those who have their superiorities as if they conferred rights of tyranny. What was the farmer's son called 'Master' for, if he could not torment a labourer's son with impunity, or a teacher dependent on his father? There must, therefore, we submit, be less tyranny in all its forms in countries in which equality is established.

Space forbids our following the events of the life of Mr. Somerville until he entered the army. But those who wish to realise the life of a youth in his circumstances, will peruse his volume with satisfaction. He worked in a nursery near Edinburgh for some time, and afterwards became a labourer to masons. Of the tyrannical conduct of masons to their labourers he draws a revolting picture, and we have no doubt with truth and accuracy. The poor are the greatest tyrants to the poor. Were they just, kind, true, and honest, to each other, there would be a mitigation of their lot effected superior to any political or social revolution conceivable. It were a sign of only a limited knowledge of mankind to believe in any class of the people. The Book does not tell us to believe in man, nor in woman either, and experience will correct the mistakes of those who indulge in the superstition which denies the depravity of human nature. The position which a wise man ought to take is, not that of advocacy of democracy against aristocracy, of the working classes against the *bourgeoisie*, or of republicans against kings; but of right, truth, and love, against injustice, hatred, and falsehood, for the sake of each and of all.

The description which Mr. Somerville gives of his trial by a court martial, and of his being flogged, is one of the most powerful passages of its kind in the whole range of literature. The cat was weak against his skin, compared with the force of his pen against the present system of discipline in the army.

Our readers will feel little interest in the adventures of Mr. Somerville in Spain, where he served in the Legion under Sir De Lacy Evans. But the feelings excited by the exposure of the spy system in the recent Chartist trials, and the illustrations they afford of the folly of physical force Chartism, invest with unusual interest the portions of this 'Autobiography' which relate to the conspiracies of the working classes.

With a condensation of his account of the political conspiracy under cover of the trades' unions in 1834, we shall conclude our notice. At the first election after the passing of the Reform Act, the analysis of the returns divided the 658 members into 509 Reformers, and 149 Anti-Reformers. 'Experience proved this estimate to be incorrect,' Mr. Somerville remarks, somewhat innocently. Incorrect undoubtedly! The case of the six Dorsetshire labourers, who were transported for combining to raise the wages of their district, made a profound impression of dissatisfaction among the working classes. On the 13th of May, a body of police dispersed a political meeting in Coldbath Fields, and one of them, Robert Colley, was stabbed with a dagger. 'Justifiable homicide' was the verdict which the coroner's jury returned, and which the Court of King's Bench set aside. In tap-rooms, and in workshops, violent talkers wished the dagger had reached Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary. Meetings were held to memorialise the king to dismiss his ministers, and Mr. O'Connell denounced the authors of the Irish Coercion Bill, and Mr. Attwood reprobated the enemies of liberty who had interfered with the meeting at Coldbath Fields. In the year 1834, the non-electors felt themselves to be a slave-class. The unpopularity of the New Poor Law was at its height. Though the Combination Laws had been repealed, the trades societies still administered their secret oaths, amidst skeletons, blocks, hatchets, rattling chains, and burning brimstone, and blue lights in skulls. Everything was a farce, except the collection of the money. The strike at Derby commanded most sympathy in London. But the mere talkers had the management of most of the societies, and were selected as office-bearers, leaders, and guides. One of the men who acted for Derby decamped with as much money as he could collect. The chief leader of the tailors in their strike filled his pockets and carpet-bag from the treasury, and took shipping for the Continent. But the tailors had their eyes upon him. They pursued him. Ere the packet had left the English coast their boat reached it. They laid the orator upon his back on deck, and they took all the money they could find, except enough to convey him to a foreign country, there to conceal the shame of his dishonesty, and of their gullibility. As the result of their strike, the tailors were compelled to return to work at lower wages than ever, after being starved into signing a declaration that they no longer belonged to any trade's union. The bakers seeing that strikes were useless, resolved, at a public meeting, to spend their funds in a series of jollifications in the public-houses. But there was a minority in the trade who resolved to wipe out this disgrace, by establishing a mutual assurance and

benefit society. This they did in co-operation with their masters, and have maintained it successfully. Of the 'born gentlemen' who took up the cause of the trades' unions, Mr. Somerville is pre-eminently suspicious. One he remarked especially who came into notice in 1834, because he was most enthusiastically applauded for saying in his speeches, no matter how far the other gentlemen upon the platform might go, '*he would go further.*' At the spring assizes of 1834, the Dorchester labourers were sentenced to seven years transportation, for being members of a trades' union and administering illegal oaths. There was a general feeling that they had been hardly dealt with, and petitions in their favour were preparing in every town in the kingdom, when they were hurried out of it.

On the 21st of April, there was to be a grand assemblage of the trades in London, to march from Copenhagen Fields to Kennington Common, calling on the way at the Home Office, and presenting a petition for the release of the Dorsetshire convicts. But the display of numbers to overawe the government, was more the object of the leaders than the liberation of the convicts. Daily and nightly meetings, open and secret, of large numbers and secret committees were held to prepare for the great demonstration. News arrives from France of the success of the trades' unionists of Lyons. They had rescued a member from trial, they received bullets and bayonets bravely, defeated the garrison, and held the town. 'Slaves that we are, knaves let our names ever be, if we suffer our brothers of union to be transported. Death to the tyrant Whigs! Death to ourselves! Destruction to London, and all that it contains, if we be not amply revenged for their wrongs and our own.' Such were the speeches and resolutions of the trade's unionists! An insurrection was expected in Paris. Private information said the men of Leeds were to attack the mills. Two unionists had been rescued from the police at the cost of life, in Oldham. Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, were 'ready to rise.' The news came—'Paris had risen.' But next post brought word that the Parisian insurrection had only been a riot, speedily suppressed by the military; and after four days' fighting in the streets of Lyons, the unionists had been crushed amidst the corpses of seventeen hundred soldiers, and five thousand inhabitants. But the London talkers made light of these defeats. The insurrections in Lyons and Paris had failed because they had not supported each other, and the Parisians had fought in the streets of the poorer inhabitants. 'It must be a blow to the hearts of the tyrants—a stroke on the head, that shall not only do its work effectually and at once, but

be a signal to the whole people to be up, to strike all the tyrants throughout Britain.'

The 21st of April was the day fixed upon for the infliction of this heavy blow. A select few, says this author, were to fall upon Lord Melbourne and his attendants while he was listening to the deputation. Sentries were to be disarmed, ministers were to be seized in their offices, and when the soldiers were rushing to their rescue, the people were to occupy the barracks in St. James's Park. There they would find arms and accoutrements, which would enable them to take the palace, and capture the king and queen, the lords in waiting, and the maids of honour. These were to be held captive until the military capitulated. The military disarmed, the people's guard were to be enrolled. Noblemen and bank directors were to be held as securities for the complete disarmament of the military. As the palace was captured, the bank would be captured. The people's guard were to look after the private banks, until the money could be collected and used for the benefit of the people. The East India House would be the object of similar attentions. The news of the success of this great stroke, of the capture of the palace, the treasury, and the banks, of the captivity of the court, ministry, and maids of honour, would bring the tyrant masters everywhere as suppliants to the feet of their workmen and workwomen, to whom they would disgorge the illgotten wealth of tyranny.

Without the slightest intention of doubting the testimony of Mr. Somerville, we may be allowed to suspect that this scheme owed its origin to the brain of some Powell of 1834. Men quite familiar with the designs of the trades' unions of the period, deny nearly all he says. But to proceed with his account. When an intimation was received from Lord Melbourne that he would receive the deputation, he was set down as 'done for.' Alexander Somerville had acquired, by his conduct in the Scots Greys, the reputation of being 'a man not likely to stick at trifles.' He was urged to join the union. They required a few hundreds of strong and energetic men who would be ready to act. They already had abundance of money, arms, and ammunition. He had suffered from the tyrants in the army, and they would give him an opportunity of avenging himself. Though of no trade, he might join the general union, who were to strike a blow of national importance. He asked what the two or three hundred men they spoke of, were thought to be able to do? They told him they did not think the worse of him for his Scotch caution, but before he could learn more, he must join their body. He became a member. This was on a Saturday night. On the Sunday night they were to meet in

a house near Drury Lane, when he was to be introduced to the secret committee. Somerville began to reflect on all the talk he had heard about seizing the government. He hesitated about going to Drury Lane on the Sunday night. But the desire to know more about the secret committee impelled him. When he reached 'soon after dark the wall of that mean churchyard in Drury Lane, the very earth of which smells of death, he stood there for a time uncertain and brooding over the fate of conspirators, hanged, beheaded, drawn and quartered. He was resolving not to go, when he was seized by the arm, and a person said—

'What, is that you?' 'Why don't you come on? I was looking for you an hour ago. We have been all waiting for you.'

'It won't do,' I said.

'What won't do?'

'To proceed further in the business spoken of last night.' 'Oh! come along. You don't know what the business is. Here are many friends of your's waiting to see you.' Resolved not to be compromised if possible, he entered. In the first apartment he passed through the fumes of tobacco, and through groups of persons who shook his hands as brother unionists, and some of whom were foreigners. One threatened to embrace him, but Somerville fancied his long beard and moustache made him look like Judas Iscariot, and he shrunk from the embrace of democratical fraternity. In the private room, he was hailed as a brother. He seemed the very man for them, for he owed the tyrants a grudge. As a believer in God, it was proposed that he should be sworn. He asked how the notorious and professed unbelievers whom he knew among them were to be bound? It was replied, they believed in the moral obligation of an oath, though not in the religious sanctity of it. He would not engage in any business with others who were not sworn while he was sworn, and he would not swear to do anything until he knew what it was to be. He was told he might be one of the 'glorious band' who were to seize the ministers. Some of the best men in Birmingham, Sheffield, and Nottingham, were to be present, and they would have the benefit of the gallantry of some Poles, and of the experience of certain Parisians who had fought during the 'three days.' He left them, after pledging his word of honour that he would not divulge either their names or their designs. He left them with his faith shaken in democracy.

His horrible secret prevented him from sleeping all night. A happy man would he have been could he have forgotten it, or could he have returned it. Pleading illness as his excuse, he

stayed within doors, brooding over the question whether the duty did not lie upon him of warning the government.

The morning of Monday, the 21st of April, 1834, saw thirty thousand members of the Trades' Unions assembled upon Copenhagen Fields, and twenty thousand spectators. Mr. Somerville had written private letters to all the daily newspapers, requesting them to caution the public and the innocent unionists against exposing themselves to danger. The newspapers were fervent in their warnings. Many sight-seers kept within doors. Unionists stayed away. But of those who went, many judging from the applause with which the verdict of *justifiable homicide*, in the case of Colley, the policeman, who was stabbed for interfering with a political meeting in Coldbath Fields, was received, were persuaded that the public approved of resistance. Many men went armed with sharp instruments, used in their trades—carpenters with chisels, shoemakers with knives and awls, coal-heavers with the knives with which they cut their bread, and the tailors with their shears! But only half the tailors mustered, happily for the ministers!

Mr. Somerville had written a letter to Lord Melbourne, warning him of the danger of receiving the deputation. During the Sunday night, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, with shells and shot, were quietly placed in the barracks, in the Bird Cage Walk, in St. James's Palace, on the parade-ground in St. James's Park, and within the closed gates of the Horse Guards. On the roofs of the government offices were placed light 'mountain guns,' to throw shells into the streets commanding Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge. The park gates were closed. The guard at the Bank was strengthened. The military at all the stations were under arms. The police were armed and concealed. Several additional regiments were drawn to the metropolis. The lord mayor and common council were early on the alert, and the citizens were sworn as special constables. Five thousand householders crowded Guildhall. Aides-de-camp, in plain clothes, reconnoitred for the generals, and messages reported every half hour to the mayor and aldermen the proceedings of the Unionists.

The Rev. Dr. Wade, rector of Warwick, Mr. Robert Owen, and others, joined the deputation. The reverend rector was dressed in canonicals, as an Oxford doctor of divinity. He called for silence while he opened the business by prayer, but was overwhelmed with a shout of derision. Mr. —, who led this shout, was, in turn, shouted down, when he reminded the Unionists that the presence of an armed or hostile multitude at the doors of parliament was treason. A rocket was fired at nine o'clock, as the signal to advance. Mr Robert Owen went

off to the Home Office, to be first. Mr. Phillips, the under-secretary, received the deputation, but told them, Lord Melbourne would not give them an audience, nor could their petition be presented, if accompanied by so great an assemblage. After the petition had been taken from its triumphal car, and carried away in a hackney coach, the procession moved onwards by Westminster Bridge to Kennington Common, whence a squadron of cavalry moved out of sight at their approach. The Unionists numbered about thirty thousand, since two hundred of them passed a given spot in a minute, and they took two hours and a half to pass.

Thus passed this Monday, the 21st of April, 1834, as passed a similar day and demonstration, on Monday, the 10th of April, 1848. Mr. Somerville says, he prevented any evil being done. Sir Frederick Roe, at the desire of Lord Melbourne, sent for him, and asked him to divulge more. He steadily refused. With the lights derived from the recent Chartist trials to help us, we suspect that, but for his prudence in acting as he did, Mr. Somerville might have found himself, if he had entered into this conspiracy, the victim of some government spies.

We have abridged the narrative, because we deem it instructive in several points of view.

1. Ever since the Restoration, the getting up of processions of large assemblages, upon pretexts of petitions, has been a trick of the oligarchical police. The disbanded soldiers of Oliver Cromwell were the first victims of it, as the Chartists are the most recent. These assemblages cause alarm, and the imaginations of spies are fertile enough to feed fear with suitable horrors.

2. Processions are admirably adapted for bringing popular privileges into contempt, especially the right of meeting and of petitioning. The conciliation of 'Humbly Sheweth,' is neutralized by an appearance of an attempt to bully a deliberative assembly, by a display of the brute power of numbers. The arguments of the petition address minds shut against them by alarm and by defiance.

3. When furthered by such means, the cause of the people is seen in connexion with the support—not of the best, but of the worst of its supporters. As a means of a display of the numbers of the men who adhere to any cause, these processions are foolish, for all the men of sense are sure to stay away.

At present, the right to hold open-air meetings and processions is suppressed. Since the Restoration, numerous signed petitions have been allowed, but they are illegal. The consequences of monster petitions and monster demonstrations have been, that the people really have no legal and effectual way now

of shewing their adherence to their principles. This is a fact of serious import in these times.

But we must part with our author. We do so with sincere admiration for his graphic powers of writing, and for his good sense in forming his views. But as a critic must have his snarl, we beg to ask him what right he has in these days, when everyone is half blind with reading, to publish an Autobiography without a table of contents, or an index?

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Rev. John Smith, Missionary to Demerara.*
By Edwin Angel Wallbridge. With a Preface, by the Rev. W. G. Barrett. London: Charles Gilpin. 1848.

WE welcome the publication of these memoirs as an act of tardy justice to a persecuted and noble-minded man. They ought to have appeared many years since, and would, in substance, have done so, had the religious public duly realized their responsibilities. It is well to review the past. While adapted, under some aspects, to elate, it serves, under others, to depress and mortify. We confess to the latter feeling in recalling the history of which this volume treats. There is much in it we could wish to have been otherwise; and while we rejoice in the justice now rendered, we regret that nearly quarter of a century has elapsed before the character of the martyr, John Smith, has been fully portrayed for the inspection of his countrymen. His career was brief,—his death tragical. He was a pioneer in the army of Christian philanthropists who sought the moral regeneration of the Negro race in our colonies; and his end bore witness against the slave system, and revealed the implacable hostility of the white colonists to all who befriended the children of bondage. ‘How has it happened,’ we are ready to ask, ‘that the memoirs of such a man remained to be published in 1848? How is it that prompt and ample justice was not rendered to his name—that the details of his missionary career were not instantly communicated to the British people, with such disclosures of the inner man,—his tenderness, his fidelity, his diligence, his intimate communion with the Father of Spirits, and his scrupulous devotion to the religious interests of his charge, as would have done justice to the individual, while it vindicated the body to which he belonged?’ We are perfectly aware that much was

done ; that the government of the day, for instance, was memorialised, and that the genius of Henry Brougham, in its purest and brightest period, found appropriate occupation in denouncing, before the British parliament, the incarceration and murder of the martyr of Demerara. Of all this we are, of course, informed ; yet we cannot divest ourselves of the impression, that there was a grievous failure on the part of the leaders of the religious world. They did not do for the memory of the individual what ought to have been done. The feeling throughout the country was intense and harrowing, but the measures adopted appeared to us then, and appear to us still, to have been selfish, timid, and short-sighted. Men were afraid to grapple with the real evil. The incubus of slavery was upon our leaders ; its corrupting influences were in our council chamber, and presided at our council board. Our men were afraid to let it be seen that there was an essential incompatibility between slavery and missionary operations. They sought to cloak the truth, and were not, therefore, sorry to let the wrongs of the individual slide out of public notice.

Some facts, however, were patent, and could not be forgotten. A Christian missionary had been persecuted to death. Every principle of English law had been violated ; the safeguards devised by the experience of centuries for the protection of the accused, had been broken down ; the ordinary forms of civil judicature were laid aside, and the highest functionaries joined with the lowest and most heated partizan, in hunting down the persecuted missionary. These facts were known throughout the country, and awakened a strong and universal feeling of indignation and disgust. Some measures were, of course, adopted by the missionary authorities at home, and they sufficed to repel the tide of calumny which had set in against the missionary class. Nay, they went further than this, and showed that the martyred missionary, who had been denounced as a fomentor of rebellion,—a plotter of servile war, was a man of untainted morals, of inoffensive demeanour, peaceful in his spirit, and absorbed in his religious vocation. But here they stopped, and, in doing so, they failed to discharge their duty to their martyred brother, and to meet the crisis which had arisen. The truth of the matter is, that the religious public were not then prepared to face their obligations. They talked of slavery as a civil institute, entered into a compromise with its abettors, and, while indignant at the treatment of Mr. Smith, continued to enjoin their missionaries to abstain from interfering with what was termed, in the equivocal language of those days, the domestic institutions of the colonies.

‘ It appears,’ said the dying missionary, in his last letter to the

directors,—and his words throw a melancholy light on the vitiated state of feeling then prevalent,—‘as if the directors have some apprehensions of its having been possible that I have diverted my mind, in some measure, from the real object of my mission, and entered into a correspondence and connexion with some of those societies which are formed for the gradual abolition of slavery. I can assure the directors that this is not the case, no letter or correspondence of the kind ever having occurred between me and any society.’

Conciliation was still the order of our councils. A timid and stolid policy was persisted in, until the Jamaica insurrection broke up the unholy compact, by reducing our missionary committees to the alternative of abandoning their West India stations, or of denouncing the inherent wickedness of slavery. So strong was the feeling to which we advert, that, had it been possible to silence William Knibb, the same course would have been persisted in to this day. Happily, he was equal to the crisis, and his fortitude decided the case. Missionary directors were compelled, for very shame, to bestir themselves, when William Knibb—a noble embodiment of the hero character—avowed his determination, come what would, to make known the wrongs of the Negroes to the British people. But we recur to the memoirs before us.

The volume is introduced by Mr. Barrett, whom we are happy to meet in such a service. His brief preface is ably written, and triumphantly shows, in concurrence with the evidence of all other impartial witnesses, that the Emancipation Act has been productive of a larger measure of good than was even predicted. ‘I assert,’ he says, ‘in calm confidence, as an eye-witness, and as having lived in Jamaica and British Guiana many years, and as one who has visited and obtained information from most of the other islands, that the moral and religious results of emancipation have far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.’ Those of our readers—should there be such—who entertain any doubt on this point, will do well to read attentively Mr. Barrett’s preface. He does not disguise his conviction of the sinister arts which are employed to mar the working of abolition, or of the delusive statements and false charges by which it is attempted to mislead the British public. For a brief period these arts may be partially successful, but we have no fear for the issue. A vigilant eye is directed to our western colonies, and so soon as danger is apprehended, the British people will be summoned again into the field to complete the work of mercy. The memoirs introduced by Mr. Barrett are written by a fellow-missionary and now in Guiana. No apology is needed for the ‘style or arrangement’ of the volume, which is written with considerable

taste, and displays throughout the strong and clear convictions of an earnest and sympathising mind. 'It has been penned,' the author informs us, 'amidst the daily and multifarious labours and cares of a mission station. It has been written in Demerara, for the people of Demerara: it is intended mainly, though not exclusively, for 'the freedmen' of this colony, and their children.'

Mr. Smith was born at Rothwell, in Northamptonshire, on the 27th June, 1790. His father was slain in an engagement between the English and French in Egypt, and his mother being left in very straitened circumstances, he was mainly indebted to a Sunday-school for his early education. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a Mr. Blunden, of London, who, perceiving that his education had been neglected, 'kindly offered to instruct him.' His progress under so indulgent a tutor was rapid, but the early part of his London life was not distinguished by any indications of a religious character. Referring afterwards to this period, he says, 'It pleased God in the course of his providence to remove me to London. The charms of the metropolis, the evil insinuations of my new associates, and the wicked propensities of my depraved heart, soon almost entirely effaced the good impressions I had received at the Sunday-school.'

His early impressions, however, were re-awakened in 1809, but the calmness and good hope of religion were not known till the following year, when a sermon preached by Dr. Leifchild, from Isaiah lv. 6, 7, led him to apprehend the remedial character of the Christian system. 'It dispelled,' he says, 'my fears, it eased my conscience, and gave me confidence in the mercy of God.' Scepticism may smile at what it deems religious enthusiasm, and hypocrisy may assume the garb, and talk the language of piety, but ten thousand facts attest the integrity of that great moral change which we term conversion. It is easy to mystify and to sneer at it, but the laws of an inductive philosophy must be discarded before its reality is disproved. Its phenomena in the present case were clearly developed, and became features of permanent character. Mr. Smith abandoned his vain and sinful pleasures, found delight in the religious occupations of the Sunday, became a regular attendant on public worship, associated himself with the church assembling at Tonbridge Chapel, and undertook the unostentatious and self-denying labours of a Sabbath-school. His punctuality, diligence, and good sense, won the confidence of his associates, while his efforts at self-improvement were rewarded by a rapid accumulation of useful knowledge. 'His exhortations,' we are told, 'to the Sabbath-school children were so serious and impressive, that it was evident he

had made rapid progress in the acquisition of divine knowledge, and that his character and capabilities were being formed for a scene of more extensive usefulness. He was indeed preparing, under the gracious providence of God, for that more important field in which he was destined to become so conspicuous.'

Such was the process by which the future missionary was trained for his work. It was at once simple, direct, and in perfect adaptation to its object. He was led on from step to step, and it was only as his success in a subordinate sphere was proved, that he ventured to contemplate the occupation of a higher and more onerous post. This is as it should be, and fatal consequences have ever resulted from the adoption of a different course. The ministry of religion, whether exercised at home or abroad, is no mere profession, to which idleness, imbecility, or indifference may betake themselves. It is a work, a labour, a spiritual vocation, which *he* only should undertake whose own heart is deeply imbued with the religious element, and whose fitness has been tested by appropriate and manifold labours.

We are not surprised to find that Mr. Smith desired to engage in missionary work. Unconsciously to himself he had been preparing for it, and when, therefore, at the close of his apprenticeship, he made a tender of his services to the London Missionary Society, he only did what our previous knowledge of the man might have led us to anticipate. His stedfastness was tried by a delay of two years, when he was placed by the Directors under the tutorage of the late Rev. Samuel Newton, of Witham.

'Under his judicious direction, he pursued with exemplary diligence his classical and theological studies; and conducted himself in such a manner as to secure the cordial esteem of Mr. and Mrs. Newton, with whom he kept up a friendly correspondence long after he left Witham. 'Whilst he was with us,' remarked Mr. Newton, in the year 1820, to a friend, 'our young friend Smith, by his amiable temper, his diligence, and especially his unassuming piety, endeared himself to all, and especially to us. We esteemed him as a son, and never did we part with a young man who had so strongly engaged our affections. I was fully persuaded he would prove a blessing wherever he went, and I am happy to find that he has, by the grace of God, justified my high opinion of him.'—p. 13.

At the close of his preparatory studies, Mr. Smith was appointed to proceed to Demerara, of the religious condition of which then it is scarcely possible to form too low an opinion. The colony had been finally ceded to the British crown by the Dutch, in 1803, when only two churches existed in it, at the distance of one hundred miles from each other. Demerara had been a perfect charnel-house to the Negro race. Its slavery was of the

worst kind, and Christianity was therefore a forbidden guest. In 1805 a Wesleyan missionary had visited the colony, and having informed the Governor that his object was to instruct the negroes in the principles of Christianity, he was told, 'If that be what you are come to do, you must go back. I cannot let you stay here.' 'May it please your Excellency,' inquired the missionary, 'may I call on you another time?' 'No!' was the stern reply; 'there will be no occasion, as you cannot stay. I suppose you will go back in the mail boat.' A better prospect was subsequently opened through the medium of Mr. Post, a proprietor, who wrote to the directors of the London Missionary Society, requesting them to send out a minister for the instruction of his slaves. This led to the appointment of Mr. Wray, who arrived in the colony early in 1808, and was afterwards joined by other labourers. A divine blessing rested on their ministrations, which only served to irritate the great mass of the white inhabitants.

Mr. Smith, with his wife, landed in the colony on the 23rd of February, 1817, and was speedily admonished of what he had to expect from the authorities.

'The expediency,' says Mr. Wallbridge, 'as a matter of state policy, of the religious instruction of the people, had not then been recognised by the planters and colonial authorities. It was thought safer to keep the people in darkness, than to afford them light. When, therefore, two days after his arrival, Mr. Smith was formally introduced by Mr. Elliot, to Governor Murray, he was not received very cordially. Mr. Smith's own account of this interview will best show the reception he met with, and the encouragement which was then given to instruct the people for whom so much pretended concern is now manifested.—' His Excellency frowned upon me. He asked me what I had come to do, and how I purposed to instruct the negroes. I answered, by teaching them to read; by teaching them Dr. Watts's catechisms; and by preaching the gospel in a plain manner.' To which he replied sharply, '*If ever you TEACH A NEGRO TO READ, and I hear of it, I will BANISH YOU from the Colony immediately.*'—p. 21.

Such was the reception given to a British subject by the highest functionary of the colony, and it was in perfect keeping with the part he acted in 1823. We want language to express our sense of its injustice and want of dignity. But there was another side to the picture, and to that we turn. The degraded, brutal, only half human negro, gave the messenger of mercy a far different reception. The white man had refused his claims to kindred, had maligned his character, cruelly trifled with his social sympathies, and sought to unfit him for heaven as he had rendered him miserable on earth. Yet Mr. Smith reported respecting the commencement of his labours: 'Although it was

a wet day, the chapel was nearly full. I was much pleased with the negroes. They were more attentive than many congregations in England. Many, yea very many, are hungry for the bread of life. There is a great prospect for success. There are many hundred negroes who attend my preaching, besides white people.'

The missionaries were not allowed, at this time, to teach the negroes to read, yet many of the latter overcame all the difficulties of their position, and, in spite of wicked laws, and the keen eye of suspicious masters, gained an acquaintance with the first elements of book knowledge. Others, both children and adults, who could not read, knew the catechisms of Dr. Watts and of the Assembly, perfectly well, and what they knew they were most active in their efforts to impart to others. The usual effects followed. Mr. Smith's instruction told on the habits and character of the negroes, and for a time things looked promising.

'Their masters,' he says at the close of 1817, 'speak well of them in general; nor have I heard, (though constantly inquiring,) more than one single complaint made by any master or manager in consequence of religion, and that was, 'That the man was too religious; and he, (the master,) did not think slaves should be so religious. And the fellow, (continued the master), is not satisfied with being religious himself, but stays up at night to preach to others.' I asked whether he had any other fault to find with him: the answer was, 'No; in every other respect he is a good servant; so much so, that I would not sell him for 6,000 guilders, which, according to the present exchange, would be about £460 sterling.' This is a good solid argument of the master's, to prove that religion had not spoiled the negro.—p. 27.

The missionary band, however, were not without early intimation of the hostility of the whites. 'Our character as a body of missionaries,' he reports, 'is represented in the blackest colours,' and his biographer records that, from the first, 'Mr. Smith, instead of enjoying the countenance and sanction of the civil authorities, and other leading persons, had to contend with increasing reproach and opposition, and was watched with the most suspicious vigilance.' His course, however, was so blameless, that his enemies, or rather the enemies of his religion, could find no occasion against him, and he therefore continued to labour with increasing success among his sable flock. It was a trying post which he occupied. Indeed, the people of this country can form no idea of the difficulties which beset their missionary agents in the colonies. Instances of brutal oppression were perpetually witnessed, which, however harrowing to their feelings, they were, nevertheless, prohibited from reporting. Every feeling of humanity must have prompted an exposure of the wrong, but the wrong-doer was in power, and to expose his cruelty was to insure the hostility of the colonists. One instance

will suffice as an illustration. It is taken from Mr. Smith's private journal, and is only an example of what frequently occurred. It is well that such cases should be kept before the public view. We too readily forget the atrocities practised under the old system, and are thus deluded into sympathy with the interested outcry which the West India party are now so loudly raising. There is, too, a false delicacy on this point, which might admit of excuse if it did not encourage, under a somewhat modified form, the re-enactment of the same misdeeds. Slavery, in name at least, cannot be re-enacted, but the immigration scheme which the colonists now patronise, and which the officials of Downing-street favour, is adapted to produce many of its worst fruits. Mr. Smith records,—

'At the prayer-meeting this morning, I observed one of the deacons of the church pray with unusual affection for such as are persecuted for religion, that the hardships they suffer might not cause them to turn their backs upon the Saviour. When the service was concluded, I inquired of him if all was well where he came from? He said, according to human appearance, all was not well; that last Friday his master had nearly *the whole of his men* severely flogged, because, as his manager told him, they would not work on the preceding Sunday: he remarked that the manner in which he inflicted this punishment added much to its severity; three stakes were driven into the ground, one for each hand, and one for both the feet, to which the poor creatures were tied, stretched out at full length with their backs upward,—a driver was placed on each side of the poor wretches, so fastened, to lash them alternately, that the job might not take up too much time. In this way they were punished one after another, each receiving about fifty lashes on his naked skin. In the course of the day, several others confirmed the fact. No wonder so many of the slaves speak ill of religion, and say it brings them into trouble.'—p. 63.

Such was the state of things during the whole period of Mr. Smith's residence in the colony. That it produced dissatisfaction was inevitable, and that this re-acted on the tempers of brutal managers and overseers cannot be doubted. The planters ruled by terror, and the knowledge of this kept them in perpetual alarm. They felt that a volcano was beneath them, and trembled lest it should explode. Their fears were partially realized in 1823. In the commencement of that year, the British parliament had resolved on the mitigation of West India slavery, and instructions were, in consequence, forwarded to the several crown Colonies, directing the abandonment of the flogging of women, the withdrawal of the whip as a symbol of authority, and other modifications in the treatment of the slaves. This order in council was received by General Murray, on the 7th July, and was regarded by the slaveholders, of whom the Governor was

one, as an unwarrantable interference with their vested rights. It was denounced, in the fiercest tone, at the table of every planter, within the hearing of their domestic slaves, who naturally reported what they heard to others. An impression was, in consequence, extensively made that 'freedom had come out from home,' and when week followed week without any official notification being made of the Instructions, the negroes concluded that the planters had resolved to withhold the boon.

'Another source of irritation arose from the restrictions that had lately been laid on them, especially on the negroes of the east coast, with regard to their attendance at chapel on Sundays. The governor, it appears, under cover of a professed desire to meet the wishes, or rather to comply with the commands of the king's government, but in reality to throw an impediment in the way of the instruction of the slaves, had issued certain instructions, dated 16th May, 1823, under which it was ordered, that no negro should go to worship *without a pass from his master!* Such passes were difficult to obtain, and were often refused. In accordance, too, with the recommendation of Governor Murray, an overseer was sent with the people, under the pretence of seeing that they did attend a place of worship, but in reality to be a spy upon them and their minister.'—p. 73.

In this state of things some of the negroes applied to Mr. Smith to know whether their freedom *had* come out. He informed them that it had not, but that something was intended for their good, and 'advised them to wait patiently until the governor should see fit to make it known.' With this advice they complied for a time, but at length their patience was exhausted, and on the 18th August the slaves on the east coast broke out into open rebellion. On the following Thursday, the 21st, Mr. Smith was summoned, under the authority of Dr. M'Turk, a captain of militia, to enrol himself as a militia-man, which he properly declined, pleading his legal exception as a minister of religion. His arrest speedily followed, with a coarseness and brutality of which colonial history only furnishes examples. The following is Mr. Smith's account, taken from a communication addressed to the first fiscal:—

'In about three-quarters of an hour afterwards, our house was again beset with soldiers, consisting of a troop of cavalry, under the command of Mr. Simpson, and the company of infantry, under the command of Mr. Nurse. Mr. Simpson, in the foulest language and the fiercest manner, demanded why I had dared to disobey Captain M'Turk's orders? I told him, that I was entitled to an exemption from military services. 'D—n your eyes, sir,' said he, 'if you give me any of your logic, I'll sabre you in a minute; if you don't know what martial law is, I'll show you;' at the same time brandishing his sabre in my face, in a menacing manner, and swearing that I was the cause of all this disorder. He

then called for a file of men to seize me, while others ordered my chaise to be got ready; and Mr. Nurse, or some one by his order, I suppose, went up stairs and took away all my papers; some sealed up in a desk, and the others loose in the drawer which had been sealed. As they insisted on Mrs. Smith leaving the house, I requested Captain M'Turk to allow us five minutes to pack up some linen and lock up the place. But, in less than three minutes, I apprehend, a file of soldiers came to the bottom of the stairs, and said to me, 'If *you* don't fetch Mrs. Smith, by God, sir, *we* will.' In this manner we were hurried away from our house and property, without being allowed time to bring away a change of clothes, or to lock up our doors. After keeping us in the road about three-quarters of an hour, they escorted us to town under a military guard.—p. 87.

On this narrative it is needless to remark. Mr. Smith, it will be perceived, was arrested for refusing to carry arms at the command of Dr. M'Turk, and not as a fomentor or ringleader of rebellion. This charge was an after-thought, and evidently arose from the subornation of witnesses which followed. He was hurried off to George Town, and was incarcerated, together with his faithful wife, in a garret, near the roof of the colony-house, exposed to the burning rays of a sun which, in the shade of their country residence, stood at eighty-five degrees. They were deprived of all change of apparel, were refused the use of pen and ink, and were forbidden, for seven weeks, even to correspond with the directors of the London Missionary Society. The insurrection was instantly extinguished by an overwhelming display of military force, and a terrible retribution on the negroes followed. In the course of a few days the colony returned to its accustomed state. The despatch of Governor Murray to the Colonial Secretary, states, that on the 26th public tranquillity was nearly restored, and by the 1st September all traces of the revolt, save the victims it left, had disappeared. Yet martial law was continued until the 19th of the following January, and advantage was taken of this uncalled-for violation of the rights of British subjects, to constitute a *military* court for the trial, or rather the conviction—this result having been previously resolved on—of a Christian missionary, whose only fault was the honest and diligent discharge of his spiritual vocation. There is no need to comment on the constitution of this court, or on the tenor of its proceedings. But one opinion prevails respecting them. Men of all parties are now agreed, in the words of Lord Brougham, 'that there never was exhibited a greater breach of the law, a more daring violation of justice, a more flagrant contempt of all those forms by which law and justice were wont to be administered, and under which the perpetrators of ordinary acts of judicial oppression are wont to hide

the nakedness of their crimes.* On the 24th November, amid 'loud shoutings of joy,' the persecuted missionary was pronounced 'Guilty,' and sentenced 'to be hanged by the neck until dead.' 'But the court,' it was added, 'under all the circumstances of the case, begs humbly to recommend the prisoner, John Smith, to mercy.' Such a verdict, founded on such evidence, and combined with such a recommendation, was never known before. 'No honest jury,' said Dr. Lushington, in the House of Commons, 'ever pronounced such a sentence as that which the court-martial at Demerara pronounced upon Mr. Smith; and it could have emanated from nothing but the most virulent spirit of prejudice. *They knowingly and wilfully gave a false verdict.*' The most remarkable feature of the whole proceeding, was the recommendation to mercy with which the sentence of the court closed. 'They were bold enough,' said Lord Brougham, 'in trying, and convicting, and condemning the victim whom they had lawlessly seized upon; but they trembled to execute a sentence so prodigiously illegal and unjust. . . . And not without reason—not without irrefragable reason did they take the alarm; for verily, if they HAD perpetrated the last act—if they had DARED to take this innocent man's life (one hair of whose head they durst not touch), they must THEMSELVES have died the death of the murderer. Monstrous as the whole proceedings were, and horrid as the sentence that closed them, there is nothing in the trial from first to last so astounding as this recommendation to mercy, coming from persons who affected to believe him guilty of such enormous crimes.†

Mr. Smith was now removed to the common jail, where he was 'placed in a room on the ground floor, with stagnant water beneath, whose pernicious miasma, passing through the joints of the floor, some of the boards of which were a quarter of an inch apart, were of deadly influence to him in his weak condition. The window of the room, too, required repair; but although Mr. Smith's medical friend loudly complained of these things, he was kept in this unwholesome cell for seven weeks.'

Mr. Smith's frame gradually sank under the rigor of his confinement. It needed not that the sentence of the court-martial should be executed. The hand of death was upon him, and his brutal persecutors rejoiced in the accomplishment of their object, while they cowardly sought to shelter themselves from the punishment which would have followed his murder. He felt that his end was approaching, yet never faltered in his confidence, or regretted the course he had pursued. 'Were I at liberty, and my health restored,' he says to the directors, 'I would again proclaim,

* Lord Brougham's Speeches, vol. ii. p. 54.

† Ibid. p. 93.

all my days, the glad tidings of salvation amidst similar opposition.' He was a noble-minded and earnest man, and his memory should be had in everlasting remembrance. His faith was a reality, which gave him peace and hope in his dying hours. As he had lived for the good of others, he died in the 'sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to everlasting life.' This event occurred on the morning of February 6th, and his murderers forbade his widow to follow his remains to the grave. Woman's devotion, however, was not to be foiled. Prevented from following the corpse of her husband, Mrs. Smith, with her noble-hearted friend, Mrs. Elliott, determined to meet it at the grave. 'They left the jail at half-past three o'clock in the morning, dark as it was, accompanied only by a free black man, with a lanthorn, and proceeded to the burial-place, where they beheld the mournful spectacle of a beloved husband and a dear friend committed to the silent grave. The funeral service was read by the Rev. W. S. Austin, who incurred general odium in the colony, because he dared to vindicate the character of a man whom he believed to be perfectly innocent of the crimes laid to his charge.'

Thus terminated the earthly career of the Martyr of Demerara. The guilt of his murder—for such it really was—lies as heavily on his persecutors, as if they had consummated their crime by dragging him forth to a public and ignominious death. It was in their hearts to do so, and nothing but fear deterred them. They knew the infirm state of his health, were admonished by his medical attendant of the inevitable result of his incarceration in so damp a room, heard from day to day of his growing weakness, and denied him, so far as was in their power, the solace which the dying receive from the kind offices of attendant friendship. 'But the righteous hath hope in his death.' No malice could deprive the dying saint of the inward consciousness of having discharged his duty, or shut out from his soul those ineffable joys, which spring from intimate communion with the Father of spirits. These he possessed in a large measure, and they give a beautiful finish and completeness to a life, whose memoirs we commend to the early perusal of our readers. We thank Mr. Wallbridge and Mr. Barrett for the service they have rendered, and cannot too strongly express our conviction of the importance of such memorials being deeply pondered by the British people.

ART. VIII.—*The English Review*. No. XIX. September, 1848. London: Rivingtons.

WE have placed the title of the last number of the 'English Review' at the head of our present article, on account of a paper it contains on the British Anti-State-Church Association. It is our intention to examine the principal statements and arguments of this paper, and we proceed to do so under the persuasion that we shall thus furnish ourselves with means of defending the movement they are designed to impugn. A good cause gains as much by the objections of its enemies, as it does by the recommendations of its friends.

It is, perhaps, necessary for us to inform our readers, that 'The English Review' is a quarterly publication, devoted to the interests of the High Church party. It has set itself unceasingly to sing a cuckoo song about the unity, catholicity, and authority, of what it calls Anglicanism. This system it holds in the most exclusive form possible, and it is therefore engaged in a constant warfare, not only with Roman Catholicism and Protestant Dissent, but with all the parties, except its own, into which the Church of England is divided. The effect of this is somewhat curious. Loftier pretensions and more extensive aims than are here asserted and developed, it would be difficult to find; and yet the great characteristic of the ground on which these proud hopes are built is its extreme narrowness. The views both of doctrine and polity entertained are eminently little; their bigotry is of the smallest kind; and a total want of sympathy with anything beyond the very confined limits they embrace, is one of their most striking features. As we have perused the pages of this Review, we have been led to suppose that the air of superiority assumed in it, arises as much from an unconscious attempt to hide the contracted character of what it has to support, as it does from a strong feeling of hostility to what it has to oppose. Whether this be the case or not, there is an evident contrast between the claims advanced and the foundations on which they are made to rest.

The paper on the British Anti-State-Church Association, to which we desire to direct particular attention, has some appearance of fairness on the face of it. When we first read it, we were inclined to think well of the moral principles under the guidance of which it was drawn up; but a second reading shook our faith in its honesty, and every reference we have since made to it, has confirmed the unfavourable opinion we then adopted.

One thing we have been especially impressed with, and that is the employment of objections, in the principles of which the

reviewer himself cannot concur. This manifestation of insincerity we shall have occasion to notice in more than one instance, but we think it our duty to point to it here, as distinctive of the course of observation adopted to a greater degree than our examples will indicate.

What mainly gives the show of fairness to this production, is the evident fact that, its author has fully acquainted himself with the publications of the society on whose proceedings he animadverts, and exercised much diligence in estimating the influence which that society has exerted. He has thus done his best to obtain a competent knowledge of the subject about which he has written. When, however, we proceed to inquire as to the use he has made of this knowledge, we discover a sad falling off from integrity. Instead of meeting, or attempting to meet the principal points in the publications he has studied, he has merely picked out for observation those paragraphs which he thought would best answer his purpose of opposition, falsely representing them, as containing the essential matter of the question he professed to discuss. The substantial difficulties of that question, as stated by those with whom he chose to contend, he has invariably passed over, in favour of minor considerations, which served the immediate effect he wished to produce.

We do not at all wonder at this, when we call to mind the avowed motive under whose impulse this writer undertook his work. He tells us, that certain causes now in operation, 'are unquestionably calculated to make the most sincere and devoted churchman feel that the connexion between the church and the state is productive of the most serious, not to say of intolerable evils;' and that 'under such circumstances it is not surprising that numbers, guided by impulse rather than by mature judgment, by zeal, rather than by knowledge, rush to the conclusion, that the severance of the connexion between church and state is not only allowable, but would be a positive benefit to the church; that they should, as the report of the executive committee, for 1847, expresses it, 'turn their eyes to an alternative which practically will bring them alongside of the British Anti-State-Church Association.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 128. This strange state of things it was which stimulated him to favour the world with his ideas, on the subject he has taken in hand.

'It is something,' he says, 'to be clearly aware of the danger of this alternative; and it is with a view to bring those who may be tempted into it, acquainted with the company into which their aspirations for a separation between church and state must lead them, rather than from any notion of the intrinsic importance of the Anti-State-Church Association.'

ciation, that we are induced to drag forth that body from its obscure notoriety, and to bring its constitution, its principles, and its action, under the cognizance of the members of the church.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 120.

Now this confession we believe to be true. The whole cast of the paper which it is brought forward to justify, proves its truth. That paper is intended to frighten churchmen, not to answer the arguments of dissenters. It would have borne a different character, if the latter had been its object. But that was not its object. Its object was to dress up and paint a monster which would appear particularly terrific to *Anglican* eyes. This object is wrought out with considerable skill; and we suppose many of the 'sincere and devoted' are now trembling before the ghostly figure which has, with pious care, been stuffed for their benefit. With this part of the affair we have, however, nothing to do. We are simply concerned with the plan of action thus exposed, as accounting for the selection of topics for animadversion, which our author has made. To our minds it accounts for this selection most fully. The choice exercised in this matter is just such an one as would most naturally suggest itself to a person who had no desire to enter into the true merits of the case with which he pretended to deal, but who was anxious to avail himself of the prejudices on his own side of that case, which prevailed among those to whom his appeal was addressed. There is some excuse for this politic proceeding, the case being emphatically one of the kind in which,—

'To be direct and honest is not safe.'

After making the statement we have quoted, relative to the motive by which he was led to compose this article, the reviewer proceeds to trace the history of the Association which forms its subject. He discovers its origin in the agitation which was occasioned by the proposal of Sir James Graham's Factory Education Bill. To the opponents of that bill, he most unjustifiably attributes the following sentiment, as descriptive of their opposition:—

'Rather than run the risk of the additional influence which this Education Bill may give to the ministers of the hated state-church, let us doom thousands and tens of thousands of factory children to ignorance and to eternal ruin. Perish their souls! rather than that the church should flourish.'—*Ib.* p. 132.

This sentiment is rightly designated as 'ferocious;' but the ferocity belongs to the man who invented it, in order to bring a false accusation against his neighbours, and not to those in

whose mouths it is put. Has not the Church of England, in days gone by, strenuously opposed schemes for national education, which *abstained* from 'giving the additional influence' to its body, embraced by Sir James Graham's bill? It has. And would this slanderer think it just to accuse the members of the church, in these instances, of 'dooming thousands and tens of thousands of children to ignorance and eternal ruin?' The cases are parallel, as far as his argument is concerned, with this difference against his application of the argument, that the church opposition was purely sectarian in its character, while the opposition of dissenters was directed by a desire for equal liberty only. In the face of these facts, we are warranted in affirming, that the accusation under our notice is not *honestly* preferred, inasmuch as it would be repelled with indignation by its author, if brought to bear upon similar conduct to that which it reprobates, as practised by his friends. In the very number of the 'English Review' containing this slander, it is said:—

'We are not satisfied with any system of national education, which votes a farthing for the direct support of heresy and schism. Nay, we consider such a measure to be diametrically opposed to the first principles of our constitution, in church and state.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 228.

This, under the circumstances, is a somewhat startling utterance: but instead of retorting the charge about 'perish their souls,' and so forth, we will give our author the benefit of a defence devised for such characters as he, by a son of his own church:—

'The saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do:
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.'

Hudibras, Part ii. Canto 2.

We come now to notice *the religious principles* which this reviewer attributes to the conductors of the Anti-State-Church Association. He thus enters upon that part of his subject:—

'We look in vain in their principles for anything beyond that of *destruction*: in vain for any elements out of which another, even though it were an erroneous system of religion, might be built up, when they shall have succeeded in levelling the structure of ages with the ground. While the gospel serves as the pretext for their aggression upon the church, they are not themselves agreed what the gospel is; nay, it is evident that any positive form of belief, even if they were prepared to give their assent to it to-day, would not be admitted by them as a per-

manent standard or symbol of truth. The privilege of denying everything, if it shall so please them, of being bound by nothing, is the only tangible idea which runs through all their statements and arguments: this they hold to be the very essence of religion, even that 'liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 133.

This description is at once true and untrue.

It is true that the object of the Anti-State-Church Association is destruction. That is its professed object. It seeks to destroy the connexion existing between church and state. That it does so, is not its fault, but its glory. It regards this connection as an evil,—a scandalous and dangerous wrong,—and its members are but discharging their duty to society, when they unite together to remove that evil. That the principle on which they unite, is destructive, only tells to the discredit of those who have rendered destructive efforts necessary. Were there nothing which ought to be destroyed, this charge of destructiveness would amount to a just accusation; but as the case stands, the destructiveness is honourable, in proportion to the fidelity with which its measures are adopted and pursued. Does the gentleman who urges this objection, mean to say, that a course of action should be reprobated, merely because it is destructive, whatever be the character of that against which it is directed? If not, he has used the word destruction, in the instance before us, in order to deceive his readers as to the point of accusation he prefers.

But the most important part of his accusation is untrue. He represents the destructiveness which his opponents bring to bear against the state-church system, as characterising the religion they profess. Now this is not the case, and he knows that it is not the case. It is not consistent with fact, that they 'hold the privilege of denying every thing, if it shall so please them, of being bound by nothing, *to be the very essence of religion.*' This investigator may have 'looked in vain,' in attacks upon the establishment theory, 'for any elements out of which another, even though it were an erroneous system of religion, might be built up;' but he must be well aware that this was not the proper place to look for anything of the kind. The advocates of the Anti-State-Church Association carefully abstain from introducing the interest of their own religious views as the ground of their advocacy. This is one of the avowed conditions on which that advocacy is conducted. No one could read their publications without being fully aware of the existence of this condition. The principle of voluntarism is the only common principle of their society; and it is a misrepresentation of the

essential character of that society to pretend that it is responsible for the construction of any 'system of religion.' Bad, however, as this misrepresentation is, the one which transfers the negative rule observed within the pale of this society, to the religious opinions entertained by the members of the society themselves, is much worse. This latter misrepresentation could not have been made in ignorance. The writers and speakers of the Anti-State-Church Association are, for the most part, well known to possess distinctive religious views, which they do not hesitate to assert on all legitimate occasions. It is very evident to every one who knows anything about the matter, that the destructive efforts they direct against all state interference with religion, have, as to their destructive tendency, nothing to do with the nature of the religion they individually cultivate. A more shameless libel upon them could scarcely be stated, than that they regard such an absurdity as 'the privilege of denying everything,' to comprise 'the very essence of religion.' It may be the case with this writer, that every society to which he thinks proper to unite himself, directly expresses his sectarian belief, but he has no right to make his own illiberality in this respect the standard by which he judges of others.

There are two religious principles which our reviewer detects in the publications examined by him, and with which he is especially offended. The one may be called the *anti-creed* principle, and the other the *anti-infallibility* principle.

The former of these principles is thus expressed in a quotation given in the Review from Mr. Grant's Tract, entitled 'The Church of Christ—What is it?'—

'It is plain that the supreme tribunal to decide this cause, is a man's own private judgment, and that the Bible is to be the statute-book by which this decision is to be regulated. Every one's own conscience is to test all church pretensions by the standard of God's word.'

This principle is shown, by the aid of another extract or two, to result in a 'variety of development' as far as the church is concerned. The 'supreme tribunal does not pronounce the same judgment in all minds, nor, indeed, in the same mind at all times.' Upon this state of things we are treated with the following dictum :—

'Such is the painful vagueness to which men are reduced when walking by the light of their own understandings, they separate the word of God from the living witness to whose keeping he has committed that word, and from those life-giving ordinances by which he has made provision for the nurturing in oneness of faith and spirit, because in oneness of life with himself, those who are willing to seek the grace and

truth of God humbly, reverently, obediently, and by faith, in the way prescribed by God.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 134.

So much for the anti-creed principle. The anti-infallibility one may be sufficiently gathered from the following statement, forming part of a quotation taken by the reviewer from a tract by Mr. Morris :—

'It is impossible not to believe that we are in the right ; but it is improper to believe that we cannot but be. Decidedness of belief is perfectly compatible with the stern denial of infallibility ; and we are bound to cherish a constant and candid spirit of enquiry by the very grounds on which we have received, and do hold our actual faith. Whatever tends to check this spirit is a serious evil.'

The important part of the comment made upon this principle is contained in these sentences :—

'Viewing truth as all the professors of such doctrines do, as a production of the human mind, the material of which is taken from the Bible, but the fashion supplied by man himself, nothing, of course, can be more consistent than this perpetual scepticism underlying every conviction, even at the moment when it is most firmly entertained ; nor can anything more clearly demonstrate the total absence of that which alone gives to religious truth, substance, and reality in the mind of man, the effectual operation, the conscious and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 136.

We have taken some pains to give, by means of this selection, a fair, though it is necessarily an abridged representation of the collision of sentiment with regard to religion existing between this reviewer and the writers whom he assaults ; and we shall now beg leave to make a remark or two of our own upon the merits of this case of religious opposition.

We have then, in the first place, to say, that if our author's principles were correct, and the principles he controverts were incorrect, this circumstance would be of no importance to the real question with which he has to do. Let it be conceded, for argument sake, that the word of God ought to be taken in connexion with 'a living witness to whose keeping it has been committed,' and that 'to be willing to adopt fresh views of religion, if they possess the necessary proof of being right views,' and thus 'to keep the heart open to every intimation of the Divine will,' is 'to demonstrate the total absence of the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit ;' let this be granted, and yet it does not by any means follow, that 'the living witness' should be patronised by the government, or that 'the operation of the Spirit' should be assisted by legislative authority. Those are the true points in dispute, and they are not touched by this talk in favour of creeds and infallibility. A church when discon-

nected from the state may be constituted with every arbitrariness and arrogance which its members will sanction ; and the most exclusive theory of ecclesiastical polity is reconcilable with an adherence to the Anti-State-Church Association. We are told in this paper that 'connexion with the state is by no means essential to the being of the church'—'English Review,' No. xix. p.129.—and we would add to that sentence, by way of corollary, that no assertion of the religious pretensions of the church will establish a right to connexion with the state.

We observe, in the next place, that the principles laid down by our reviewer, in opposition to his anti-state-church antagonists, cannot be sincerely held in the strictness here claimed for them. There is, in this number of the 'English Review,' an article on a Roman Catholic book, entitled, 'Loss and Gain.' In that article the Church of England is occasionally defended on much the same grounds as those denied to the writers of the Anti-State-Church Tracts, and concessions are made that destroy the force of the sentiments urged against those writers. A few extracts from this article will put the matter under our notice in rather an odd light :—

'Each man must answer for himself to his God, and not another, and scripture expressly charges us to call no man 'father,' in the sense of infallible judge, and absolute lord and master.'—Ib. p. 46.

'The ultimate appeal for each *individual* must be to his conscience, which must be guided by the authority of the church ; yet not despotically so'—Ib. p. 62.

'There is a moral certainty, not an external absolutism in the church's manifestation of Christianity.'—Ib. p. 61.

'We shall be told, the Spirit does conduct into all truth. We reply, into all saving truth ; such truth at least as shall suffice for salvation : but not necessarily to dogmatic infallibility ; or what becomes of the doctrine of 'invincible ignorance,' which it is admitted may consist with the gifts of the Spirit.'—Ib. p. 49.

We leave these declarations with our readers, as a remarkable example of the manner in which a man may 'condemn himself in that thing which he alloweth.' It is not, indeed, within our knowledge that the article on 'Loss and Gain' was written by the same individual who wrote the article on the British Anti-State-Church Association ; but though this may not have been the case, we are perfectly justified in thus bringing the sentiments of the two articles face to face. It is one of the distinctive characteristics of this 'English Review,' that it prides itself upon the unity of sentiment it professes to uphold. It is devoted to the interests of a fixed ecclesiastical theory, whose exclusive truth is continually asserted. Such being the case, a comparison of one part of it with another, by whomsoever its dif-

ferent parts may have been written, is not only fair, but obligatory upon us. The obligation especially applies to questions so important as those on which we are now touching. There is a spirit of compensation relating even to such a matter as editorial responsibility; and thus the inconsistency which would elsewhere call for no remark, is here a proper subject of grave accusation. A claim to superior deference exposes its author to a penalty proportioned to the haughtiness with which it is asserted.

We have, in the third place, to object most seriously to the inferences drawn by this reviewer from the principles on which he animadvert. We do not at all shrink from the adoption of those principles. We believe that 'the best way to secure religious progress and improvement, is to leave religion to the unfettered understandings, wills, and consciences, of men.'—'Tracts for the Million, No. 8.' quoted in the 'English Review'—and we also believe, that possessed as all men are of the elements of fallibility, and surrounded as all men are with influences favourable to error, it is a mark of humility, as well as of honesty, while we are faithful to our present convictions, to be ready to receive others.'—'Religious Bearings of the Anti-State-Church Question,' p. 12, quoted in the 'English Review.' On the other hand we admit with the reviewer, the necessity of 'the effectual operation, the conscious and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit,' in order to 'give to religious truth substance and reality in the mind of man;' though we reject the authority of any ecclesiastical corporation, as 'a living witness to whose keeping God has committed his word.' In our agreement with him, as well as in our disagreement, we have the concurrence of the writers of the Anti-State-Church Tracts, as the tracts themselves will show. Now we think it is quite unwarrantable to deduce from such premises as these the following conclusion:—'Viewing truth as all the professors of such doctrines do, as a production of the human mind, the material of which is taken from the Bible, but the fashion supplied by man himself, nothing of course can be more consistent than the perpetual scepticism underlying every conviction, even at the moment when it is most firmly entertained.'

This sentence is, in both parts of it, untrue.

Scepticism and free inquiry are very different things, and none but a person enclosed within the walls of a mere authoritative system would think of confounding them with each other. Not only is it the case, that a firm persuasion of truth may consist with a constant habit of investigation into the subject of that truth; but the investigation strengthens the persuasion, as far as it is a legitimate one. It is the nature of

truth to gather support from every fresh examination to which it is exposed; and instead of 'scepticism underlying' the convictions which are adopted in connexion with a determination to 'prove all things,' all that is 'good' in those convictions must be 'held' the faster by reason of such proof. About this charge of scepticism we need not, indeed, have said more than that one of the paragraphs on which it is grounded, pleads for 'decidedness of belief as compatible with the liberty for which it contends;' and that in another page of this 'English Review' we are told, that though 'it might be convenient to the slothful, were no ground afforded for the exercise of conscience or of reason, God has willed rather to allow of the possibility of evil through the medium of liberty, than to create a world in which knowledge and bliss should be perfect and universal.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 72.

Equally inapplicable is the assertion, that the professors of such doctrines as these, of the right and duty of private judgment, 'view truth as the production of the human mind, the material of which is taken from the Bible, but the fashion supplied by man himself.' The Bible is with them, as we have seen, 'the statute-book by which their decision' as to truth 'is to be regulated;' 'the standard' by which all 'church pretensions are to be tested.' It presents to 'the human mind,' according to them, 'the fashion,' as well as 'the material,' of truth, and it is the *application only* of that truth, which, in their estimation, should be 'supplied by the man himself.' This is their theory of the matter, and it is not in any sense liable to the imputation here cast upon it. That imputation does, however, belong to the theory advocated by our reviewer. A system of churchism based upon creeds and forms of human device, which, though professing to rest for support upon the scriptures, insists upon other terms of subscription than those which the scriptures themselves afford, could hardly be more accurately described, than as '*taking the materials of its truth from the Bible, but suffering the fashion of that truth to be supplied by man himself.*' Nor is this our opinion only. It is an opinion advanced in the very publication in which the imputation we are examining is contained. Thus speaks this 'English Review' of the Articles of the Church of England:—'The Christian faith is enshrined in the Holy Scriptures, but its expression and its form are capable of indefinite variety, consistently with the preservation of the substance of revealed truth.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 34.

'*Hamlet.*—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

'*Polonius*.—By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

'*Ham*.—Methinks it is like a weasel.

'*Pol*.—It is backed like a weasel.

'*Ham*.—Or like a whale?

'*Pol*.—Very like a whale.'

Before we dismiss this part of our subject, we have a word or two to say upon the relation really sustained toward faith in religion and Christianity, by the spiritual freedom which has occupied our attention. Such freedom we believe to be not only reconcileable with, but absolutely essential to faith. Wherever faith exists, freedom must exist in the same degree, and as far as freedom is repressed, the necessary conditions of faith are destroyed. It is a misnomer to call mere reliance upon authority, faith; for, though reliance itself is one of the results of faith, it is an exercise of intelligence as distinguished from submission to authority, which gives to it that character. Intelligence cannot be exercised apart from freedom. It ceases to be intelligence when it ceases to partake of the nature of personal choice. Just in proportion, then, to the interference suffered with regard to the principles on which this choice proceeds, is the injury done to the faith professed. In that proportion it loses the vital quality of faith. Instead, therefore, of conceding to our author the boastful sentiments in which he indulges about the reality, and life, and substance of the faith which his system promotes—instead of regarding that system as favourable to the discovery of anything like 'absolute and unfailing truth.'—'English Review,' No. xix, p. 135; we are prepared to contend, that what characterises the system is subversive of faith, and that it is only by partaking of the virtue of the opposite system, that faith is possible to it at all. One of the greatest evils attaching to the Church of England, has been the influence adverse to faith, which it has exerted. That influence has not only been extensively operative upon those without the pale of this church, but it has been scarcely less powerful upon those within that pale. It has substituted for faith that which has only the outward semblance of this principle, and that semblance is none the less destitute of the reality it endeavours to imitate, because the imitation involves an exaggerated display of the submission to which faith naturally leads. Every blessing is connected with responsibilities which expose to danger, and thus the free conditions on which faith must be obtained, require to be carefully guarded from abuses to which they are liable; but to repudiate such conditions is to forfeit the good, which cannot be secured but by their means. It is in this direction that the doctrines point, which we have been endeavouring to confute; and we would recommend to the advocates

of such doctrines the following judgment, passed upon the Roman Catholic portion of them, in this self-same 'English Review,' 'In reality, these complainers would know truth as truth, without the slightest effort, without the least responsibility. Christianity must be written for them in the stars, or they cannot believe it. They will not 'walk by *faith*.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 71.

The observations we have just made are intimately connected with correct views of what is called *the voluntary principle*. That principle does not embrace one of the modes of religious action which we are at liberty to put aside, in favour of another mode of that action. It embraces the only mode of religious action recognised by Christianity; nay, it supplies the only mode of action which can with any propriety be called religious. To compare it with any other principle in this application, is sheer folly. There is no other principle which the subject does or can admit. This includes all the religion of the case with which it has to do; and whatsoever arises from any other principle, is essentially destitute of the religious element. If this fails, there is nothing else to succeed. But it cannot fail. To talk of its failure is an abuse of words. In its form of principle it comprehends every agency possible to the subject. The compulsory principle is limited by the external force which can be brought to bear upon men; but the voluntary principle engages on its side all the power of those whom it influences. There is no limit to its influence, but the limit of human ability. This is its character, *as a principle*, and whenever we hear it spoken against as such, we feel convinced that the speaker is ignorant of that whereof he affirms. He might, with just as much consistency, speak against the *interest* itself which he connects with voluntaryism, for the whole of the available resources bearing upon that interest, are covered by this principle. It is true that the principle is, in the present state of things, very often partially and unfaithfully acted upon. It does not, therefore, produce the fruit which it is capable of producing. But to say this, is to say nothing against the principle itself. If that be preserved in its integrity, we should but rejoice the more that the shortcomings of its professed friends were severely dealt with. Toward those shortcomings we do not bear the least favour; but we demand that they be not put down to the voluntary principle, but to the weakness of those by whom that principle is administered. If this simple justice were done, the argument of our opponents, as far as it had to do with principle at all, would cease to exist.

There is an attempt made, toward the close of the paper on which we are commenting, to defend the Church of England

against the attacks to which its anti-voluntary character exposes it. The defence consists of three statements—that state-endowment does not exclude the principle of voluntary support—that those who oppose this mode of endowment, act inconsistently when they attempt to secure toward their objects ‘steady and unfailing funds’—and that voluntaryism does not sufficiently prosper in the hands of its most zealous adherents.

The second of these statements we put on one side, as pure nonsense. If our reviewer is really ‘at a loss to understand the difference between an endowment and the securing of a steady and unfailing fund.’—‘English Review,’ No. xix p. 162; we cannot further instruct his simplicity than by saying, that such a fund may be raised without the aid of any endowment, and that ‘steady and unfailing,’ is a phrase expressive of the moral calculation applicable to the subject, not of the amount of money lodged in legal securities. This part of the case, however, we willingly pass by, as almost beneath notice.

As to the first and third of the statements to which we have just alluded, they may be taken together, and thus replied to. If the voluntary principle is not carried out by the persons who adopt it, to the extent to which they ought to carry it out, its operation among them is nevertheless more extensive and beneficial than that of any other principle would be; and if state support does not altogether preclude the working of that principle, it so far impedes it as to present the lowest and weakest manifestations of its power. We deny, in the most emphatic terms, the assertion here made, that ‘if returns could be obtained of the voluntary contributions of churchmen toward the support of the clergy of the establishment, the amount of them would be found quite equal to, if not considerably exceeding, the contributions levied upon the voluntary principle, among all the dissenting sects put together.’—‘English Review,’ No. xix. p. 160. This is notoriously opposed to facts, and was, we believe, merely said at random, to serve the purpose of the moment. The truth of the matter is, that with all its defects of application, voluntaryism has vindicated, and continues more and more to vindicate, in this country, its title to be the one great means of religious action, which answers at once to the Christian and the philosophical requirements of the subject; and that the condition of the Church of England supports that vindication, by its inability to fulfil the religious purposes which its numbers and its power offer to its hand. Fettered as it is by its political alliance, the great body of its people are an inert mass, as far as religion is concerned, and the efforts here and there made by some of its members are convulsive struggles against the pres-

sure of its chains, rather than indications of the healthy and universal vigour which freedom would call forth.

The *political opinions* expressed by this English Reviewer are, if anything, more objectionable than even his religious ones. Their expression is occasioned by some sentiments published by Mr. Miall, in a tract entitled, 'Religious Establishments incompatible with the Rights of Citizenship.' Those sentiments relate to the duty toward God, in consistency with which a citizen ought to exercise the political power assigned to him. It will be unnecessary for us to quote the paragraph containing them; inasmuch as not only its general import, but its most distinctive phrases, may be easily gathered from the adverse remarks upon it, which we proceed to give:—

'Mr. Miall admits, that there is such a thing as 'the powers that be,' an authority which is held from God.' And how does he conceive that this authority should be exercised? In the utmost plenitude of its power, is the answer. He who is invested with that authority 'held from God,' must not 'commit suicide upon it.' If he fails to wield it to the full, for the repression of all that would oppose its salutary and consecrated action, he is reminded that he 'throws into the treasury of unrighteousness the whole amount of power which he surrenders.' What, again, is, according to Mr. Miall, included within the legitimate scope of the exercise of that authority? Is it to be a merely temporal authority, confining itself to the supervision of the material interests of the state, the nation; or is it to extend its care to the furtherance of true religion? is it to concern itself about the spiritual welfare of its subjects, about the salvation of their souls? Most assuredly it is to do the latter, and that under the most solemn responsibility to Him from whom the authority is derived, and who will call upon those whom he has entrusted with it, to 'give up an account of their stewardship.' 'If there be,' quoth Mr. Miall, 'anything religiously offensive, anything displeasing to our Lord and Master, anything subversive of Christian purity, peace, or power,' the 'trustee of political sovereignty,' holding his office 'from God,' is, by his position, and by his studied neglect of the duties of it, an open party to its continuance.' Mr. Miall has a word of kind, and withal stringent admonition for 'trustees of political sovereignty,' if they should chance to be remiss in removing whatever is 'religiously offensive, displeasing to our Lord and Master, subversive of Christian purity, peace, or power.' He thus apostrophises such unfaithful stewards: 'God has introduced you into one of the highest relationships of temporal life, and you tell him that you will attend to none of the obligations of your trust. He has made you rulers, and you leave the people to perish through your indifference.'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 137.

Now, we confess our amazement at the degree of assurance possessed by the man who could forge this misrepresentation of the views of his opponent, lying as those views did, at the time, plainly before him. The main point of the description we have

quoted, is an impudent misrepresentation. Mr. Miall does *not* hold that government is to 'extend its care to the furtherance of true religion; is to concern itself about the spiritual welfare of its subjects, about the salvation of their souls.' He holds the opposite of this. His tract was written to establish the opposite. It bears this intention upon every part of it. The sentence about what is 'religiously offensive, displeasing to our Lord and Master, and subversive of Christian purity, peace or power,' is expressly directed *against* a state 'extending its care to the furtherance of true religion.' The thing particularly mentioned as 'religiously offensive,' is 'an established church.' The slightest doubt could not have been entertained as to Mr. Miall's real meaning, for he had taken the pains, in connexion with the paragraph copied by the reviewer, to protect his language from the abuse which is here committed with regard to it.

'Let us guard ourselves,' says he, 'against misrepresentation. The boundaries of citizenship in every country are marked out by human wisdom or by human folly: and *all that we would be understood as affirming* is, that the boundaries having been prescribed and settled, in any given case, each one who is placed within those boundaries, is placed there by providential dispensation.'—'Religious Establishments incompatible with the Rights of Citizenship,' p. 9.

Here, then, is an instance of the most shameless perversion. It is a desperate cause that requires a resort to such desperate means, and it will be seen, as we proceed with our extract, that the palpable fiction we have exposed, is the only ground on which the subsequent argument in favour of political injustice is built. Take that fiction away, and the whole superstructure falls. The argument is as mendacious in its premises, as it is tyrannical in its conclusion. It is thus stated:—

'The point to which we would request the attention of Mr. Miall, and of those who share his opinions, is the bearing of his arguments upon the hypothesis, after all not a very preposterous one, that there is such a thing as a kingly power, of divine institution. Let it be supposed, that by 'the powers that be,' we are to understand, not the sovereign people, of whose divine authority we are not aware that mention is made anywhere in Holy Writ—we will thank Mr. Miall to set us right if we are wrong,—but those whom Holy Scripture points out by name: 'kings, and all that are in authority;' let it be supposed, moreover, that these 'kings,' 'ordained of God,' being diligent in reading their Bibles, have found therein certain passages in which false teachers are spoken of with reprobation, as those 'whose word eateth as doth a canker,' in which those who 'separate themselves' are denounced as 'sensual, having not the Spirit;' in which it is declared, that 'the mouths of unruly and vain talkers, and deceivers, must be stopped;' in which, among the evils that shall befall the church in 'the last days,' is mentioned the fact, that

' they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts, shall heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables,'—the fable of ' Voluntaryism,' Anglicé Willinghood,' as one of the Tracts for the Million has it, for example :—suppose the ' kings,' who, ' holding their office from God,' are ' trustees of political sovereignty,' feel it their duty to put a stop to the babbling of these self-constituted teachers, who tickle the itching ears of fickle hearers, or take advantage of the ignorance of the multitude, for bringing a mass of ' railing accusation,' such as the tracts of the British Anti-State-Church Association contain in rich abundance, against the church divinely ordained by Christ and his apostles, and established in the land for the instruction and guidance of the people ; suppose they are sensible of the full weight of responsibility which rests upon them, if they suffer ' anything religiously offensive, displeasing to our Lord and Master, subversive of Christian purity, peace, or power,' to continue in the land,—what, in that supposition, would become of Mr. Miall, the executive committee, the council, the conference, together with all the delegates and members of the British Anti-State-Church Association ? Would they not be proclaimed an offence and a nuisance, and forcibly put down, on the principle, that, unless this were done, ' the whole amount of power surrendered by the trustee of political sovereignty would be thrown into the Anti-State-Church treasury of unrighteousness ? With what face, upon his own showing, could Mr. Miall stand up, and complain of persecution ? Upon what ground could he find fault with the state support of the church, seeing that he himself declares it to be a cause of present rebuke and future judgment, for those whom ' God has made rulers,' to ' leave the people to perish through their indifference.' We want no more stringent argument in support of a state church,—a state church rigorously opposed to dissent and nonconformity of every kind—than the principles laid down by Mr. Miall himself, on behalf of the Anti-State-Church scheme, backed up by the usurpation of the democracy over ' the powers that be,' ' kings,' and others that ' are in authority.' Mr. Miall's principles would warrant the suppression of dissent and nonconformity,—which the church does not call for :—the exclusion of separatists from offices of trust and power would be a matter of course, being, in truth, a means of self-defence, which a state, directed by wise counsels, would never neglect or relinquish, under a mistaken idea of the nature of toleration, and in forgetfulness of the bounds by which toleration is separated from admission to power.'—*English Review*, No. xix. p. 138.

This foolish parallel is just as if a pickpocket should say to an honest tradesman, you and I are both engaged in getting money. The point of comparison would lie in that case between a similarity of pursuits, as it lies in this between a similarity of religious professions ; and the point of difference in the two cases is exactly the same, viz., a total opposition as to the moral principles, in consistency with which the conduct is shaped.

It is quite true, that kings, as well as subjects, are placed under religious responsibilities with regard to the exercise of the political power entrusted to them. The responsibilities of the one party may, therefore, be fitly illustrated by those of the other. But who, in his senses, would think of comparing them together, without first ascertaining the purposes and means with which political power ought to concern itself? Those purposes and means prescribe the limits within which the responsibility of both kings and subjects should be confined; and to take no notice of such limits, is to make anything or nothing of the subject, as fancy or passion may dictate. It is here said, for instance, that the parallel relied upon would 'warrant the suppression of dissent and nonconformity, which the church does not call for;' and we may add, that there is no extent of abomination which it would not warrant. It would, as it is conducted, warrant the hanging or burning of every dissenter in the land. It is perfectly worthless for any purpose of argument, inasmuch as it proves a great deal too much. It is confessed to prove a great deal more than its author thinks to be right, and it really embraces modes of procedure which he would not dare to hint at.

A very obvious limit to the religious responsibility with which the administration of civil government has to do, is, that it should preserve a perfect equality of treatment between the different religious parties in a state. The state is constituted for the equal benefit of all its subjects; and, as another man's religion stands in the same relation to him as ours does to us, the interest of every one in connexion with this subject should be regarded, as identified with the opinions which he himself holds. In dealing with our own religious interests we have to follow the personal convictions of our own conscience in the matter; but in dealing with the religious interests of others, we have to respect their conscientious convictions, just as we desire ours to be respected. This is surely right and Christian. We can quote for it the universal command—'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' We can confirm our particular application of this command by the apostolic rule of judgment—'Conscience, I say, not thine own, but of the other; for why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?' Need we say with what an unconsciousness of Christian duty on the subject, this plain principle of justice is violated in the paragraph of the review on which we are now remarking. 'The church, divinely ordained by Christ and his apostles, and established in the land for the instruction and guidance of the people,' is, according to that paragraph, the sole religious interest with

which the government should concern itself; and it describes the 'exclusion of separatists from offices of trust and power,' as 'a means of self-defence, which a state, directed by wise counsels, would never neglect or relinquish, under a mistaken idea of the nature of toleration, and in forgetfulness of the bounds by which toleration is separated from admission to power.' This is, verily and indeed, to 'trust in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these.'

There is another limit to the religious responsibility belonging to the conductors of civil government, which we cannot but notice as applicable to the extract before us. That responsibility should be fulfilled, not only in consistency with the equal religious rights possessed by all the subjects of the realm, but also in consistency with the particular class of duties which the nature of government prescribes. That which it may be the duty of a man to perform in one relation of life, may cease to be his duty in a different relation; and it is very easy to find in the Bible, warnings and reprobations which, as to the manner of their execution, do not come within the range of human duty at all. The duty of a state is confined to the promotion, by the outward force of law, of those secular interests with reference to which alone a state is constituted. Now, it would appear, that no definition of the duty of the civil power has dawned upon the mind of this reviewer. He has brought forward a number of scraps of passages of scripture, some of which have only to do with the Divine government, while others relate to departments of human conduct quite separate from that which is appropriate to the civil magistrate. These he has strung together, without the slightest reference to the principles of obligation with which they are, or are not, connected in their original use. Some of these fragments, for example, are taken out of the Epistle of Jude. What has the Epistle of Jude to do with 'trustees of political sovereignty?' Nothing at all. And the same may be said of every other portion of this patchwork: It is altogether destitute of any real bearing upon the question in hand. Any degree of absurdity, or wickedness, may be supported by the scriptures, if it be allowable to employ them after this fashion; and the man who does so employ them, quoting their sacred words in false senses and applications, just to suit the intentions of his sectarian bigotry, as though the word of God were a mere collection of slang given to him, that by its means he might add point and force to the expressions of an impotent malice, dishonours and wrongs the cause of revelation as much as he sins against the claims of humanity. We should have thought, it might have occurred

to the mind of any one who arrogated to a church, or a state, the power of taking vengeance upon the ungodly, whom the spirit of prophecy declares shall appear in 'the last days,' that the same spirit describes, as one of the characteristics of those days, that in them 'the man of sin shall be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, *shewing himself that he is God.*'

These then are the political principles which it is thought necessary to array in defence of the position occupied by the Church of England—that the government has a right to exclude from offices of trust and power all separatists from the one form of religion which it chooses to patronize; and that its authority in this direction, may be stretched to an assumption of the supreme dominion in religious matters which the Bible attributes to the almighty Ruler himself. There could not be a stronger testimony to the truth of the principles advocated by the British Anti-State-Church Association, than is afforded by the fact that they are obliged to be met by such rabid insolence of assertion as we are thus presented with. Lest our readers should think we have spoken too severely on this part of our subject, we will lay before them a gem of a sentence which the reviewer has, with special commendation, transferred to his pages from those of Mr. Robert Montgomery:—

'If the state really desires to do her duty towards God and Christ, towards the nation, nay, towards the dissenters themselves, she must no longer assume a wavering position, halt, hesitate, tamper with conscience, trifle with principle, and crawl for ever in the venality and vileness of a pitiful expediency, but at once stand forth in the high majesty and holy rectitude of a Christian constitution, and say to sectarianism, 'We tolerate your existence as a necessary evil and social nuisance not to be avoided; but an external, positive, and divine organization like the national church in this country, is that religious communion which reason, revelation, conscience, and common honesty, demand, we should sustain and encourage.'—*Ib.* p. 166.

We commend to the author of this sentence the following confession of the original Parolles:—

'Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.'

The large space we have occupied obliges us to touch very briefly upon the remainder of the paper we are examining. This, however, we do not regret, for what yet lies before us is of far inferior importance to that over which we have passed. It mainly relates to two points—the means employed, and the results accomplished by the Anti-State-Church Association.

It is quite unnecessary that we should set up any defence for *the means* which the Association has employed. They will for the most part commend themselves to the good sense of mankind, even as they are described by their enemies. We do not pledge ourselves to the perfect taste of every statement and expression contained in the Anti-State-Church publications ; but we submit ; that—to rouse dissenters to political action against the ecclesiastical establishments of the country—to insist largely upon the desecrating influence of state support, as manifested in the character and administration of the Church of England—and to inform the public mind by cheap tracts, and popular lectures—are most legitimate methods of conducting the moral warfare in which the promoters of this movement are engaged. It is easy to sneer at these things. It is easier still to assume a pious indignation at their success. Charges of vulgarity may be apparently supported, by reference to those ludicrous images which the anomalous position of a secularized Christianity cannot fail to call up in the minds of those who see it as it really is. But contempt, and passion, and affected gentility, will not in this instance lessen the merit of the cause against which they are directed. It is a cause too strong in its justice to be shaken by such small shot. There is, moreover, a manifest want of keeping in the tenderness with regard to the use of hard words affected by a person, one of whose most familiar weapons is the accusation of ‘blasphemy,’ and who sums up the operations of his opponents as ‘four years speaking, canting, railing, and lying.’

In this part of the review we meet with a very notable instance of the insincerity we have had such frequent occasion to point out. An extract is given from a tract on ‘The Duties of Sunday School Teachers in relation to State Churches,’ to the effect that ‘they should teach dissent dogmatically, or on their own word.’ We do not altogether approve of the sentiments contained in that extract, though we think it quite unfair to present it, as is here done, alone, when it is immediately followed by a corrective paragraph, with the heading, ‘*You must teach dissent logically, or by reasoning.*’ Passing this by, however, the extract quoted is censured in these words :—

‘If Mephistopheles himself had been consulted as to the best way of undermining the church, he could scarcely have given better advice than this, to take advantage of the unsuspecting confidence of the young and uninformed, and to instill into their minds the *acetum* of ‘dissenting truth,’ in reliance on the moral axiom, that this being once effectually accomplished, ‘*Quodcunque infundis, acescit.*’—‘English Review,’ No. xix. p. 143.

Now it is satisfactory to know, that instead of Mephisto-

pheles having been consulted, this advice in spite of his 'swellings and his turkey-cockings,' may be traced to the veritable Pistol with whom we are now endeavouring to deal. Thus speaks the 'English Review' itself.

'It is assumed as the Anglican rule, that protestants of the church of England should and do *begin* with *inquiry*. Artfully put as this is, young men may thoughtlessly presume it to be true; but could the author of this book have failed to know, that protestants of the church of England *begin* with *faith*, as much as Roman catholics; that they are taught this implicit faith in childhood; that it is the first lesson conveyed to them; that the Anglican church gives her entire doctrinal teaching as so many positive facts, not as problematical possibilities?'—'English Review,' No. xix. p. 57.

The '*Quodcunque infundis, acescit*,' ought not in this instance, surely, to have been disjoined from the '*SINCERUM est nisi vas*.'

In estimating *the results* accomplished by the Anti-State-Church Association, a singular parade of statistical calculations is exhibited. A business-like air is thus given to statements which are in themselves perfectly deceptive. We can assure our readers, for example, that the account contained in this 'Review' of the number of members really belonging to the Association, and the amount of money expended in its interest, is altogether incorrect. Various elements bearing upon both these points are left out of the calculation. We happen to be writing this part of our article in a town where a large and well-organised body exists, which is actually working in the closest co-operation with the Anti-State-Church Association, but whose numbers and the amount of whose funds do not appear in any of the reports the Association has published. This and similar circumstances were not, perhaps, within the knowledge of the writer in the 'English Review;' but enough must have been known to him to produce the conviction in his mind, that the inferences he has pretended to draw from the facts open to his investigation, are fallacious. We are not anxious, however, to set this portion of the case in its true form, for we attach but little importance to it. In our opinion, the Association has not received from the dissenting public that degree of active support to which, in consistency with the principles of dissent, it is entitled; but it is gradually extending its influence among all classes of dissenters, and gives continually increasing promise of attaining to the station it ought to occupy. The progress it is making, is, with us, a matter of unfeigned rejoicing. The appearance of this notice in the 'English Review,' is one of the signs of that progress. The author of the notice cannot but be aware, that three years ago he could have concocted a state-

ment of its condition much less favourable to its prosperity, than he can now venture upon; and he cannot but fear, that three years hence, he will have to admit the fact of a very large addition to the figures he has thought proper to put down. With this state of affairs we are well content. 'The little one has become a thousand,' and we are confident that it will still go on until it grow into 'a great nation.'

One of the statistical tables with which we are furnished, is of so strange a character, that we feel bound to take particular notice of it. It professes to set, in different columns,—the number of souls to one clergyman in each diocese of the kingdom—the number of Anti-State-Church districts, and of delegates to the Anti-State-Church conference, in these dioceses—the number of souls to one clergyman in the Anti-State-Church districts—and the provision made for the clergy in these respective divisions of the country. The object of this table is to prove, that where the church is in what is called the most efficient operation, the Anti-State-Church Association has been least successful. This, we are told, could not have been the case, if the church were really the source of the frightful evils depicted in the Association tracts. Now all this is a piece of pure humbug. It is so utterly and ridiculously beside the mark, that we are persuaded it was devised under a consciousness of its true character. It could prove nothing, and it was never meant to prove anything. It is neither more nor less than a solemn farce, played off upon the credulity of the 'sincere and devoted,' whom it is meant to dupe. We have not taken the trouble to examine whether the figures inserted answer at all to the facts they are brought forward to represent. This would be quite a work of supererogation. The very construction of the table is a cheat. We might point this out in various ways, but we shall confine ourselves to one illustration of it. In reckoning the number of souls to each clergyman in these dioceses and districts, no account at all is taken of dissenters as forming any part of them. This is a serious and, under the circumstances, a suspicious omission. It vitiates the whole story. The visits of the Anti-State-Church agents to any district, will naturally depend much more upon the number and activity of the dissenters in that district, than upon any particular state of the Church of England there. The number of souls to each clergyman in a district is, moreover, most materially affected by the amount of dissent which the district contains. When dissenters are deducted from the gross sum of the population, the remainder may present the very opposite result, as to church efficiency, to that which this table exhibits. What are here described as inefficient districts, may thus be

found, after all, to be labouring under a peculiarly uncomfortable burden of churchism. This we know to be actually the case in some of the instances cited. The specimen we have just given is, we repeat, but one of many proofs which could be given of the entire folly of this calculation. It can only be paralleled in the records of fiction. The nearest parallel to it with which we are acquainted, is Dickens's account of the ingenious communication made by Mr. Ledbrain to the statistical section of The Mud-Fog Association—in which the number of legs belonging to the manufacturing population of a great town in Yorkshire, was compared with the number of chair and stool-legs in their houses, and the conclusion was arrived at, 'that, not taking wooden or cork legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person, ten thousand individuals were either destitute of any rest for their legs at all, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes.' The rich absurdity of this, wants, however, the gravity of the 'English Review' to render it still richer.

It was to have been expected that our reviewer could not abstain from using the weapon which the *Regium Donum* put into his hands. Accordingly, we are told of 'starving dissenting preachers clinging naturally enough to this pittance.' We do not complain of this reference, but, on the contrary, rejoice at it. We hope that such just expressions of contempt will have the effect of removing this scandal from dissent, and perhaps we cannot better conclude our present observations than by offering a word or two of our own, toward that removal.

The late exposure which has taken place on this subject, ought, we think, to rouse the general public in opposition to the *Regium Donum*, for that grant has been proved to bear upon it almost every objectionable mark which can attach to a grant of public money. It answers no end to which it can be applied, except the end of a little government patronage; and it is connected with no responsibility by which any abuse of it can be prevented. It is to be classed with those disgraceful jobs which exist only for the purpose of extending the influence of the State. It is, perhaps, the very worst of those jobs, inasmuch as it involves a determination to fix the brand of slavery, by means of a few of their associates, upon men who have cast off the slavery itself. To such men the government says, in effect, 'You may be free, but as long as we can forge a pretext for doing so, we will deprive you of full credit for the freedom of which you boast.'

But, though the public has to do with this case in the form we have just stated, the grossest part of that case applies to

dissenters themselves, rather than to the community generally. Dissenters have not only to do with the principles on which the government acts in this matter, but they have to do with the men who make themselves the tools of the State, to the disadvantage of dissent. They are dissenting ministers who, in this instance, profess to represent dissent; and we have to tell them plainly, that they do not possess the character to which they lay claim. They do not represent dissent in any form or degree. It may be a subject of debate between them and us, whether their opinions or ours are most accordant with the true principles of nonconformity; but it is and can be no subject of debate, whether or not they were ever chosen to the office they sustain. They never were so chosen. They cannot produce any credentials from the denominations in whose name they presume to act. They are self-elected. They have agreed to call one another representatives, and that is their sole qualification for the character. Surely we are justified in appealing to the honour of these gentlemen, against their compromising the views and wishes of their brethren, by taking this authority, and distributing this money in other than their own names. Surely they are bound either to give up the character they have assumed, or to come before the dissenting world, in order that that character may be legitimately conferred upon them. We ask them to try the question we have just mooted. We ask them to appeal to the constituencies whom they profess to represent. We ask them to seek from the different bodies in whose name they act, for powers by which they may be constituted the almoners of the government for the benefit of the poor ministers belonging to these bodies. This is among the fairest and most reasonable of demands; and while they abstain from thus placing themselves in the only relation to the point in hand which can establish the truth of their own assertions, they may sophisticate as much as they please, but all they say in their own defence will be regarded as idle wind.

We make this appeal to them under the conviction, that higher interests are involved in their conduct than those which relate to the political principles we hold. This *Regium Donum* becomes, in the case of many a poor man, the instrument of adding to his poverty the shame of a wounded conscience. It forms a temptation to him to do what he considers to be wrong. Having yielded to the temptation, the victim endeavours carefully to conceal his weakness from all whose opinion he respects; and the effort at concealment increases his sense of degradation. These things ought not so to be; and we put it seriously and earnestly to the gentlemen who aid the government in distributing this money, if it is just and Christian on their part, to

cast this temptation in the way of their brethren, or to risk the possibility of thus planting thorns in the breasts of those whom poverty has placed within their power, and lowering the moral character of the order to which they themselves belong.

Their own characters cannot escape from the corrupting influence of the false position they have condescended to occupy. Who can doubt that it is the intention of the government, in granting this money, to weaken and pervert the dissent of this self-constituted commission of London ministers, and make them instruments in supporting the church from which they are separated. That intention is fulfilled. It cannot but be fulfilled. It is impossible for them to resist the influence which is thus exerted. We are convinced, that if they had not stood in the relation to the government in which they do stand, what has lately been published in the names of some of them, never would have appeared. In any other connexion, they would have been ashamed of the kind of arguments they have used. They could not have written and said what they have done, on the voluntary principle. Their respect for logic as well as liberty, would have rebelled against the attempt. It is pitiful to see them thus damaging their characters,—their intellectual characters, in deference to the subordinate situations they occupy toward the minister of the day; and we entreat them, in all kindness, for their own sakes, to ‘come out, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.’

Brief Notices.

Mosheim's Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. A new and literal Translation from the Original Latin, with copious Additional Notes, Original and Selected, by James Murdock, D.D. Revised, and Supplementary Notes added, by James Seaton Reid, D.D. 8vo. pp. 904. London: Simms and M'Intyre.

A NEW translation of Mosheim's Institutes, has long been called for. Dr. Maclaine's version was known to be defective in many important respects. His own confession was sufficient to prove the little reliance that could be placed on it. ‘I have sometimes,’ he says in his preface, ‘taken considerable liberties with my author, and followed the spirit of his narrative without adhering strictly to the letter; and have often added a few sentences to render an observation more striking, a fact more clear, a portrait more finished.’ Whoever will

be at the pains of comparing this translation with the original, will see, as Dr. Murdock remarks, 'that he has essentially changed the style, and greatly coloured and altered in many places the sentiments of the author.' The work is thus rendered heavy and tedious, and in many places 'obscure and indefinite.' Its credibility as a history is also impaired, and opinions have been foisted on the author, for which the translator alone was responsible.

Such being the case, we are thankful to Dr. Reid for having declined the proposal of Messrs. Simms and M'Intyre, to edit a cheap edition of Maclaine's version. He wisely directed their attention to Dr. Murdock's excellent translation, which had recently appeared in the United States, and they prudently adopted his suggestion. The result is the volume before us, which we have great pleasure in introducing to our readers. It is a real addition to the theological literature of the day, and must consign our six volumes to immediate and absolute neglect. We hope our publishers stock of Maclaine's edition is small, for no ecclesiastical student who has any regard to the accuracy of his scholarship, will henceforth give it a place in his library. Dr. Reid has followed the first American edition, so far as the fourth century, and that of 1845 in the subsequent periods of the history. 'I have ventured,' he says, 'to revise the translation in various places, either to bring it closer to the original text, or to correct a few inaccuracies of style.' Some lengthy documents elsewhere accessible, and some details of minor interest, have been omitted, in order to the work being comprised within the compass of a single volume. The translation itself is close and literal, 'containing neither more nor less than the original, and presenting the exact thoughts of the author in the same direct, artless, and lucid, manner. * * * The translator, it is added, 'has aimed to give Mosheim, as far as he was able, the same port and mien in English as he has in Latin.' This is as it should be, and we rejoice that a work long needed, has been at length so faithfully executed.

The American translator, and his English editor, have added a large body of valuable notes, which are carefully distinguished, and an extended index is supplied. We thank Dr. Reid, and the publishers, for the service they have rendered, and congratulate the theological students of our country, and all who are interested in the researches of church history, on the justice at length done to the invaluable *Institutes* of Mosheim. The cheapness of this edition places it within the reach of all, and we need not say that it should have an immediate place in every theological library.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1849. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London: Peter Jackson.

THE 'Drawing Room Scrap Book' makes its appearance this year in its usual holiday garb, reminding us that the season of family and social festivity is at hand. It wears a somewhat solitary character, being unaccompanied by its numerous former gay associates, who have ceased

to prefer their claim to public favour and support. We do not regret the disappearance of the class. They were very beautiful, but nothing more, and for a time took the place of other and more instructive works. We love the *dulce* when mingled with the *utile*, but soon tire of the former alone. Their union is pleasing, but such a wholesale attempt to dissociate them as we have recently seen, is open to very serious objections. We introduce, however, this highly ornamented volume to our readers with pleasure, in the confident expectation that it will afford amusement and gratify taste now that 'the singing of birds is gone.' Though the age for these toy-books has passed, the volume under our eye is as attractive, as splendidly bound, as elaborately illustrated, and its typography is as beautiful as any of its predecessors. Mrs. Norton, who appears again as the editor, has among her contributors, the Hon. Edmund Phipps, Lord Viscount Melbourne, R. Monckton Milnes, Mrs. Coningham, and Charles Swain. We look in vain among their productions, with very few exceptions, for the higher efforts of the muse, yet confess that the perusal of 'The Voice of the Fountain,' 'Strafford Blest by Laud,' 'Enamoured Days,' 'Dryburgh Abbey,' and some others, has afforded us much gratification. The engravings, which are thirty-six in number, as in former instances, are not original, but possess many attractions. Among those of the greatest merit may be mentioned, 'Queen Henrietta interceding for the Life of Charles the First,' 'A View of the Place de la Concorde, Paris,' and 'Cromwell conferring with the Lawyers.'

A Tour in the United States. By Archibald Prentice. London: Charles Gilpin.

WE have read this small volume with very considerable pleasure. Attracted to it by the name of its author, we have found it just the book that was needed. Free from ostentation, it is written in a perspicuous and manly style, bears throughout the strong impress of good sense and honesty, deals more largely with facts than many bulky volumes, and leaves upon its reader a clearer and better defined impression of the character of the American community, than is commonly derived from English tourists. Those who know Mr. Prentice will have full confidence in his reports, while others are furnished, in his own pages, with the means of easily testing his statements. There is scarcely a topic connected with the States, on which English readers are desirous of information, that he has not elucidated; and the whole is written with such good feeling and transparent sincerity as to command a more than usual measure of confidence. The religious apparatus furnished, the commercial doctrines held, the influence of slavery and the prospects of abolition, the working of republican institutions, and the character and social habits of the people, are illustrated in brief and apposite language. Full justice is done to the parties described, while an independent judgment is exercised in pointing out the defects,

whether theoretical or practical, which present themselves to an intelligent observer. The size of the volume, as already intimated, is small. 'A brief tour,' remarks Mr. Prentice, 'needs but a brief record.' We wish that other authors had remembered this fact. Had they done so, we should have been spared much wearisome reading and loss of time. In the present case the *quality* is good in proportion as the *quantity* is small, and its authority will not be diminished on this account. There is an entire absence of all the arts of authorship, and we warmly commend the volume to the acquaintance and confidence of our readers.

Commentary on the Psalms. By E. W. Hengstenberg, Doctor and Professor of Theology, in Berlin. Vol. III. Translated by the Rev. John Thomson, and Rev. Patrick Fairbairn. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS volume, constituting the twelfth, of *Clark's Foreign Theological Library*, will receive a hearty welcome from a numerous class. It completes the translation of a work of sterling merit, and exceeds considerably the ordinary size of the series. The translation, as far as the cxxvth Psalm, is by Mr. Thomson, and the remainder by Mr. Fairbairn. Their labours are entitled to great respect; and we trust that the theological students of the country will duly appreciate and reward them. It is needless to speak of Hengstenberg. We rather congratulate the rising ministry on the ready access now afforded to the best productions of the German school. It was not always so. Their seniors were destitute of these advantages, and we, therefore, look for a proportionate improvement in their elucidations of Holy Writ. The present day eminently requires the combination of sound scholarship and strong sense, with evangelical views and deep devotion. There is no incompatibility in these, whatever timid religionists may allege. Let us have as much of the former as possible, without impairing the simplicity, or diminishing the fervour of the latter. We thank the Messrs. Clark for the direction of their enterprise, and emphatically recommend their series to every minister and theological student. It will be a lasting disgrace to the class, if the *Foreign Theological Library* does not receive a generous support.

Belgium, The Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. Illustrated in a series of beautifully-executed Engravings. With Historical, Classical, and Picturesque Descriptions. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., and L. F. A. Buckingham, Esq. London: Peter Jackson.

THIS beautiful volume, the engravings of which are exceedingly rich and chaste, combines the attractions of the Annual with the information of the traveller. Considering the immense number of

tourists who annually visit the Continent in search of novelty and of the picturesque, and the multiplicity and variety of 'Letters,' 'Journals,' and other books issued by them, on their return, we are somewhat surprised at the bold experiment of the publisher of this work. The authors of the literary portions of the volume have been eminently successful in collecting important illustrative information, which is so arranged as to throw a pleasing light over the scenery, architecture, habits, and history of the countries described. Their descriptions are at once adapted to please the lover of beautiful scenery, to inform the student, and to gratify the taste of the classical reader. The aim of the volume is to give condensed information respecting those places which are most worthy the notice of the tourist of Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Mediterranean. It differs from ordinary books of travels, by availing itself of the adventures and experience of other tourists, for the special benefit of stayers-at-home. The readers of the volume will be disappointed, if they expect to find in its pages ardour of enthusiasm or warmth of feeling. Messrs. Wright and Buckingham make no pretensions to such qualities. On the contrary, they have imposed restraints on their imagination, and are wisely content to prove their possession of other attributes far more necessary to the successful compilation of such a work. The volume contains seventy-three exceedingly interesting and beautiful engravings, executed with admirable truth and spirit, by Messrs. Allom, Bartlett, Leich, Wolfensberger, and many others. We have been particularly pleased with 'The Pantheon at Rome,' 'The Church of St. Bavon,' 'Misitra, near Sparta,' 'The Chamber of Representatives,' at Brussels, and the 'Cathedral at Palermo;' while on the banks of the lovely Rhine, are charming views of 'Rheinfels,' 'Oberwesel,' 'Bacharach,' 'Coblentz,' and 'Ehrenbreitstein.' We cannot do better than close our notice in the words of Byron, suggested by the latter portion of this scenery:—

' But thou exulting and abounding river,
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow,
 With the sharp scythe of conflict.'

The Journal of Sacred Literature. No. IV. October, 1848. Edited by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. London: C. Cox.

WE are glad to see the fourth number of this journal on our table, and cannot bring ourselves to believe that it will fail to secure sufficient patronage to place its continuance beyond question. Knowing, however, something of the difficulties attendant on periodical literature, we are not without apprehension, and therefore counsel all friends of the Journal to bestir themselves to the utmost. It is no

easy thing to force such a work into a remunerative sale, and Dr. Kitto ought not to be left to bear the burden of the undertaking alone. We are glad to find that the appeal, printed in his last number, has had some effect, though we regret it has not been such as to relieve the editor from the necessity of repeating it. This ought not to be. It is disgraceful to the theologians of the country, and argues a miserably defective estimate of the requirements of their position. We join with the editor, in impressing 'it upon every one who feels interested in this matter, to exert himself in that particular way in which he sees that *he* can render the most service to the undertaking.' We abstain designedly from criticising the several papers. Authors may be fair game, 'but dogs live not upon dogs!' The Journal has our hearty good wishes, as adapted to advance sound biblical scholarship amongst the public expounders of religious truth. If they permit it to fail, for want of due encouragement, they will merit the severest censure.

The Juvenile Scrap Book. A Gage d'Amour for the Young Edited by Miss Jane Strickland. London: Peter Jackson. 1849.

ON opening 'The Juvenile Scrap Book' for 1849, we confess ourselves somewhat disappointed by the absence of the old and tried friend of the young, Mrs. Ellis, the editor of former volumes. She is succeeded by Miss Jane Strickland, who is assisted, both in prose and poetry, by her sister Miss Agnes Strickland, the well-known author of 'The Queens of England.' The publication appears in its usual style, embellished with eighteen engravings of respectable merit. Its verses are pretty and well-intentioned, while its tales are innocent and instructive, characterized by sound knowledge pleasantly conveyed.

Fireside Tales for the Young. By Mrs. Ellis. Vol. I. London: Peter Jackson.

WE have a serious charge to prefer against this volume, or rather against the author or publisher of it. We suspect the fault is attributable to the latter, as it savours much of the artifices of trade. At any rate our gallantry will not permit us to suspect a lady of being party to the imposition, for such we verily deem it. Looking to the title-page of the volume, we supposed its contents to be original, for there is no intimation to the contrary; and were, therefore, greatly surprised to find, from the preface, that they consisted exclusively of a selection from the papers of Mrs. Ellis already before the public. We say nothing against the selection. Every paper is worthy of being reprinted, and the whole volume is well suited to interest and improve young readers. It is very much the sort of book which we would place in the hands of our younger children at this season of the year. We do, however, protest against such reprints being unnoticed in the title-page. We have done so in other

cases, and are still of opinion that there is a want of good faith in the practice, against which, writers of Mrs. Ellis's class should especially guard. The following sentence from her *Introduction* will sufficiently describe the volume. 'Those young readers who have been accustomed to welcome 'The Juvenile Scrap Book,' with each returning Christmas, or New Year, as a familiar friend, will be glad to receive, in a collected form, the best Articles which, from time to time, have appeared in that work; while, to others, the following Tales and Poems will have the additional charm of novelty.'

The Fireside; a Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John. London: H. K. Lewis.

MR. ST. JOHN is gifted with the pen of a ready writer, and certainly uses it most indefatigably. This little tale bears marks of great haste, but has some sterling qualities. It is a sketch of every-day life; the characters are not faultless monsters, nor impersonated vices; the style is easy, and unaffected; the sentiments are benevolent; and the purpose, for all books, even of fiction, must have a moral purpose, now-a-days,—the very good one of showing the evils that spring from the want of mutual confidence and congenial pursuits in the sharers of the 'Fireside.' Mr. St. John does not possess all the excellencies we have indicated, in the highest, or even in a very high, degree; but, to some extent, they all combine to make this a very pleasant domestic story.

Christ's Intercessory Prayer: Six Discourses on the Seventeenth Chapter of St. John. By Edward Scobell, M. A., London: Haselden. 1848.

Scriptural Teaching; a Pastor's Offering to his People By Rev. W. Blackley, B.A. London: Hatchard. 1847.

Sermons for Sunday Evenings. By Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Johnstone. 1848.

THE first of these volumes is a set of so-called expository discourses on, or rather *about*,—and sometimes describing a very wide circle,—a portion of Scripture which few men can touch without spoiling. Our author is not one of the few. He has produced a dilection, rather than an exposition, presenting obvious truths, the connexion of which with one another, is not always very apparent, in a diffuse, lumbering, helpless style.

The second is simple, evangelical, Scriptural teaching, with nothing very specially deserving paper and print.

The contents of the third are furnished by the leading ministers of the Free Church,—Guthrie, Candlish, Buchanan, Mc'Cheyne, and others; and seem to be picked specimens of their various excellencies, chosen with a happy regard to their adaptation to the religious exercises of a Scottish Sabbath evening. We hope the volume will be usefully employed on many an English Sabbath afternoon.

Lectures illustrating the Contrast between True Christianity and various other systems. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Glasgow and London: Collins.

THE systems contrasted with Christianity are, Atheism, Paganism, Deism, Mohammedanism, Romanism, Unitarianism, Antinomianism, Formalism, Sentimentalism, and Fanaticism. One must question the propriety of calling the first of these a *religion*, and the last three, *systems*; but, admitting their title to a place, the book is a good one. It quite realizes the current idea of a popular work, that is to say, there is much correct statement both of facts and arguments; there is much Christianity of heart, while there is no overcrowding of the page with thoughts; each that occurs being thoroughly worked out, while the more important are impeded by a repetition that, unfortunately, sometimes misses its aim by its very urgency in the effort to secure it.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Mosheim's Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. A new and literal Translation from the Original Latin, with copious Additional Notes, Original and Selected. By Jas. Murdock, D.D. Revised and Supplementary Notes added. By James Seaton Reid, D.D.

Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ—Sabbath Scripture Readings. By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Vol. II.

Poems. By Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

The Protestant Dissenters' Almanack for 1849.

Trafford, the Reward of Genius, and other Poems. By Jas. Innes Minchin.

Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life. In 2 vols.

Ruins of Many Lands. Part II.

The Nature and Office of the State. By Andrew Coventry Dick.

The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks and Notes. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. Bohn's Library.

Essays and Tales, by John Stirling. Collected and Edited with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. In 2 vols.

The Life of the most Rev. James Usher, D.D. With an account of his Writings. By Charles Richard Ebrington, D.D. 8vo.

The Biblical Repository and Classical Review. October, 1848.

Baptism. With Reference to its Import and Modes. By Edward Beecher, D.D.

Sketches. Part I. Joseph Lancaster and his Contemporaries. Part II. William Allen, his Life and Labours. By Henry Dunn.

Chronology of Prophecy, tracing the various courses of Divine Providence, from the Flood to the End of Time, in the Light as well of National Annals, as of Scriptural Predictions. By Adam Thorn, Recorder of Rupert's Land.

The Work of God, and the Work of Man, in Conversion. A Course of Lectures. By Francis Johnston.

Authorised Street Preaching Proposed as a Remedy for our Social Evils, in a Letter to the Venerable Archdeacon ———. By a Country Parson.

The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts, with an Explanation and Application in Two Parts. Part I. The Number and Names. By David Thom.

The Poetry of Science ; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By Robt. Hunt, author of 'Researches on Light,' etc.

Sermons. By the Rev. Wm. Lyall.

An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture. By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect.

Remarks on the Government Scheme of National Education, as applied to Scotland. By Lord Melgund, M.P.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Part XXXIX.

Lepage's French School. Part I. L'Echo de Paris.

Lepage's Ready Guide to French Composition.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XXII.

Inaugural Address of the Christian Young Men's Missionary Association. Rev. S. Martin.

On the Advancement of Nations from the Barbarous to the Civilized State. By Rev. J. J. Freeman.

Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Tribute for the Negro, being a Vindication of the Moral, Intellectual, and Religious Capabilities of the Coloured Portion of Mankind, with particular Reference to the African Race, illustrated by numerous Biographical Sketches, Facts, Anecdotes, etc., and many superior Portraits and Engravings. By Wilson Armistead.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1815—1845. Part III. Second Part.

The Romanist Version of the Gospel according to St. John, from MSS. preserved in Trinity College, Dublin; and in the Bibliotheque du Roi, Paris. With an Introductory History of the Version of the New Testament, anciently in Use among the Old Waldenses, and Remarks on the Texts of the Dublin, Paris, Grenoble, Zurich, and Lyons MSS. of that version. By Wm. Stephen Gilly, D.D.

The Judges of England, with Sketches of their Lives and Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts at Westminster, from the Time of the Conquest. By Edward Foss, F.S.A. of the Inner Temple. 2 vols.

Mechanics' Institutions, as Affecting the Character of the People and the Welfare of Society. An Introductory Lecture, delivered before the Gateshead Mechanics Institute, on Thursday, Oct. 19, 1848. By Rev. J. Davies, D.D.

A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, and of Physical and Political Geography. By Rev. Thos. Milner, M.A. Parts VIII. and IX.

The Cottage Gardener, conducted by George W. Johnson, Esq. Part I.

The Bible of Every Land; or, a History Critical and Philological of all the Versions of the Sacred Scriptures, in every Language and Dialect into which Translations have been made. Part II.

The North British Review. No. XIX.

History of the French Revolutions, from 1789 till the Present time. Part IV.

The Good Man's Grave : a Discourse occasioned by the lamented Death of David Russell, D.D. By W. L. Alexander, D.D.

The Ethnological Journal. No. VI.

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